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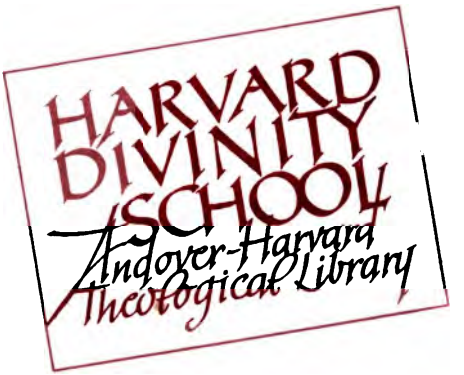
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MELODIOUS SONNETS

FOR

SACRED SERVICE

BY

JOHN R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

"Teach me some Melodious Sonnet."

PHILADELPHIA.
JOHN J. HOOD
1018 ARCH ST.

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"*Teach me some Melodious Sonnet,*
Sung by flaming tongues above."

IN response to the call made by the foregoing lines we have endeavored to supply the "Melodious Sonnets." We do so knowing that it is alone the Holy Spirit can attune the heart of man to the music of the heavenly choir; but we trust our sonnets may be found suitable channels for the higher and holier melodies.

THE COMPILERS.

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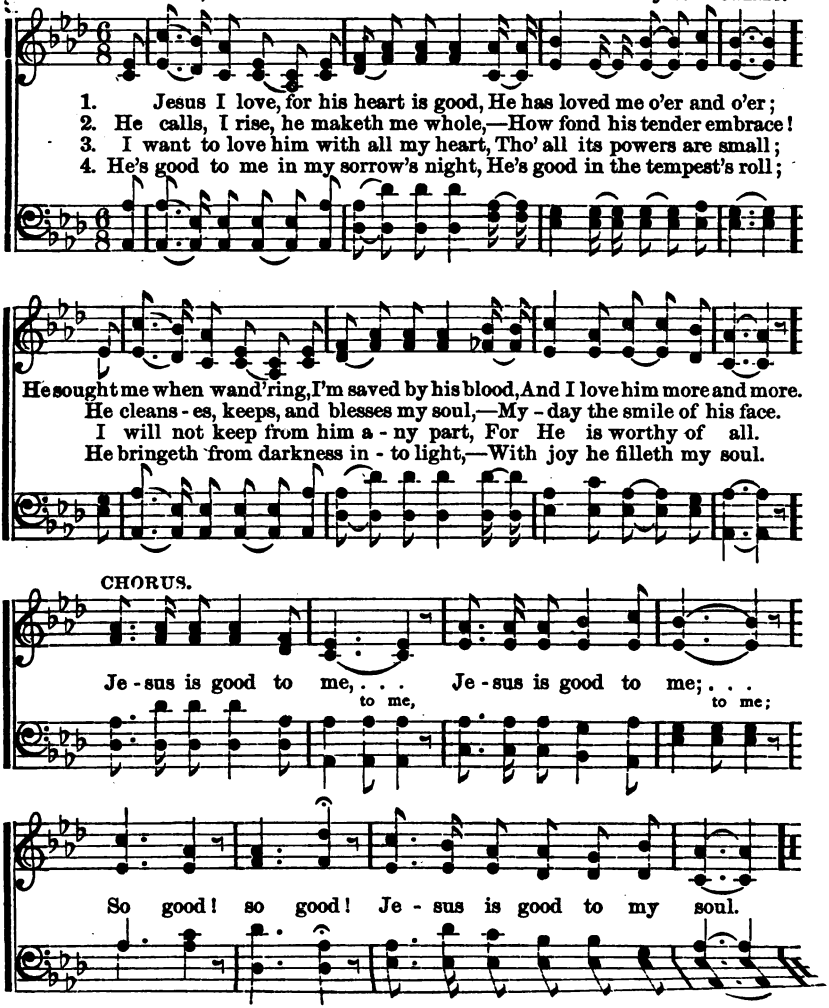
MELODIOUS SONNETS.

1 Jesus is Good to Me.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Jesus I love, for his heart is good, He has loved me o'er and o'er;
2. He calls, I rise, he maketh me whole,—How fond his tender embrace!
3. I want to love him with all my heart, Tho' all its powers are small;
4. He's good to me in my sorrow's night, He's good in the tempest's roll;
He sought me when wand'ring, I'm saved by his blood, And I love him more and more.
He cleans - es, keeps, and blesses my soul,—My - day the smile of his face.
I will not keep from him a - ny part, For He is worthy of all.
He bringeth from darkness in - to light,—With joy he filleth my soul.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is good to me, . . . Je - sus is good to me; . . .
to me, to me;
So good! so good! Je - sus is good to my soul.

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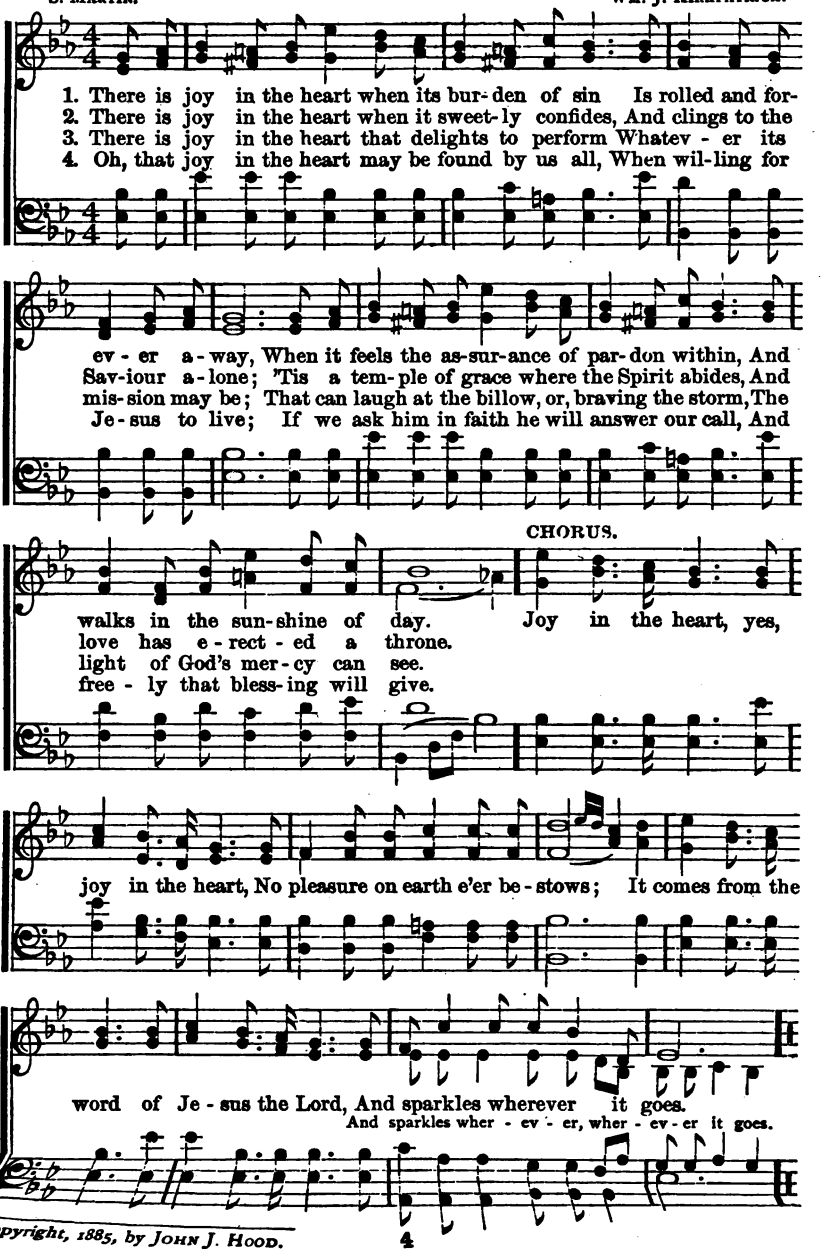
Joy in the Heart.

S. Martin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. There is joy in the heart when its bur-den of sin Is rolled and for-
2. There is joy in the heart when it sweet-ly confides, And clings to the
3. There is joy in the heart that delights to perform Whatev - er its
4. Oh, that joy in the heart may be found by us all, When wil-ling for
ev - er a - way, When it feels the as-sur-ance of par-don within, And
Sav-iour a - lone; 'Tis a tem-ple of grace where the Spirit abides, And
mis-sion may be; That can laugh at the billow, or, braving the storm, The
Je - sus to live; If we ask him in faith he will answer our call, And
CHORUS.
walks in the sun-shine of day. Joy in the heart, yes,
love has e - rect - ed a throne.
light of God's mer - cy can see.
free - ly that bless-ing will give.
joy in the heart, No pleasure on earth e'er be - stows; It comes from the
word of Je - sus the Lord, And sparkles wherever it goes.
And sparkles wher - ev - er, wher - ev - er it goes.

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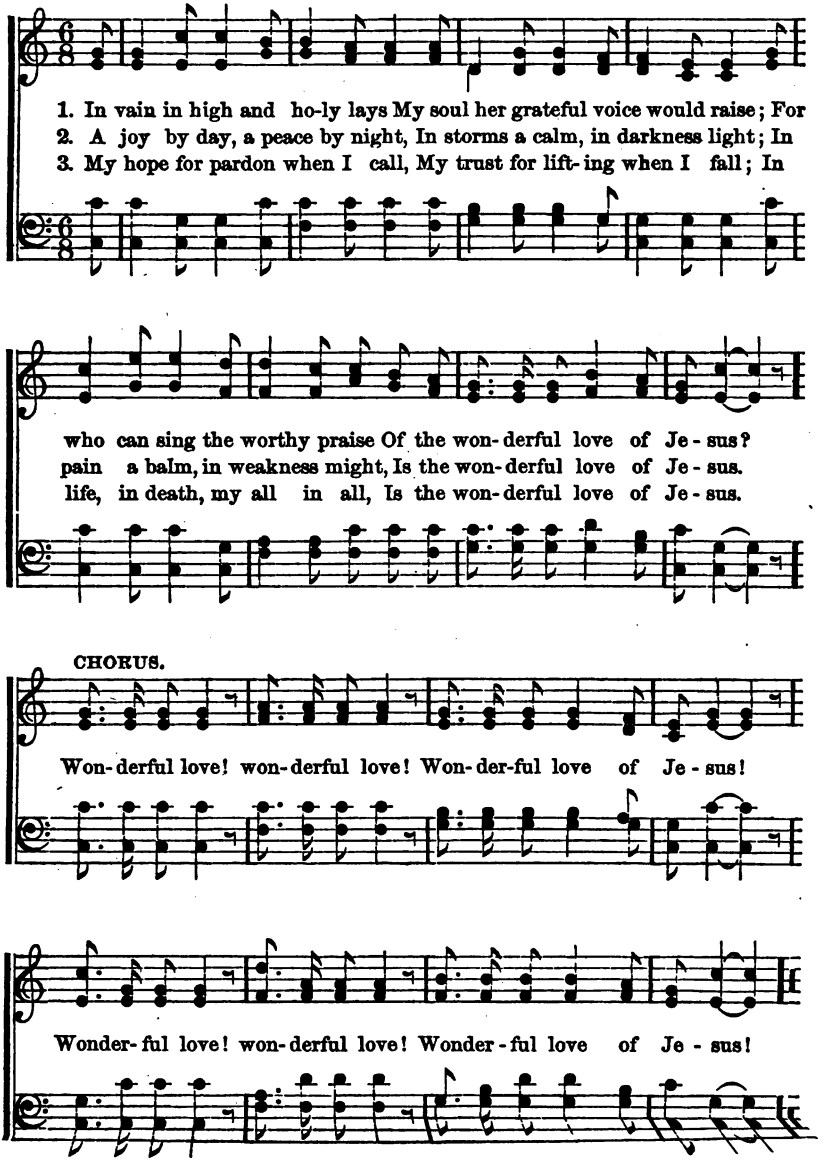
Wonderful Love of Jesus.

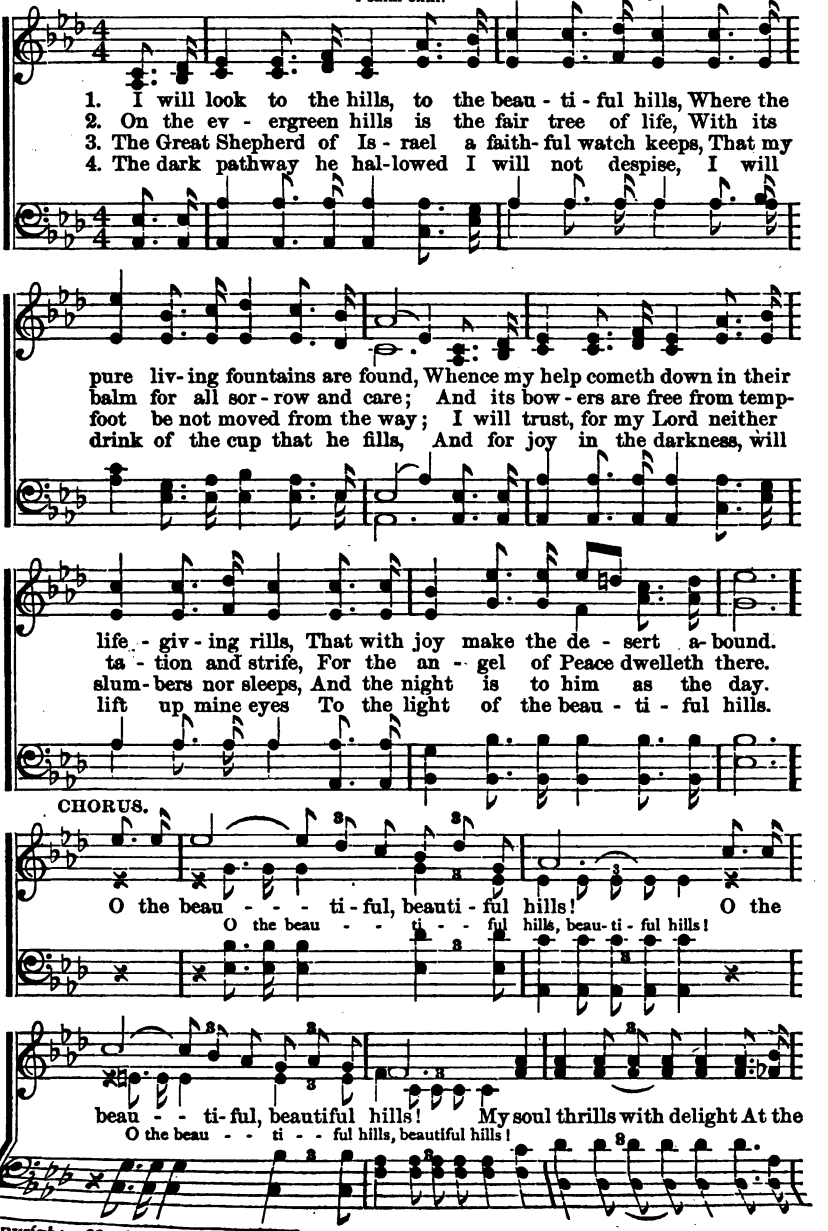
"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."
Eph. iii. 19.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.

1. In vain in high and ho-ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; In
3. My hope for pardon when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall; In
who can sing the worthy praise Of the won-derful love of Je-sus?
pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-derful love of Je-sus.
life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-derful love of Je-sus.
CHORUS.
Won-derful love! won-derful love! Won-der-ful love of Je-sus!
Wonder-ful love! won-derful love! Wonder-ful love of Je-sus!

From "Holy Voices," by per.

The Beautiful Hills.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. Psalm cxxi. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I will look to the hills, to the beau - ti - ful hills, Where the
2. On the ev - ergreen hills is the fair tree of life, With its
3. The Great Shepherd of Is - rael a faith- ful watch keeps, That my
4. The dark pathway he hal-lowed I will not despise, I will
pure liv- ing fountains are found, Whence my help cometh down in their
balm for all sor - row and care; And its bow - ers are free from temp-
foot be not moved from the way; I will trust, for my Lord neither
drink of the cup that he fills, And for joy in the darkness, will
life - giv - ing rills, That with joy make the de - sert a- bound.
ta - tion and strife, For the an - gel of Peace dwelleth there.
slum- bers nor sleeps, And the night is to him as the day.
lift up mine eyes To the light of the beau - ti - ful hills.
CHORUS.
O the beau - - - - ti - ful, beauti - ful hills! O the
O the beau - - - ti - - ful hills, beau- ti - ful hills!
beau - - ti- ful, beautiful hills! My soul thrills with delight At the
O the beau - - ti - - ful hills, beautiful hills!

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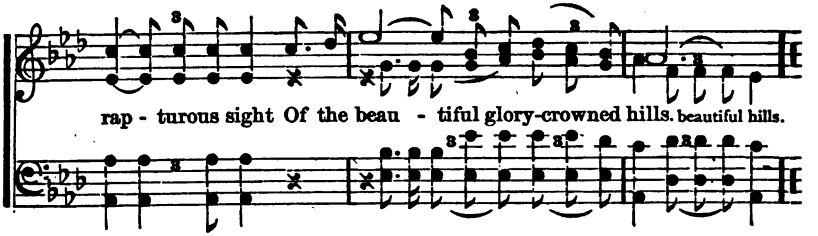
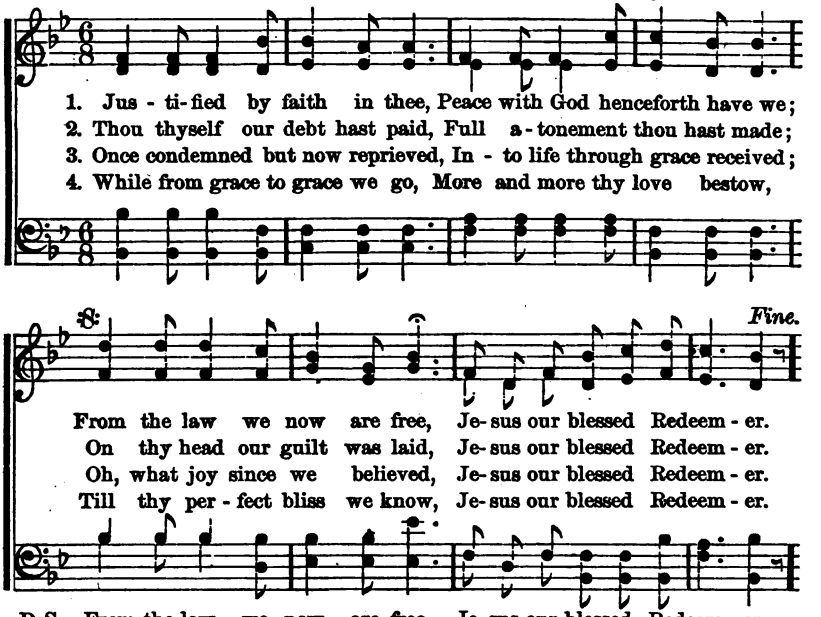
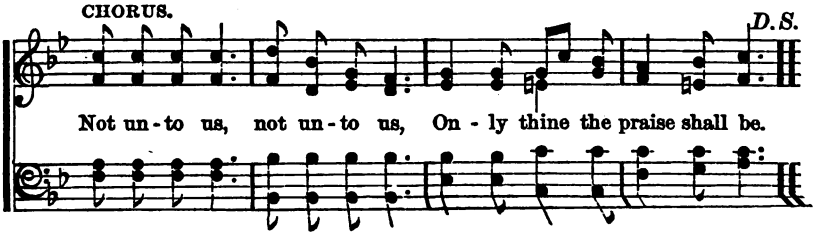

5 Jesus our Redeemer.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Jus - ti-fied by faith in thee, Peace with God henceforth have we;
2. Thou thyself our debt hast paid, Full a-tonement thou hast made;
3. Once condemned but now reprieved, In - to life through grace received;
4. While from grace to grace we go, More and more thy love bestow,
Fine.
From the law we now are free, Je-sus our blessed Redeem - er.
On thy head our guilt was laid, Je-sus our blessed Redeem - er.
Oh, what joy since we believed, Je-sus our blessed Redeem - er.
Till thy per - fect bliss we know, Je-sus our blessed Redeem - er.

D.S.—From the law we now are free, Je-sus our blessed Redeem - er.



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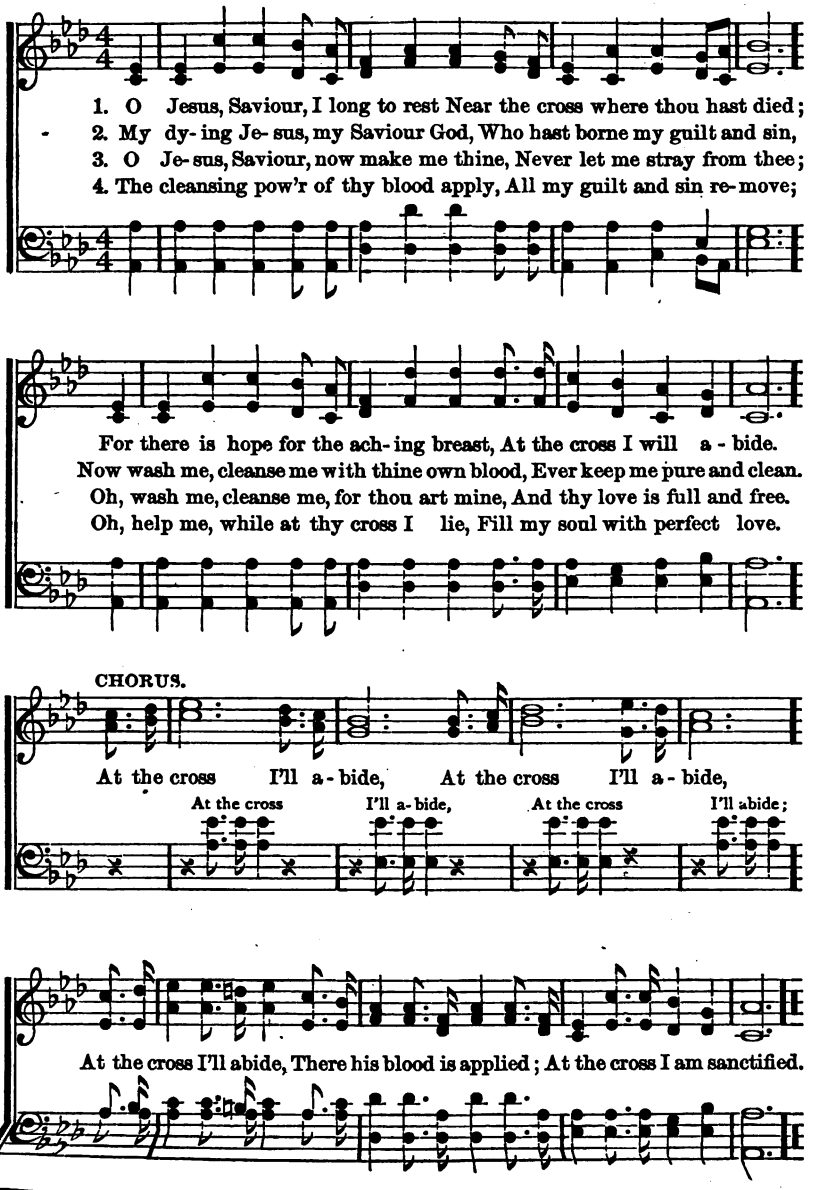
At the Cross I'll Abide.

I. B. "And many women were there."—Matt. xxvii. 55. I. BALTZELL.

1. O Jesus, Saviour, I long to rest Near the cross where thou hast died;
2. My dy- ing Je- sus, my Saviour God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
3. O Je- sus, Saviour, now make me thine, Never let me stray from thee;
4. The cleansing pow'r of thy blood apply, All my guilt and sin re- move;
For there is hope for the ach- ing breast, At the cross I will a - bide.
Now wash me, cleanse me with thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean.
Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for thou art mine, And thy love is full and free.
Oh, help me, while at thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with perfect love.
CHORUS.
At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide,
At the cross I'll a- bide, At the cross I'll abide;
At the cross I'll abide, There his blood is applied; At the cross I am sanctified.

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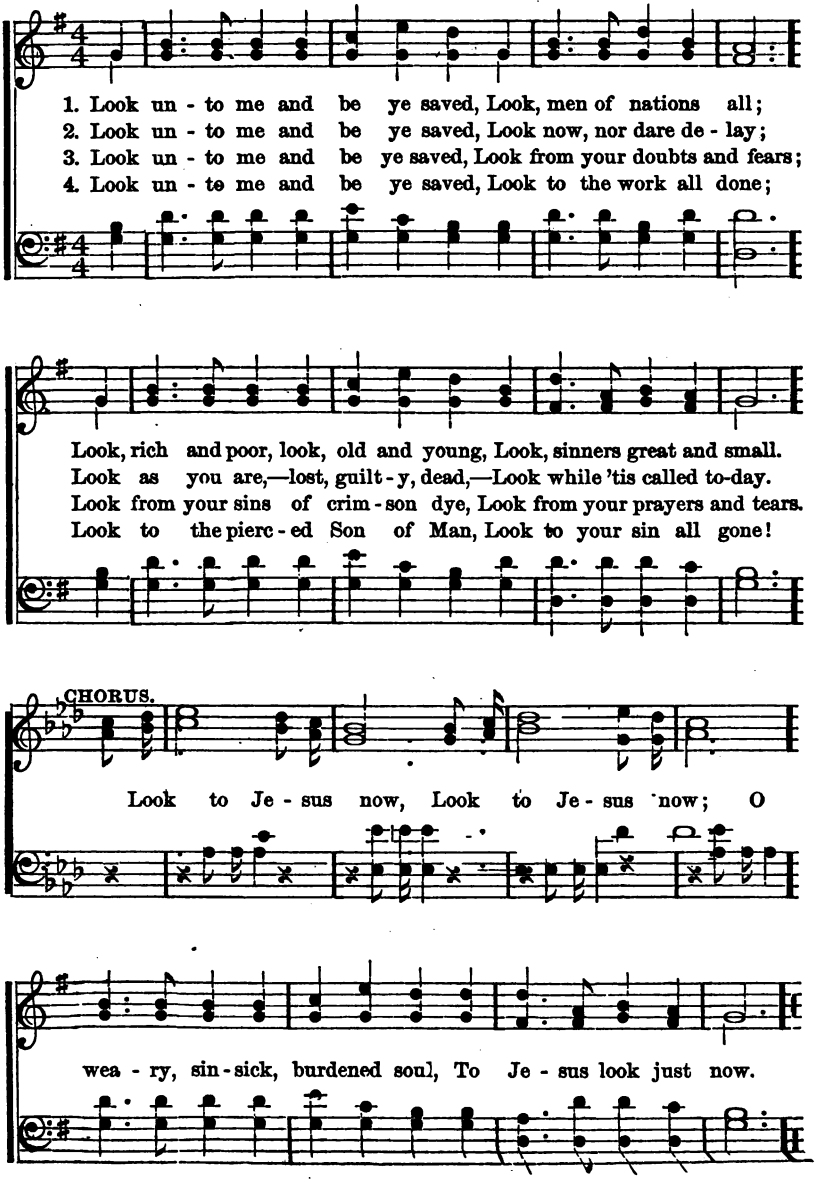
Look to Jesus Now.

W. P. MACKAY, M. A. W. H. GEISTWEIT.


1. Look un - to me and be ye saved, Look, men of nations all;
2. Look un - to me and be ye saved, Look now, nor dare de - lay;
3. Look un - to me and be ye saved, Look from your doubts and fears;
4. Look un - to me and be ye saved, Look to the work all done;
Look, rich and poor, look, old and young, Look, sinners great and small.
Look as you are,—lost, guilt - y, dead,—Look while 'tis called to-day.
Look from your sins of crim - son dye, Look from your prayers and tears.
Look to the pierc - ed Son of Man, Look to your sin all gone!
CHORUS.
Look to Je - sus now, Look to Je - sus now; O
wea - ry, sin - sick, burdened soul, To Je - sus look just now.

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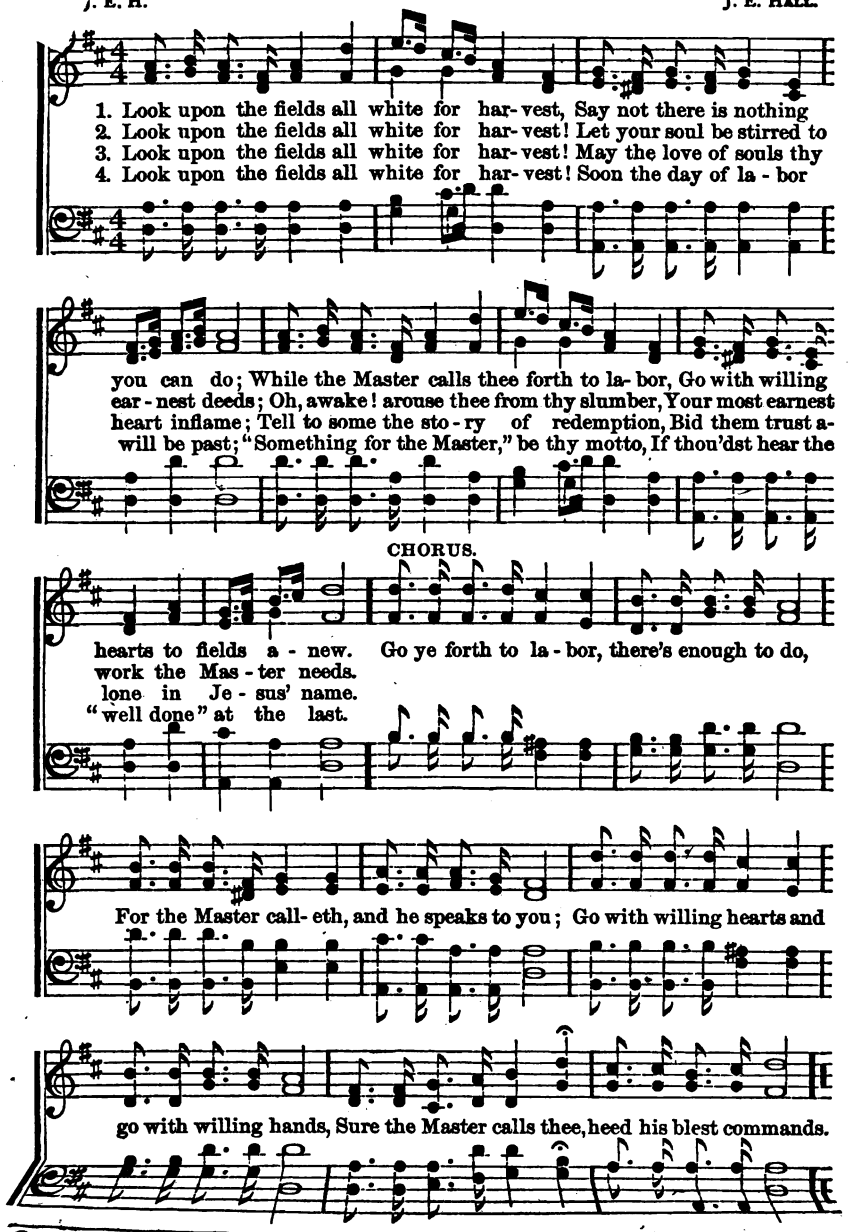
Look upon the Fields.

J. E. H. J. E. Hall.

1. Look upon the fields all white for har-vest, Say not there is nothing
2. Look upon the fields all white for har-vest! Let your soul be stirred to
3. Look upon the fields all white for har-vest! May the love of souls thy
4. Look upon the fields all white for har-vest! Soon the day of la-bor
you can do; While the Master calls thee forth to la-bor, Go with willing
ear-nest deeds; Oh, awake! arouse thee from thy slumber, Your most earnest
heart inflame; Tell to some the sto-ry of redemption, Bid them trust a-
will be past; "Something for the Master," be thy motto, If thou'dst hear the
CHORUS.
hearts to fields a-new. Go ye forth to la-bor, there's enough to do,
work the Mas-ter needs.
lone in Je-sus' name.
"well done" at the last.
For the Master call-eth, and he speaks to you; Go with willing hearts and
go with willing hands, Sure the Master calls thee, heed his blest commands.

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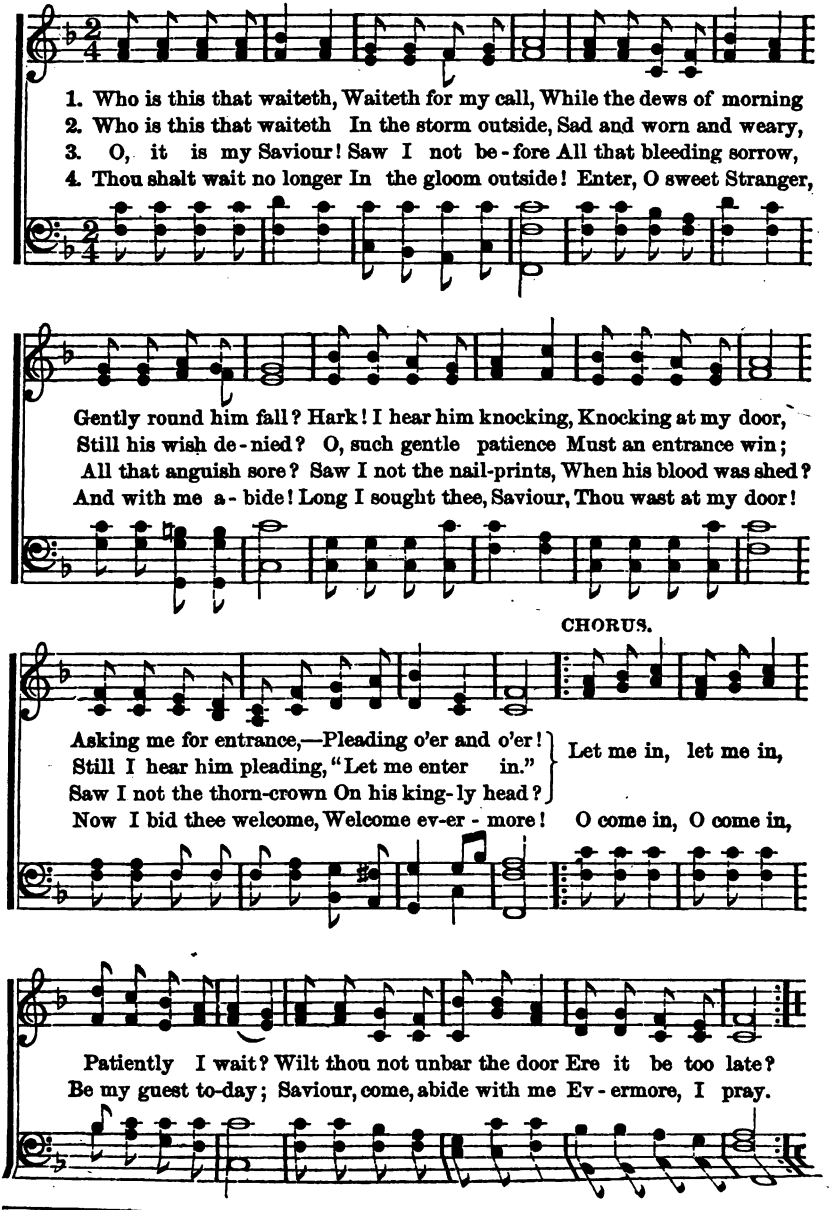
The Waiting Guest.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Who is this that waiteth, Waiteth for my call, While the dews of morning
2. Who is this that waiteth In the storm outside, Sad and worn and weary,
3. O, it is my Saviour! Saw I not be-fore All that bleeding sorrow,
4. Thou shalt wait no longer In the gloom outside! Enter, O sweet Stranger,
Gently round him fall? Hark! I hear him knocking, Knocking at my door,
Still his wish de-nied? O, such gentle patience Must an entrance win;
All that anguish sore? Saw I not the nail-prints, When his blood was shed?
And with me a-bide! Long I sought thee, Saviour, Thou wast at my door!
CHORUS.
Asking me for entrance,—Pleading o'er and o'er!
Still I hear him pleading, "Let me enter in."
Saw I not the thorn-crown On his king-ly head?
Let me in, let me in,
Now I bid thee welcome, Welcome ev-er-more!
O come in, O come in,
Patiently I wait? Wilt thou not unbar the door Ere it be too late?
Be my guest to-day; Saviour, come, abide with me Ev-ermore, I pray.

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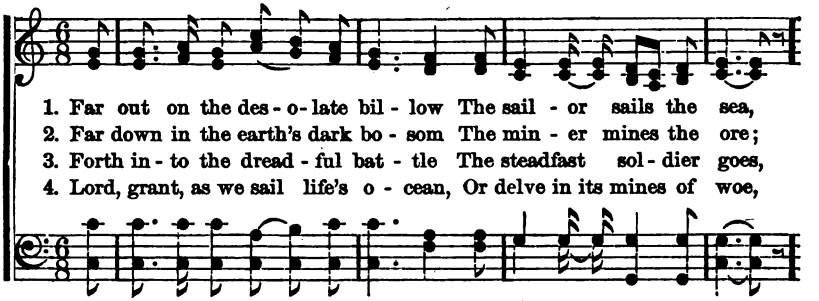
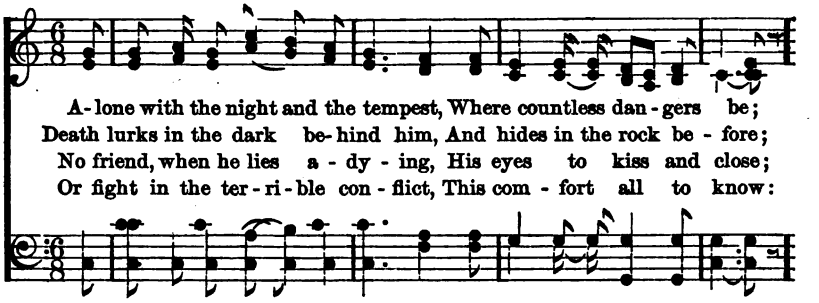
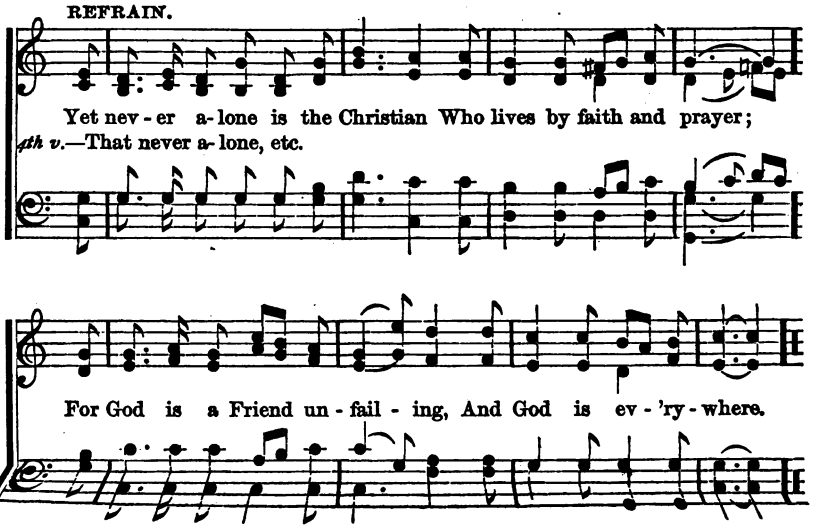
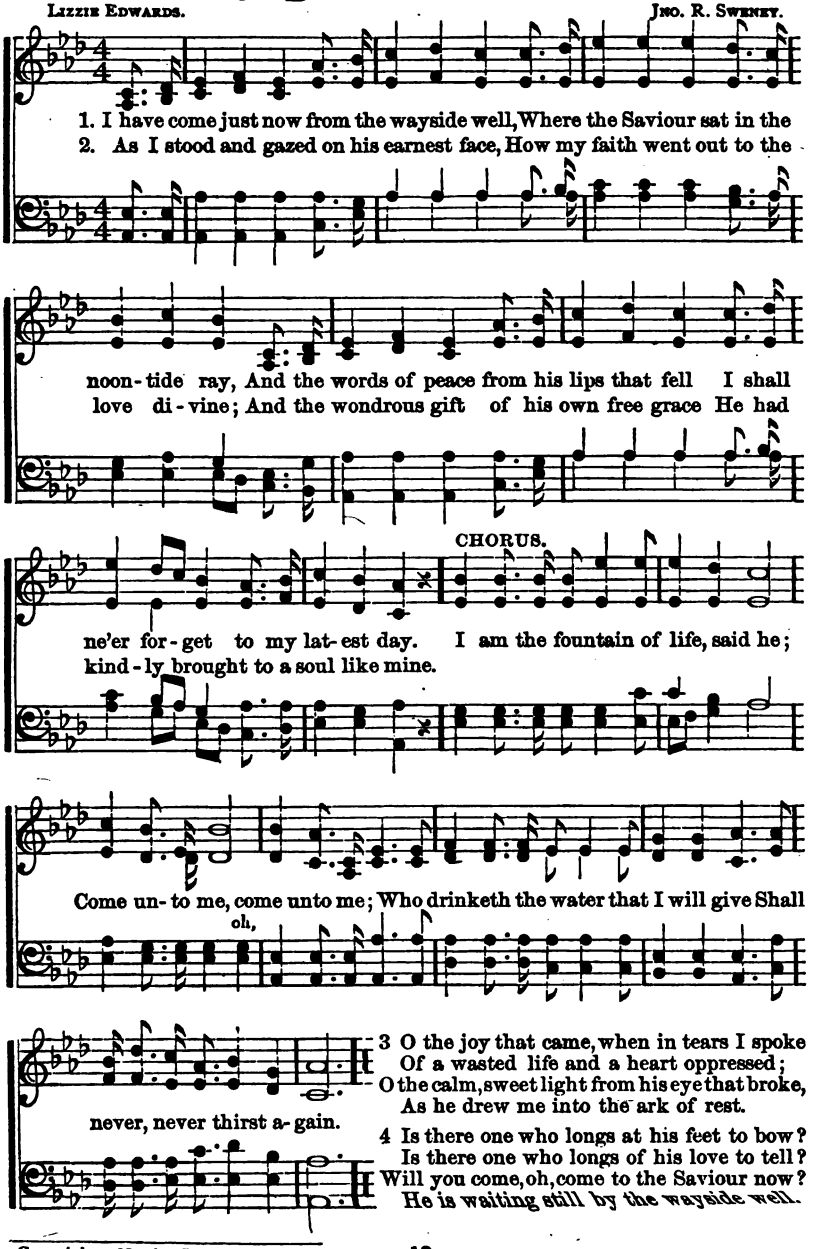
Never Alone.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND. FERD SILCHER.


1. Far out on the des - o - late bil - low The sail - or sails the sea,
2. Far down in the earth's dark bo - som The min - er mines the ore;
3. Forth in - to the dread - ful bat - tle The steadfast sol - dier goes,
4. Lord, grant, as we sail life's o - cean, Or delve in its mines of woe,


A - lone with the night and the tempest, Where countless dan - gers be;
Death lurks in the dark be - hind him, And hides in the rock be - fore;
No friend, when he lies a - dy - ing, His eyes to kiss and close;
Or fight in the ter - ri - ble con - flict, This com - fort all to know:

REFRAIN.
Yet nev - er a - lone is the Christian Who lives by faith and prayer;
4th v.—That never a - lone, etc.
For God is a Friend un - fail - ing, And God is ev - 'ry - where.

The Fountain of Life.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have come just now from the wayside well, Where the Saviour sat in the
2. As I stood and gazed on his earnest face, How my faith went out to the
noon-tide ray, And the words of peace from his lips that fell I shall
love di-vine; And the wondrous gift of his own free grace He had
CHORUS.
ne'er for-get to my lat-est day. I am the fountain of life, said he;
kind-ly brought to a soul like mine.
Come un-to me, come unto me; Who drinketh the water that I will give Shall
oh,
never, never thirst a-gain.

3 O the joy that came, when in tears I spoke
Of a wasted life and a heart oppressed;
O the calm, sweet light from his eye that broke,
As he drew me into the ark of rest.

4 Is there one who longs at his feet to bow?
Is there one who longs of his love to tell?
Will you come, oh, come to the Saviour now?
He is waiting still by the wayside well.

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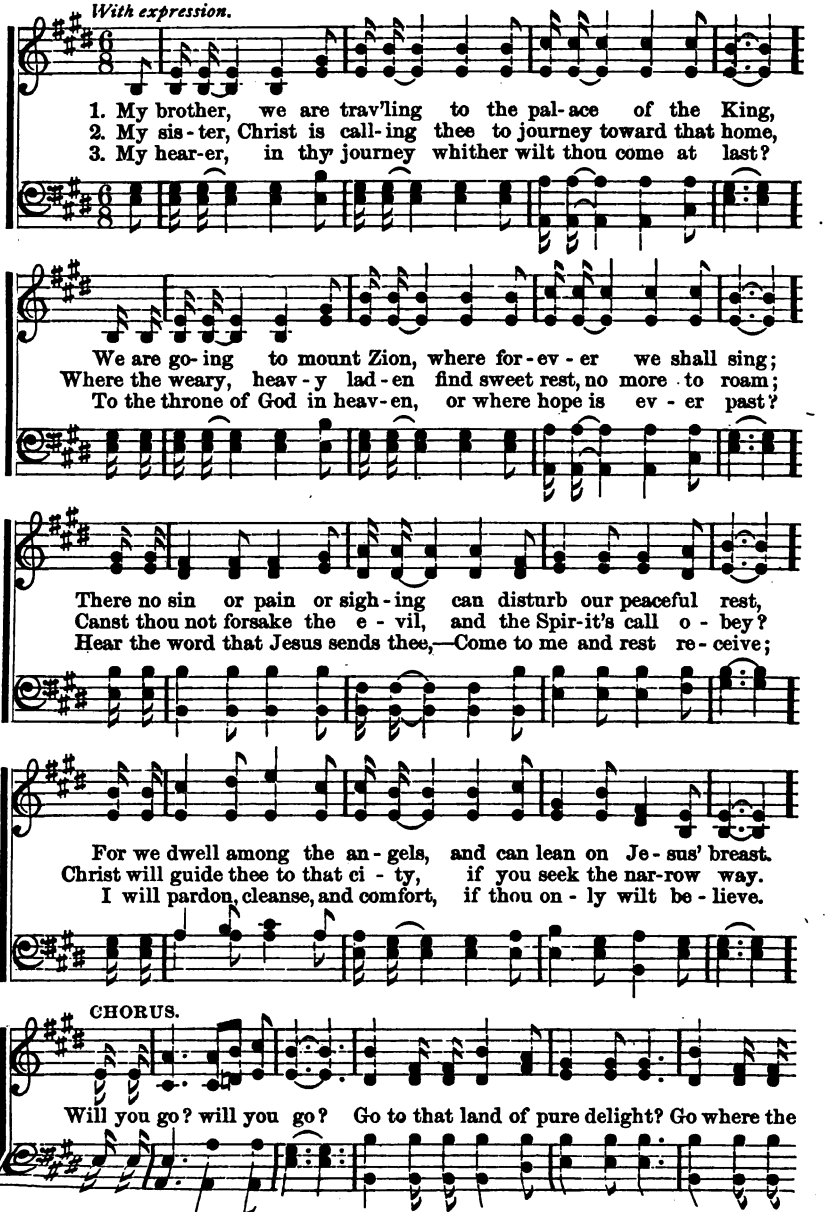
Will You Go?

C. H. YATMAN. W. H. GEISTWEIT.

With expression.

1. My brother, we are trav'ling to the pal-ace of the King,
2. My sis-ter, Christ is call-ing thee to journey toward that home,
3. My hear-er, in thy journey whither wilt thou come at last?
We are go-ing to mount Zion, where for-ev-er we shall sing;
Where the weary, heav-y lad-en find sweet rest, no more to roam;
To the throne of God in heav-en, or where hope is ev-er past?
There no sin or pain or sigh-ing can disturb our peaceful rest,
Canst thou not forsake the e-vil, and the Spir-it's call o-bey?
Hear the word that Jesus sends thee,—Come to me and rest re-ceive;
For we dwell among the an-gels, and can lean on Je-sus' breast.
Christ will guide thee to that ci-ty, if you seek the nar-row way.
I will pardon, cleanse, and comfort, if thou on-ly wilt be-lieve.
CHORUS.
Will you go? will you go? Go to that land of pure delight? Go where the

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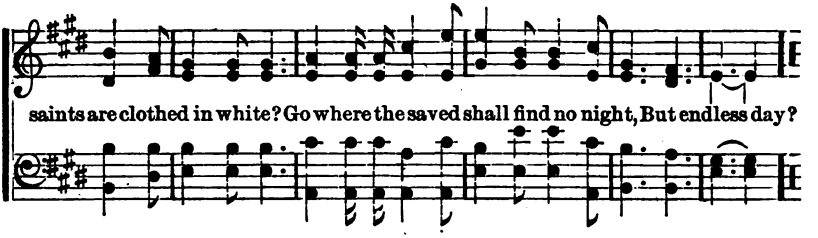
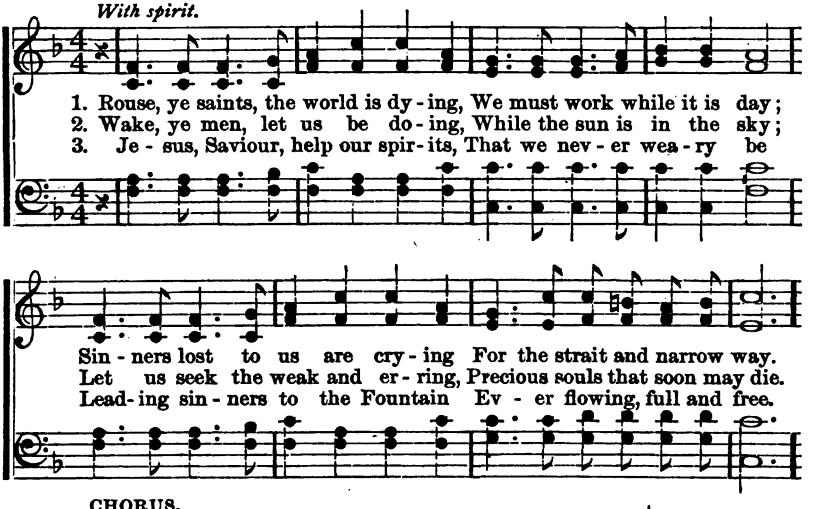
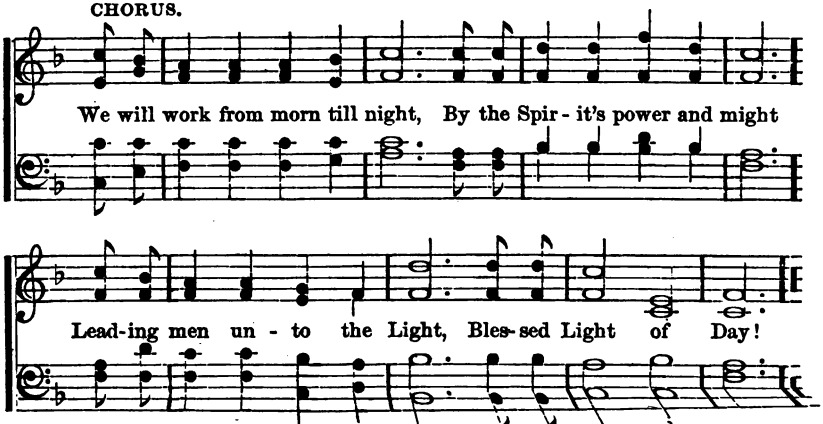
Will You Go?—CONCLUDED.

13 Rouse, Ye Saints.

C. H. YATMAN. W. H. GEISTWEIT.

With spirit.


1. Rouse, ye saints, the world is dy - ing, We must work while it is day;
2. Wake, ye men, let us be do - ing, While the sun is in the sky;
3. Je - sus, Saviour, help our spir - its, That we nev - er wea - ry be
Sin - ners lost to us are cry - ing For the strait and narrow way.
Let us seek the weak and er - ring, Precious souls that soon may die.
Lead - ing sin - ners to the Fountain Ev - er flowing, full and free.

CHORUS.

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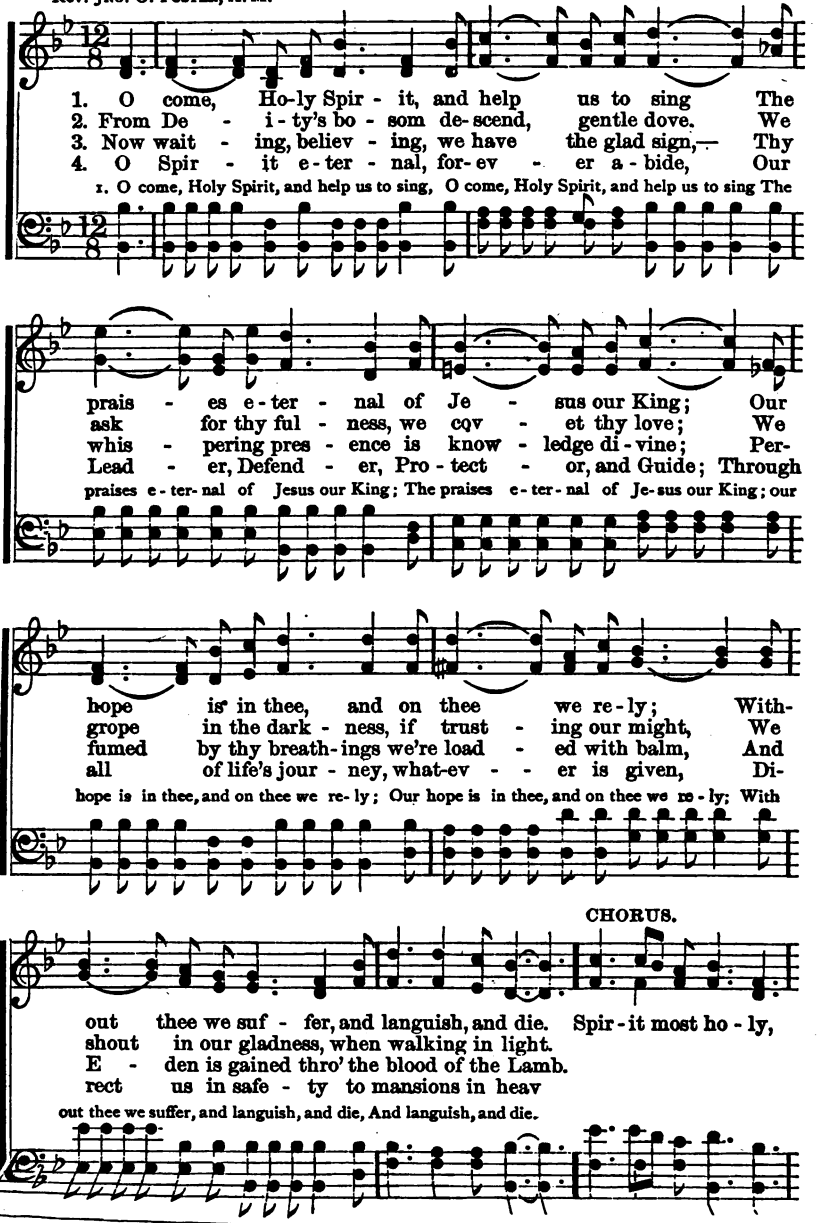
Witnessing Spirit.

Rev. Jno. O. Foster, A. M. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. O come, Ho-ly Spir - it, and help us to sing The
2. From De - i - ty's bo - som de- scend, gentle dove. We
3. Now wait - ing, believ - ing, we have the glad sign,— Thy
4. O Spir - it e - ter - nal, for- ev - er a - bide, Our
1. O come, Holy Spirit, and help us to sing, O come, Holy Spirit, and help us to sing The
prais - es e - ter - nal of Je - sus our King; Our
ask for thy ful - ness, we cov - et thy love; We
whis - pering pres - ence is know - ledge di - vine; Per-
Lead - er, Defend - er, Pro - tect - or, and Guide; Through
praises e - ter- nal of Jesus our King; The praises e - ter - nal of Je- sus our King; our
hope is in thee, and on thee we re - ly; With-
grope in the dark - ness, if trust - ing our might, We
fumed by thy breath - ings we're load - ed with balm, And
all of life's jour - ney, what-ev - - er is given, Di-
hope is in thee, and on thee we re - ly; Our hope is in thee, and on thee we re - ly; With
CHORUS.
out thee we suf - fer, and languish, and die. Spir - it most ho - ly,
shout in our gladness, when walking in light.
E - den is gained thro' the blood of the Lamb.
rect us in safe - ty to mansions in heav
out thee we suffer, and languish, and die, And languish, and die.

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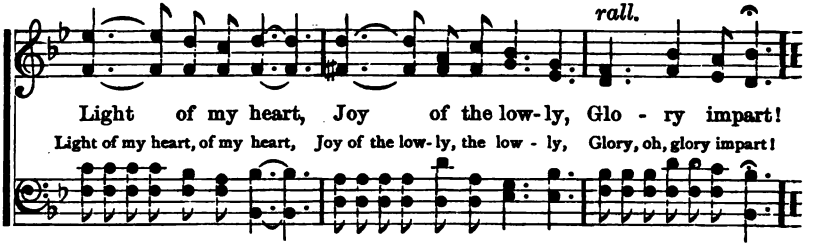
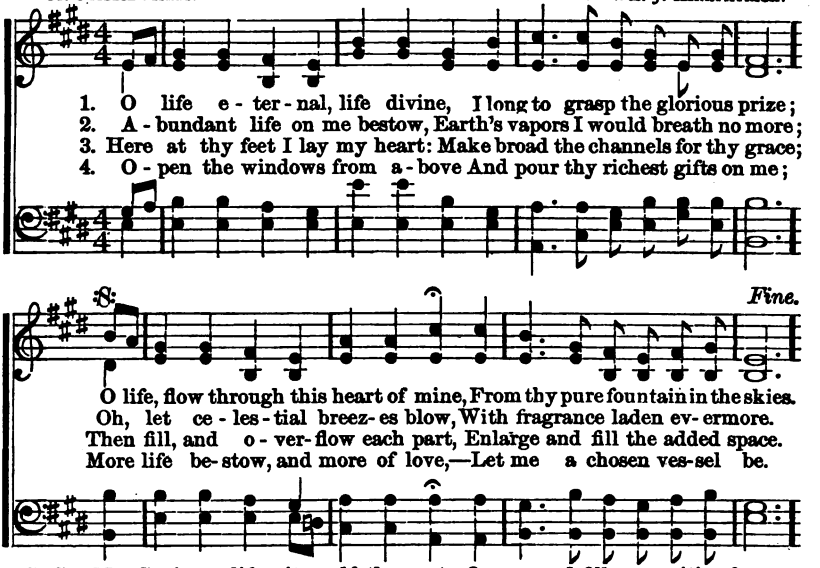
Witnessing Spirit.—CONCLUDED.

rall.
Light of my heart, Joy of the low-ly, Glo - ry impart!
Light of my heart, of my heart, Joy of the low-ly, the low - ly, Glory, oh, glory impart!

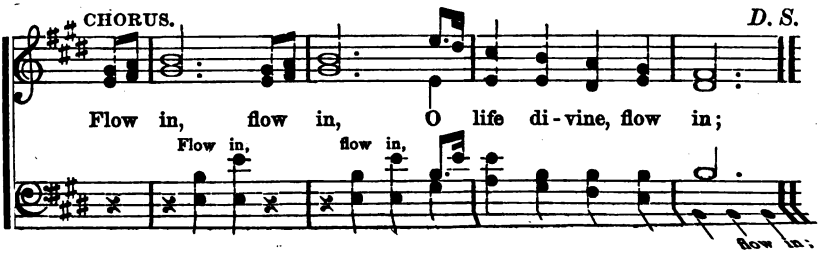
15

Flow In.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—1 John v. 12.

Miss Abbie Mills. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O life e - ter - nal, life divine, I long to grasp the glorious prize;
2. A - bundant life on me bestow, Earth's vapors I would breath no more;
3. Here at thy feet I lay my heart: Make broad the channels for thy grace;
4. O - pen the windows from a - bove And pour thy richest gifts on me;
Fine.
O life, flow through this heart of mine, From thy pure fountain in the skies.
Oh, let ce - les - tial breez - es blow, With fragrance laden ev - ermore.
Then fill, and o - ver - flow each part, Enlarge and fill the added space.
More life be - stow, and more of love,—Let me a chosen ves - sel be.
D. S.—My Saviour, life it - self thou art, O come and fill my waiting heart.



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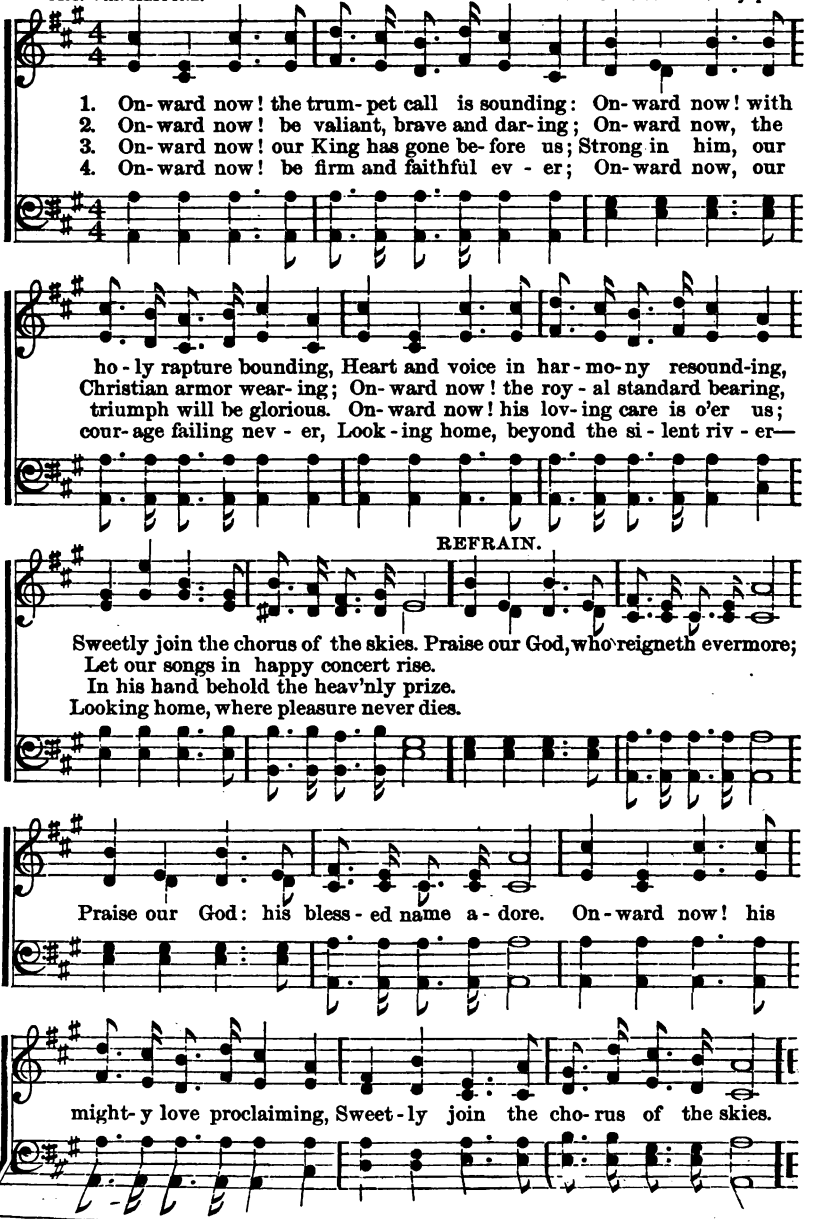
16

Onward Now!

Mrs. Van Alstyne. Theo. F. Seward. By per.

1. On-ward now! the trum-pet call is sounding: On-ward now! with
2. On-ward now! be valiant, brave and dar-ing; On-ward now, the
3. On-ward now! our King has gone be-fore us; Strong in him, our
4. On-ward now! be firm and faithful ev - er; On-ward now, our
ho-ly rapture bounding, Heart and voice in har-mo-ny resound-ing,
Christian armor wear-ing; On-ward now! the roy-al standard bearing,
triumph will be glorious. On-ward now! his lov-ing care is o'er us;
cour-age failing nev - er, Look-ing home, beyond the si-lent riv - er—
REFRAIN.
Sweetly join the chorus of the skies. Praise our God, who reigneth evermore;
Let our songs in happy concert rise.
In his hand behold the heav'nly prize.
Looking home, where pleasure never dies.
Praise our God: his bless-ed name a-dore. On-ward now! his
might-y love proclaiming, Sweet-ly join the cho-rus of the skies.

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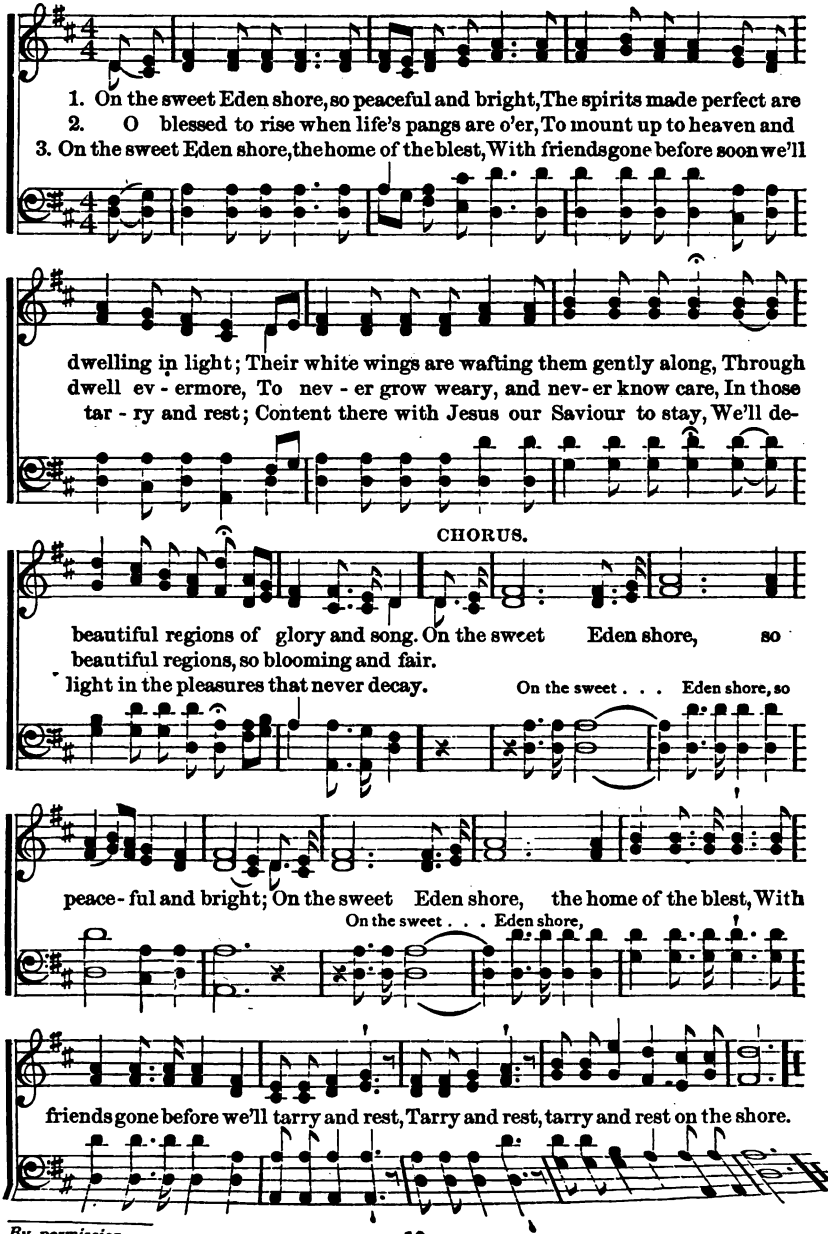
17

Eden Shore.

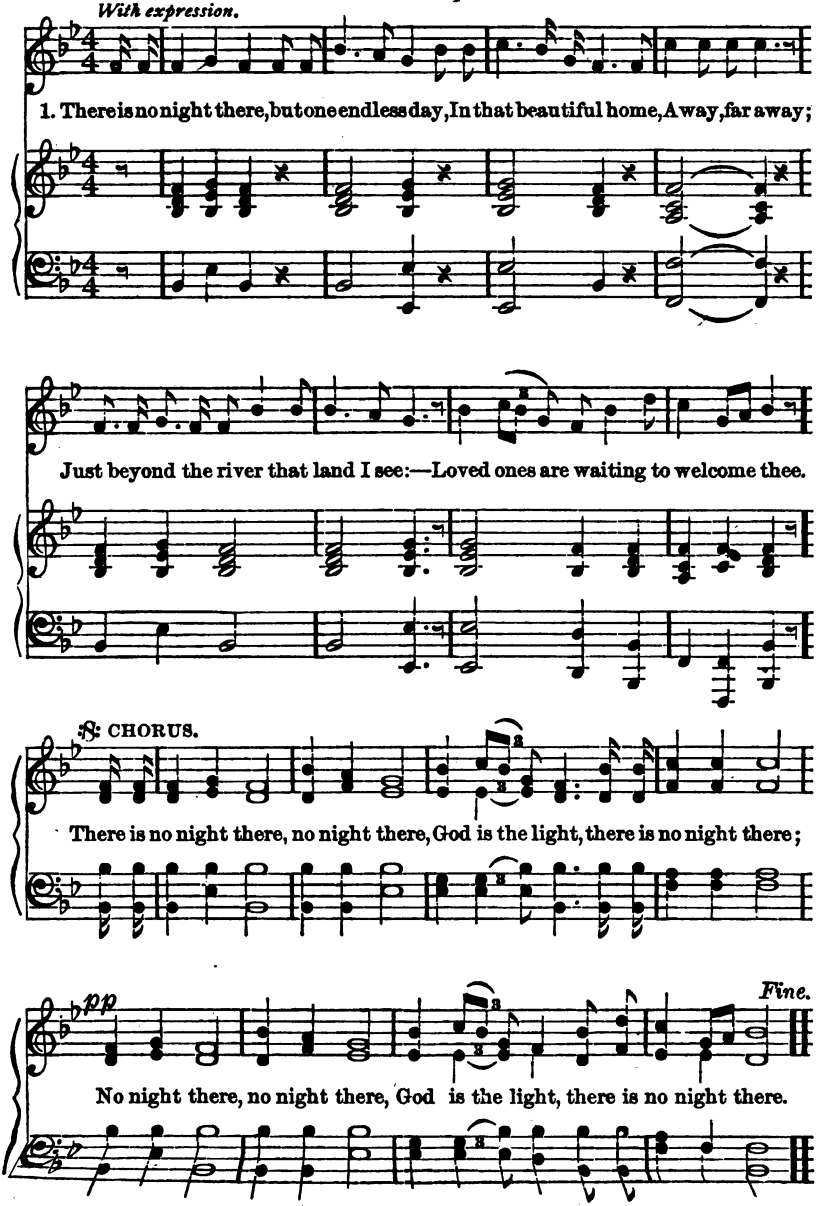
Mrs. M. A. Kidder. W. H. Doane.


1. On the sweet Eden shore, so peaceful and bright, The spirits made perfect are
2. O blessed to rise when life's pangs are o'er, To mount up to heaven and
3. On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest, With friends gone before soon we'll
dwelling in light; Their white wings are wafting them gently along, Through
dwell ev - ermore, To nev - er grow weary, and nev- er know care, In those
tar - ry and rest; Content there with Jesus our Saviour to stay, We'll de-
CHORUS.
beautiful regions of glory and song. On the sweet Eden shore, so
beautiful regions, so blooming and fair.
light in the pleasures that never decay.
On the sweet . . . Eden shore, so
peace- ful and bright; On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest, With
On the sweet . . . Eden shore,
friends gone before we'll tarry and rest, Tarry and rest, tarry and rest on the shore.

By permission.

No Night There.

W. K. WALTER KITTREDGE.

With expression.

1. There is no night there, but one endless day, In that beautiful home, A way, far away;
Just beyond the river that land I see:—Loved ones are waiting to welcome thee.
CHORUS.
There is no night there, no night there, God is the light, there is no night there;
pp
Fine.
No night there, no night there, God is the light, there is no night there.

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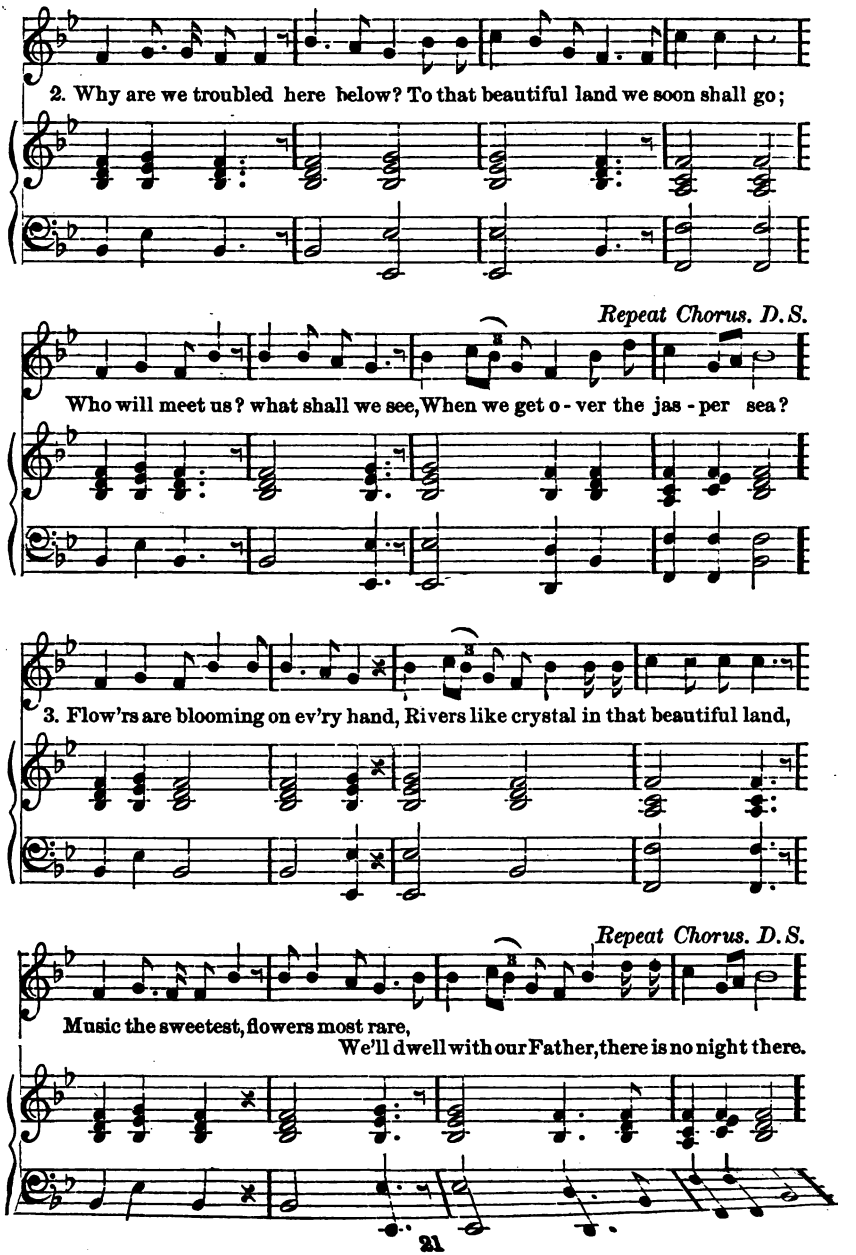
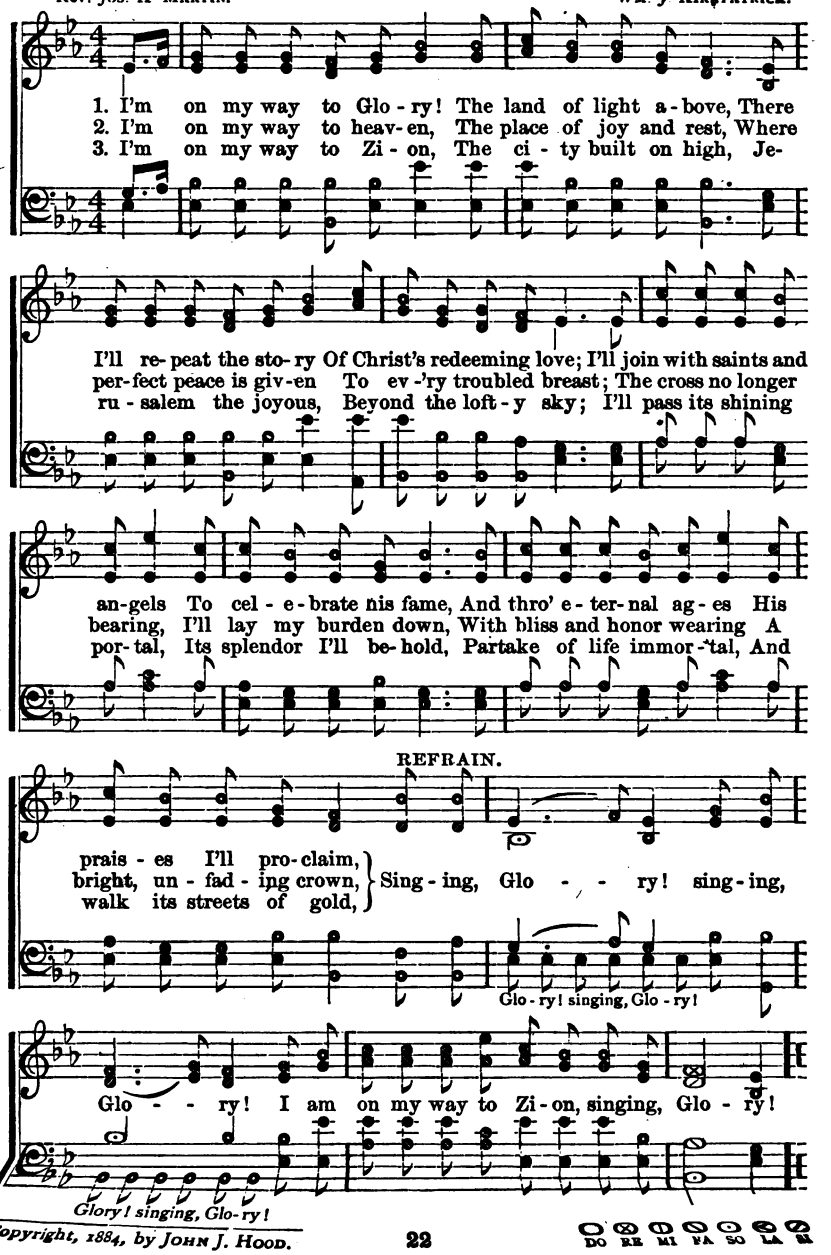
No Night There.—CONCLUDED.

2. Why are we troubled here below? To that beautiful land we soon shall go;
Repeat Chorus. D.S.
Who will meet us? what shall we see, When we get o - ver the jas - per sea?
3. Flow'rs are blooming on ev'ry hand, Rivers like crystal in that beautiful land,
Repeat Chorus. D.S.
Music the sweetest, flowers most rare,
We'll dwell with our Father, there is no night there.

Singing, Glory.

Rev. Jos. H Martin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I'm on my way to Glo - ry! The land of light a - bove, There
2. I'm on my way to heav - en, The place of joy and rest, Where
3. I'm on my way to Zi - on, The ci - ty built on high, Je-
I'll re - peat the sto - ry Of Christ's redeeming love; I'll join with saints and
per - fect peace is giv - en To ev - 'ry troubled breast; The cross no longer
ru - salem the joyous, Beyond the loft - y sky; I'll pass its shining
an - gels To cel - e - brate his fame, And thro' e - ter - nal ag - es His
bearing, I'll lay my burden down, With bliss and honor wearing A
por - tal, Its splendor I'll be - hold, Partake of life immor - tal, And
REFRAIN.
prais - es I'll pro - claim,
bright, un - fad - ing crown,
walk its streets of gold,
Sing - ing, Glo - - ry! sing - ing,
Glo - ry! singing, Glo - ry!
Glo - - ry! I am on my way to Zi - on, singing, Glo - ry!
Glory! singing, Glo - ry!

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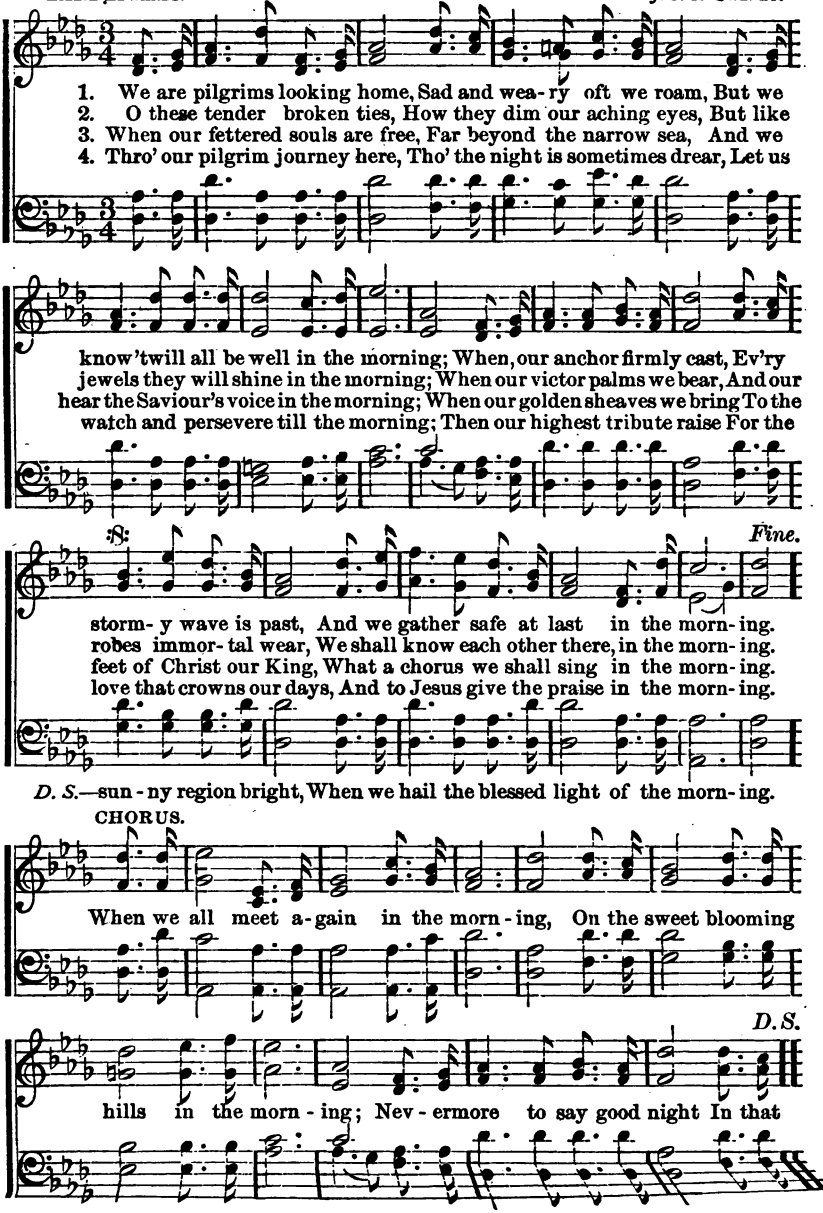
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

In the Morning.

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R Sweney.

1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry oft we roam, But we
2. O these tender broken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the narrow sea, And we
4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us
know 'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor firmly cast, Ev'ry
jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our
hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the
Fine.
storm-y wave is past, And we gather safe at last in the morn-ing.
robes immor-tal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morn-ing.
feet of Christ our King, What a chorus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn-ing.
D. S.—sun-ny region bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn-ing.
CHORUS.
When we all meet a-gain in the morn-ing, On the sweet blooming
D.S.
hills in the morn-ing; Nev-ermore to say good night In that

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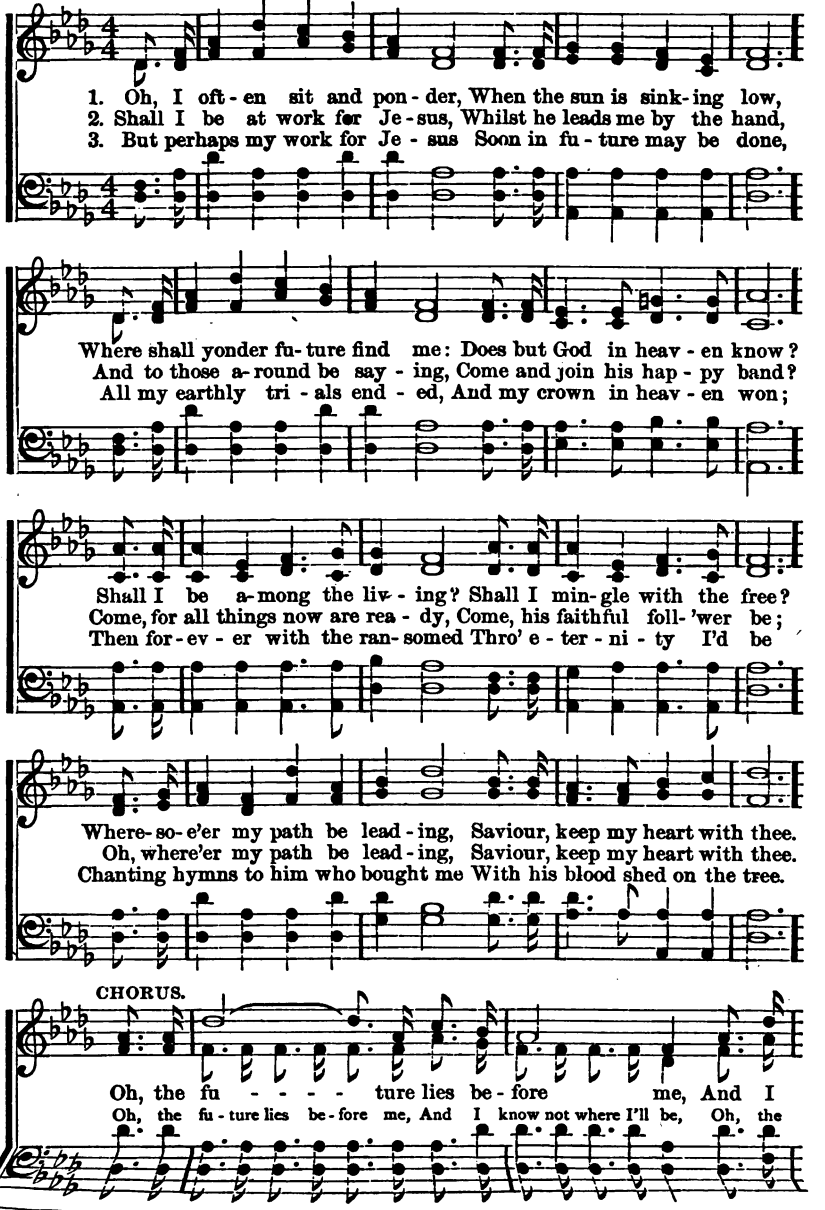
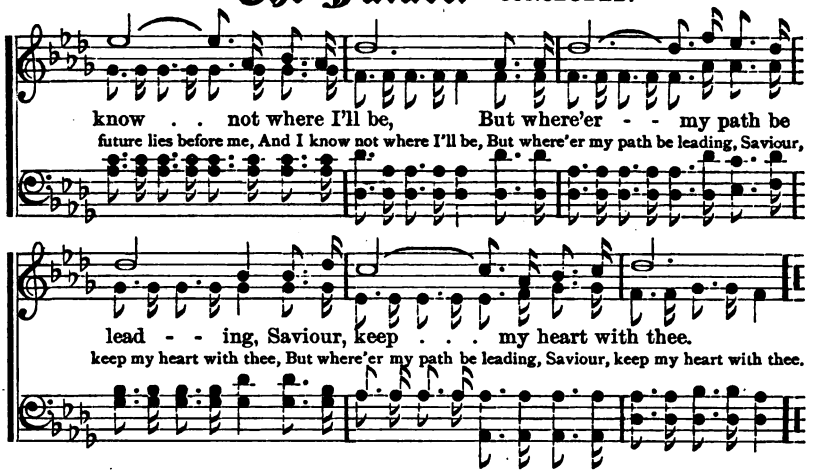
The Future.

Miss Jennie Stout. A. A. Armen.

1. Oh, I oft-en sit and pon-der, When the sun is sink-ing low,
2. Shall I be at work for Je-sus, Whilst he leads me by the hand,
3. But perhaps my work for Je-sus Soon in fu-ture may be done,
Where shall yonder fu-ture find me: Does but God in heav-en know?
And to those a-round be say-ing, Come and join his hap-py band?
All my earthly tri-als end-ed, And my crown in heav-en won;
Shall I be a-mong the liv-ing? Shall I min-gle with the free?
Come, for all things now are rea-dy, Come, his faithful foll-'wer be;
Then for-ev-er with the ran-somed Thro' e-ter-ni-ty I'd be
Where-so-e'er my path be lead-ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
Oh, where'er my path be lead-ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
Chanting hymns to him who bought me With his blood shed on the tree.
CHORUS.
Oh, the fu - - - - ture lies be-fore me, And I
Oh, the fu-ture lies be-fore me, And I know not where I'll be, Oh, the

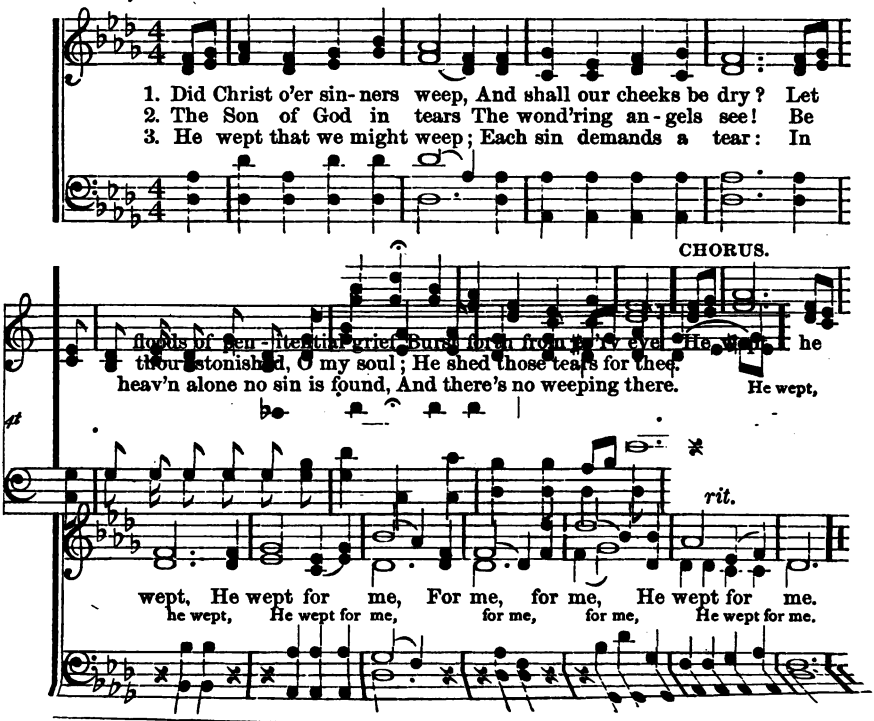
From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.

The Future.—CONCLUDED.

know . . not where I'll be, But where'er - - my path be
future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour,
lead - - ing, Saviour, keep . . . my heart with thee.
keep my heart with thee, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.

22

He Wept for Me.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. A. A ARMEN.


1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see! Be
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear: In
CHORUS.
floods of pen-itential grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye. He wept, he
thou astonished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
heav'n alone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there. He wept,
rit.
wept, He wept for me, For me, for me, He wept for me.
he wept, He wept for me, for me, for me, He wept for me.

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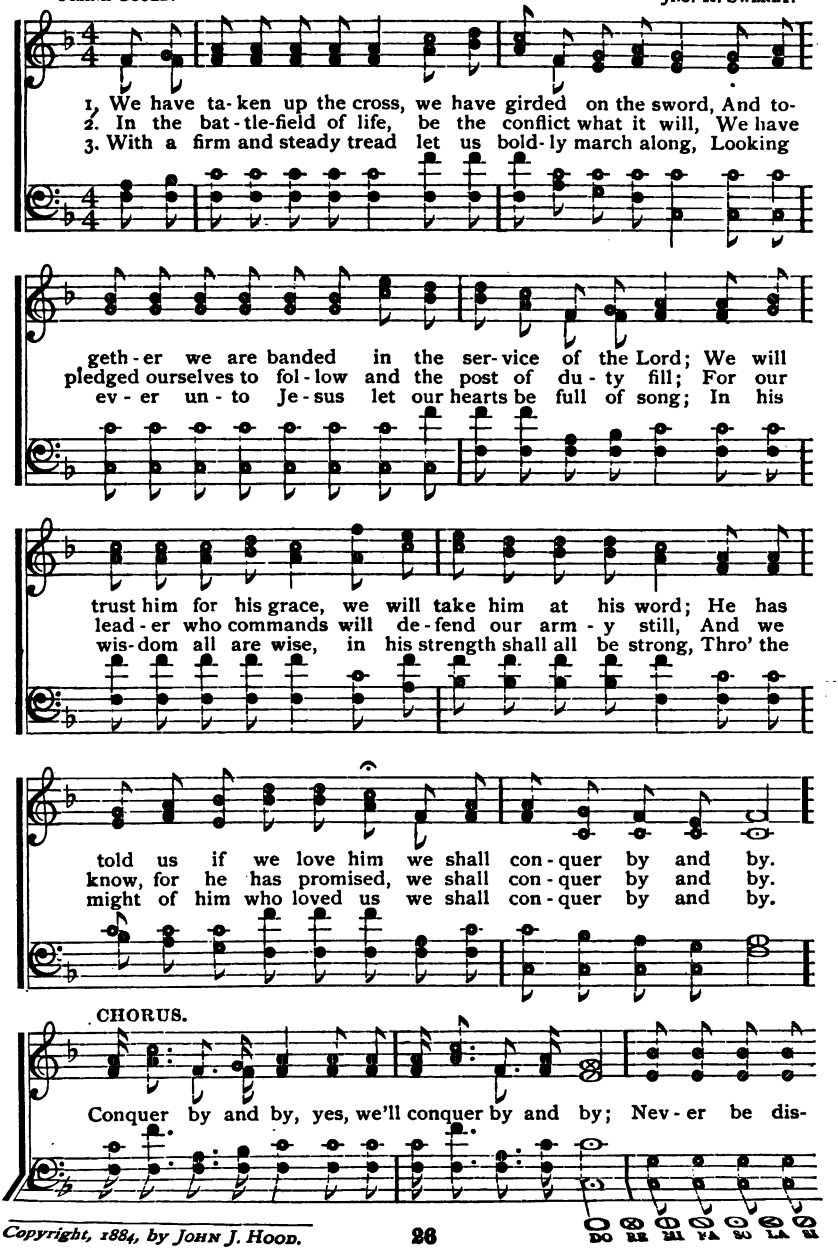
23 Conquer by and by.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1, We have ta-ken up the cross, we have girded on the sword, And to-
2. In the bat-tle-field of life, be the conflict what it will, We have
3. With a firm and steady tread let us bold-ly march along, Looking
geth-er we are banded in the ser-vice of the Lord; We will
pledged ourselves to fol-low and the post of du-ty fill; For our
ev-er un-to Je-sus let our hearts be full of song; In his
trust him for his grace, we will take him at his word; He has
lead-er who commands will de-fend our arm-y still, And we
wis-dom all are wise, in his strength shall all be strong, Thro' the
told us if we love him we shall con-quer by and by.
know, for he has promised, we shall con-quer by and by.
might of him who loved us we shall con-quer by and by.
CHORUS.
Conquer by and by, yes, we'll conquer by and by; Nev-er be dis-

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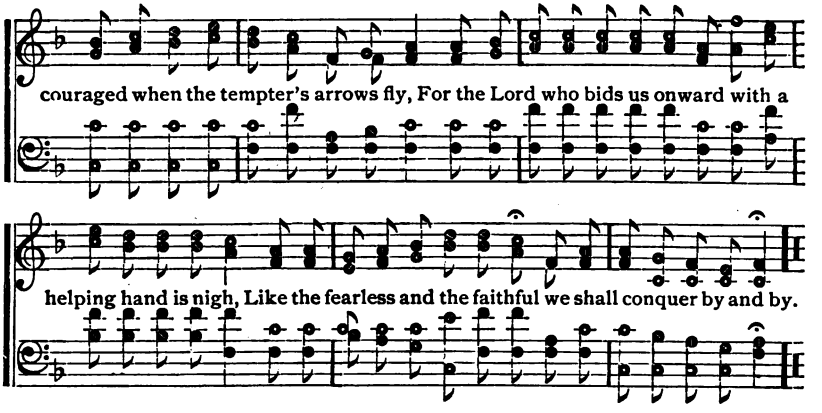
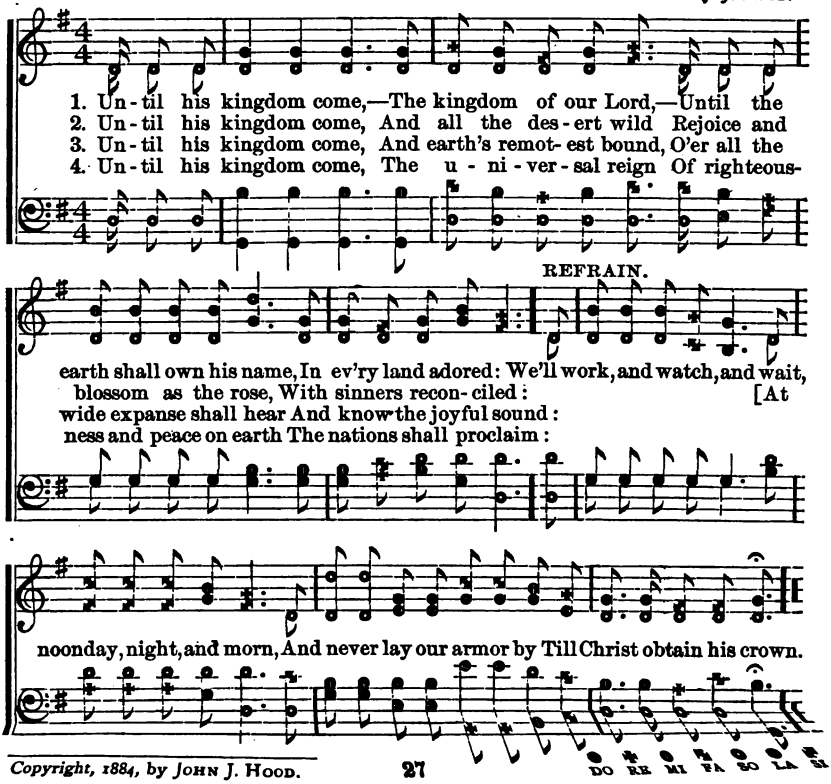
Conquer by and by—CONCLUDED.

couraged when the tempter's arrows fly, For the Lord who bids us onward with a
helping hand is nigh, Like the fearless and the faithful we shall conquer by and by.

24 Until His Kingdom Come.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. J. J. Hood.


1. Un-til his kingdom come,—The kingdom of our Lord,—Until the
2. Un-til his kingdom come, And all the des-ert wild Rejoice and
3. Un-til his kingdom come, And earth's remot-est bound, O'er all the
4. Un-til his kingdom come, The u-ni-ver-sal reign Of righteous-
REFRAIN.
earth shall own his name, In ev'ry land adored: We'll work, and watch, and wait,
blossom as the rose, With sinners recon-ciled: [At
wide expanse shall hear And know the joyful sound:
ness and peace on earth The nations shall proclaim:
noonday, night, and morn, And never lay our armor by Till Christ obtain his crown.
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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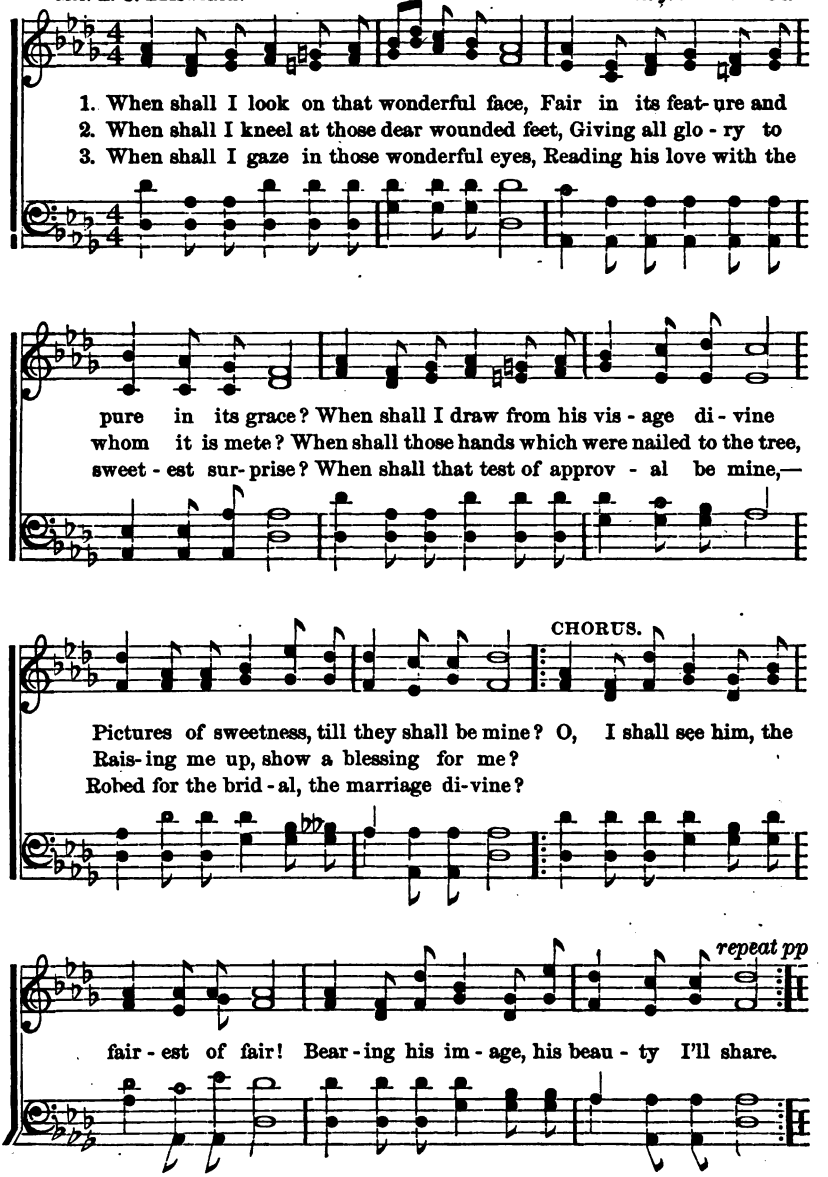
When shall I see Him?

"When he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. 1 John iii. 2. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When shall I look on that wonderful face, Fair in its feat- ure and
2. When shall I kneel at those dear wounded feet, Giving all glo - ry to
3. When shall I gaze in those wonderful eyes, Reading his love with the
pure in its grace? When shall I draw from his vis - age di - vine
whom it is mete? When shall those hands which were nailed to the tree,
sweet - est sur- prise? When shall that test of approv - al be mine,—
CHORUS.
Pictures of sweetness, till they shall be mine? O, I shall see him, the
Rais- ing me up, show a blessing for me?
Robed for the brid - al, the marriage di- vine?
repeat pp
fair - est of fair! Bear - ing his im - age, his beau - ty I'll share.

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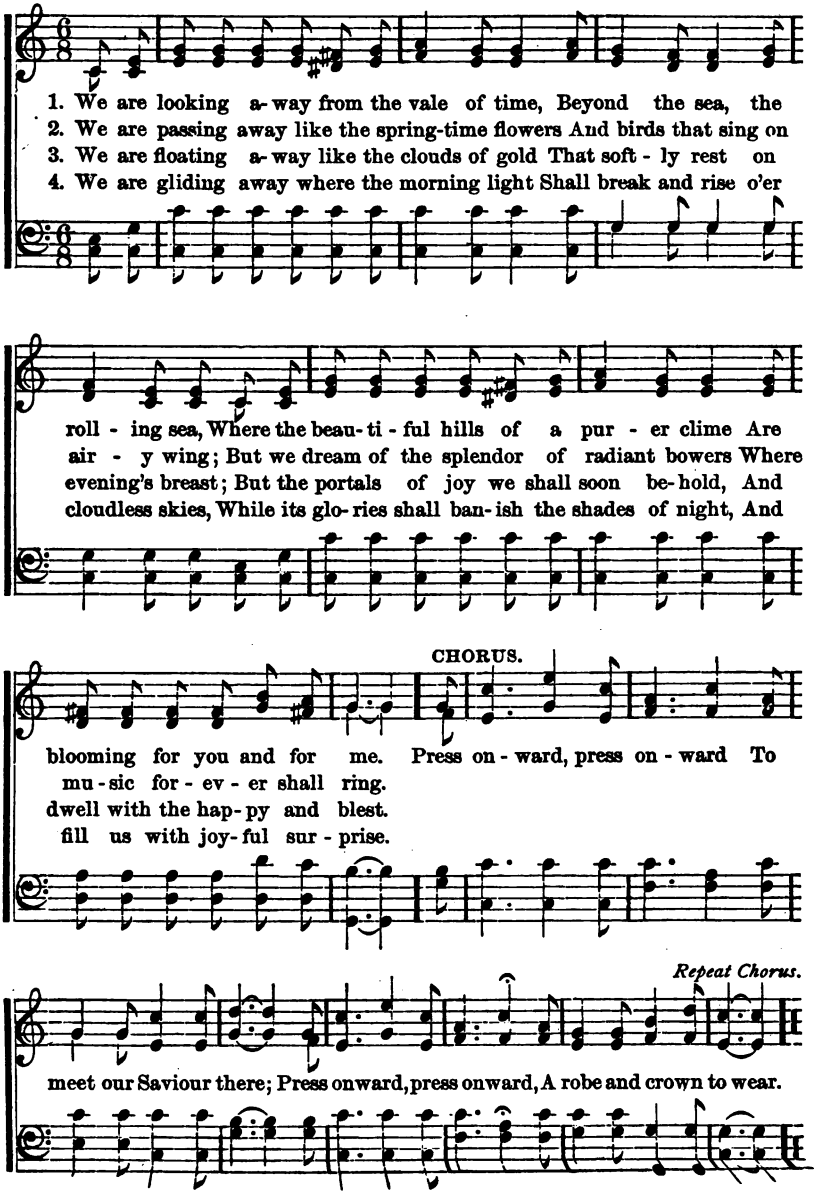
Press Onward.

JENNIE GARNETT. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. We are looking a-way from the vale of time, Beyond the sea, the
2. We are passing away like the spring-time flowers And birds that sing on
3. We are floating a-way like the clouds of gold That soft - ly rest on
4. We are gliding away where the morning light Shall break and rise o'er
roll - ing sea, Where the beau-ti - ful hills of a pur - er clime Are
air - y wing; But we dream of the splendor of radiant bowers Where
evening's breast; But the portals of joy we shall soon be-hold, And
cloudless skies, While its glo-ries shall ban-ish the shades of night, And
CHORUS.
blooming for you and for me. Press on - ward, press on - ward To
mu-sic for - ev - er shall ring.
dwell with the hap-py and blest.
fill us with joy-ful sur - prise.
Repeat Chorus.
meet our Saviour there; Press onward, press onward, A robe and crown to wear.

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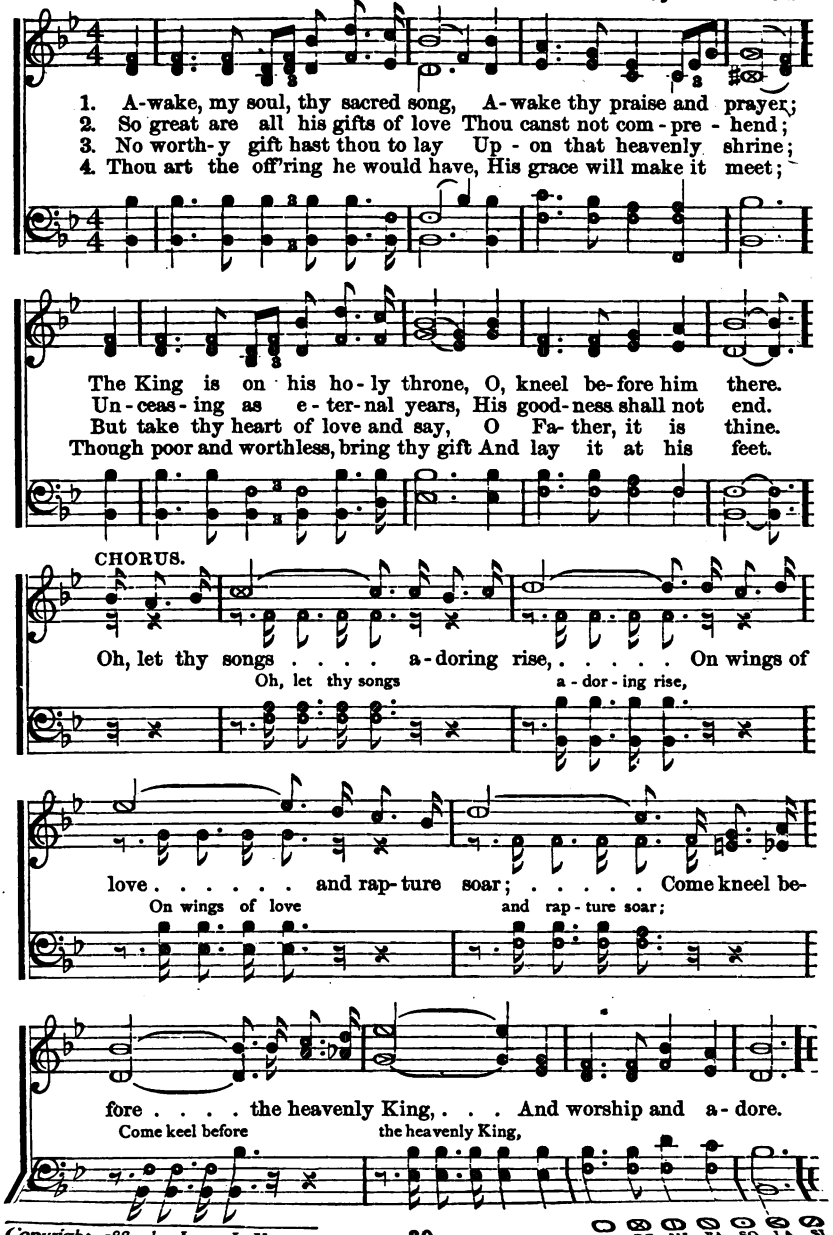
Awake, my Soul.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. A-wake, my soul, thy sacred song, A-wake thy praise and prayer;
2. So great are all his gifts of love Thou canst not com-pre-hend;
3. No worth-y gift hast thou to lay Up-on that heavenly shrine;
4. Thou art the off'ring he would have, His grace will make it meet;
The King is on his ho-ly throne, O, kneel be-fore him there.
Un-ceas-ing as e-ter-nal years, His good-ness shall not end.
But take thy heart of love and say, O Fa-ther, it is thine.
Though poor and worthless, bring thy gift And lay it at his feet.
CHORUS.
Oh, let thy songs . . . . . a-doring rise, ... On wings of
Oh, let thy songs a-dor-ing rise,
love . . . . . and rap-ture soar; . . . . . Come kneel be-
On wings of love and rap-ture soar;
fore . . . . the heavenly King, . . . And worship and a-dore.
Come keel before the heavenly King,

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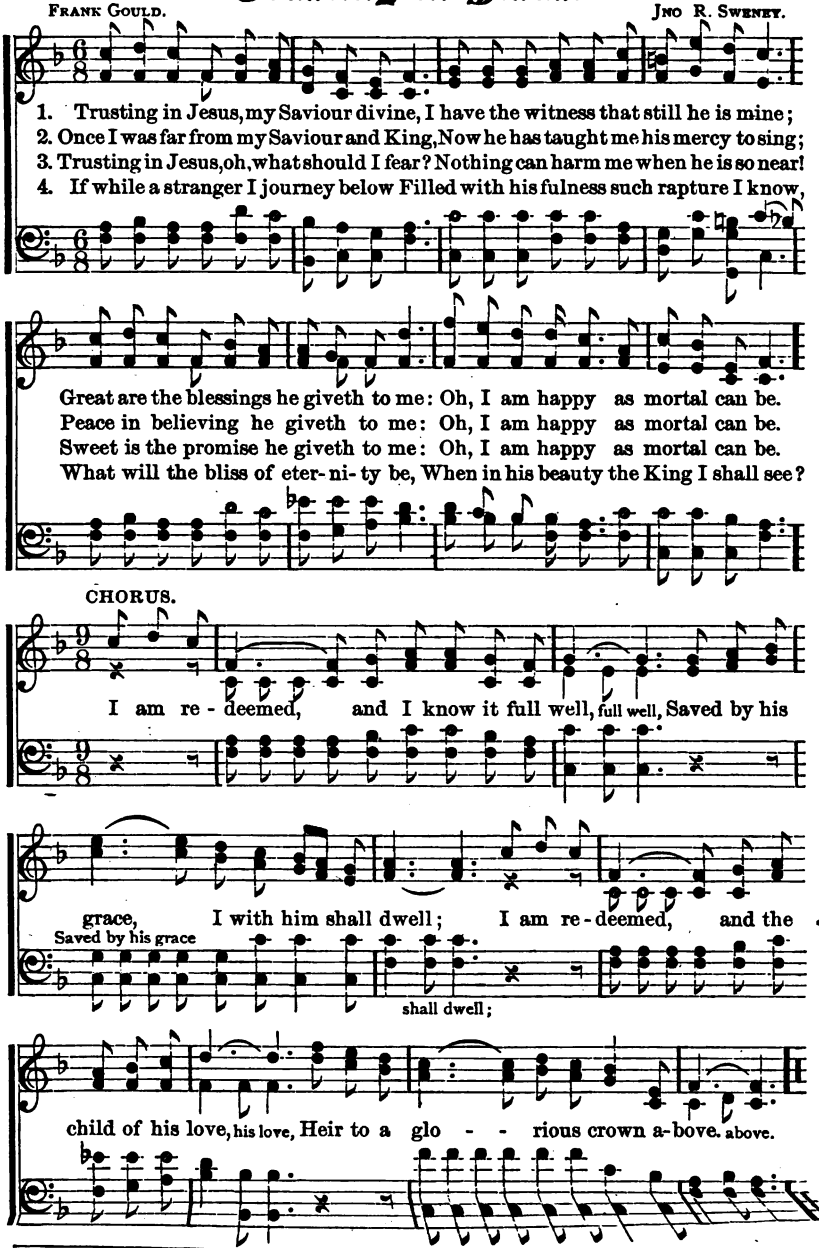
DO RE MI FA SO LA

Trusting in Jesus.

FRANK GOULD. JNO R. SWENEY.


1. Trusting in Jesus, my Saviour divine, I have the witness that still he is mine;
2. Once I was far from my Saviour and King, Now he has taught me his mercy to sing;
3. Trusting in Jesus, oh, what should I fear? Nothing can harm me when he is so near!
4. If while a stranger I journey below Filled with his fulness such rapture I know,
Great are the blessings he giveth to me: Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.
Peace in believing he giveth to me: Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.
Sweet is the promise he giveth to me: Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.
What will the bliss of eter-ni-ty be, When in his beauty the King I shall see?
CHORUS.
I am re-deemed, and I know it full well, full well, Saved by his
grace, I with him shall dwell; I am re-deemed, and the
Saved by his grace
shall dwell;
child of his love, his love, Heir to a glo - - rious crown a-bove. above.

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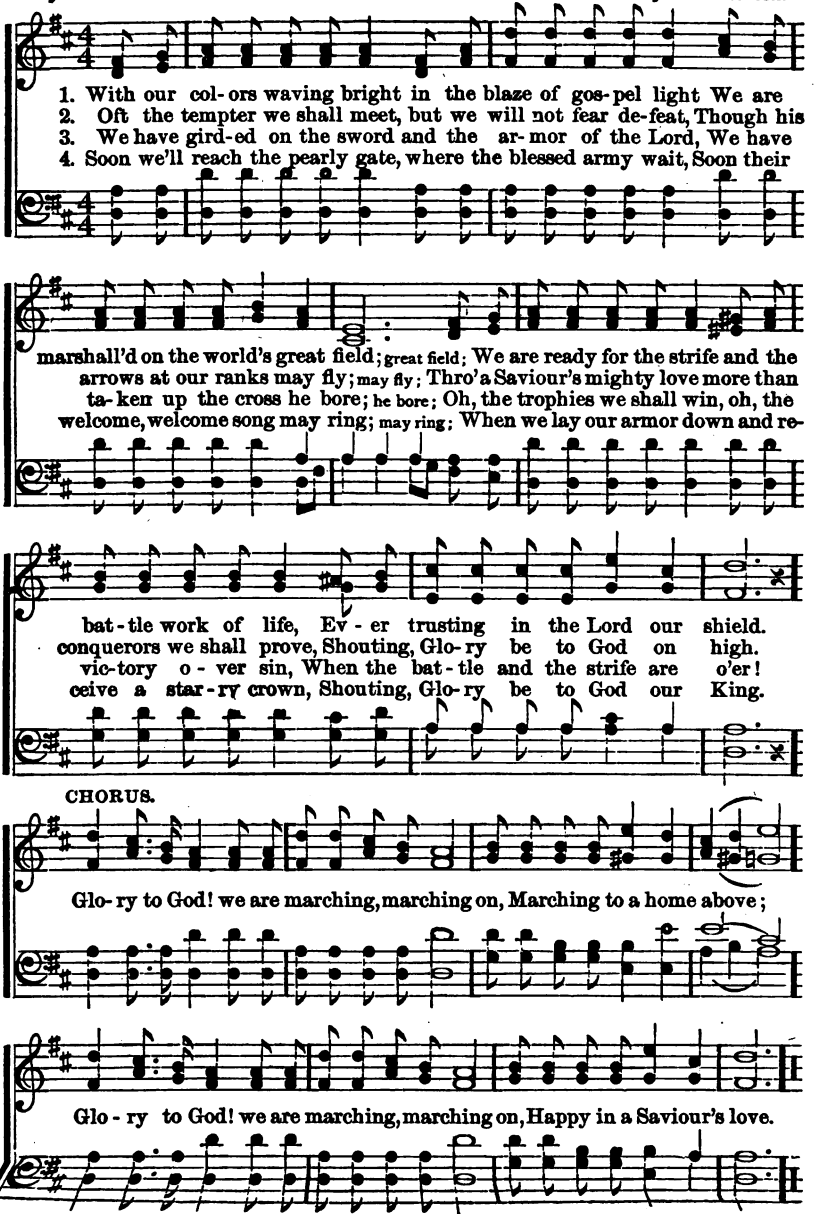
Marching On.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With our col-ors waving bright in the blaze of gos-pel light We are
2. Oft the tempter we shall meet, but we will not fear de-feat, Though his
3. We have gird-ed on the sword and the ar-mor of the Lord, We have
4. Soon we'll reach the pearly gate, where the blessed army wait, Soon their
marshall'd on the world's great field; great field; We are ready for the strife and the
arrows at our ranks may fly; may fly; Thro'a Saviour's mighty love more than
ta-ken up the cross he bore; he bore; Oh, the trophies we shall win, oh, the
welcome, welcome song may ring; may ring; When we lay our armor down and re-
bat-tle work of life, Ev-er trusting in the Lord our shield.
conquerors we shall prove, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God on high.
vic-tory o-ver sin, When the bat-tle and the strife are o'er!
ceive a star-ry crown, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God our King.
CHORUS.
Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Marching to a home above;
Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Happy in a Saviour's love.

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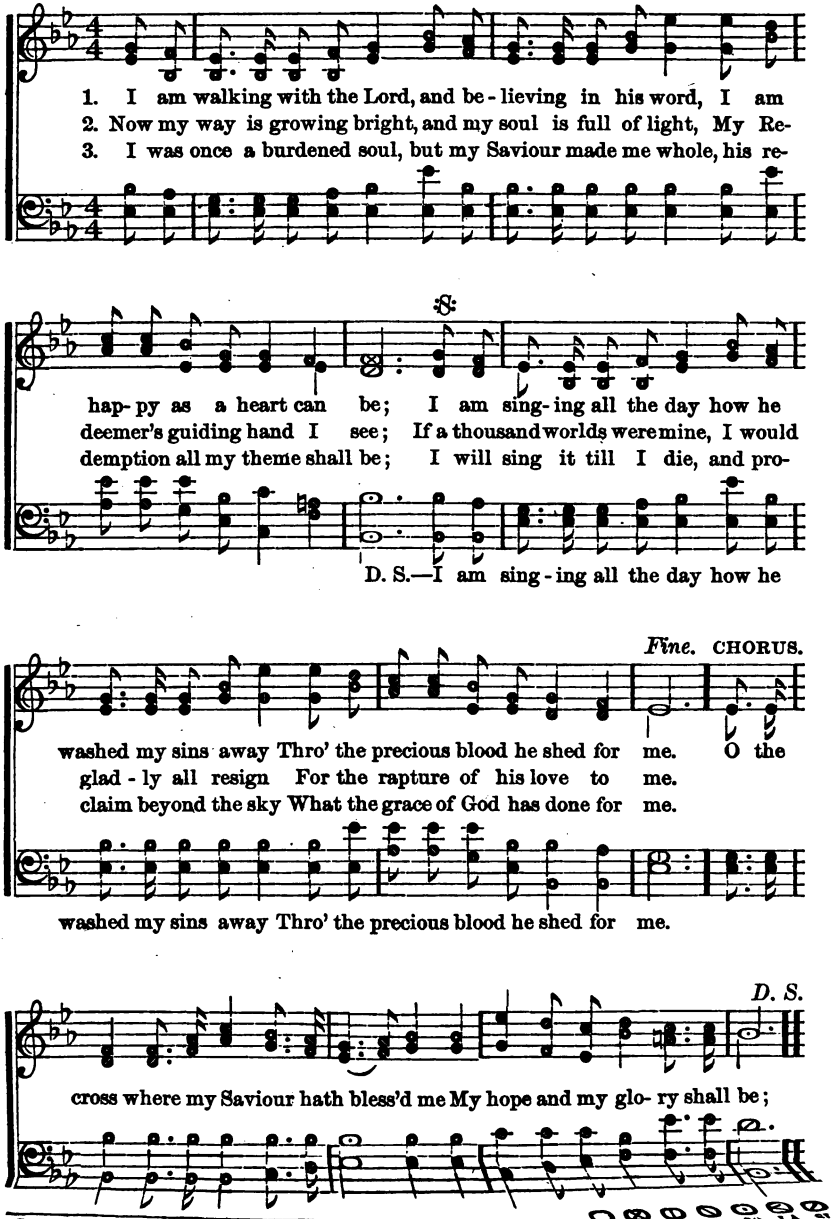
My Hope and my Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.


1. I am walking with the Lord, and be-lieving in his word, I am
2. Now my way is growing bright, and my soul is full of light, My Re-
3. I was once a burdened soul, but my Saviour made me whole, his re-
hap-py as a heart can be; I am sing-ing all the day how he
deemer's guiding hand I see; If a thousand worlds were mine, I would
demption all my theme shall be; I will sing it till I die, and pro-
D. S.—I am sing-ing all the day how he
Fine. CHORUS.
washed my sins away Thro' the precious blood he shed for me. O the
glad-ly all resign For the rapture of his love to me.
claim beyond the sky What the grace of God has done for me.
washed my sins away Thro' the precious blood he shed for me.
D. S.
cross where my Saviour hath bless'd me My hope and my glo-ry shall be;

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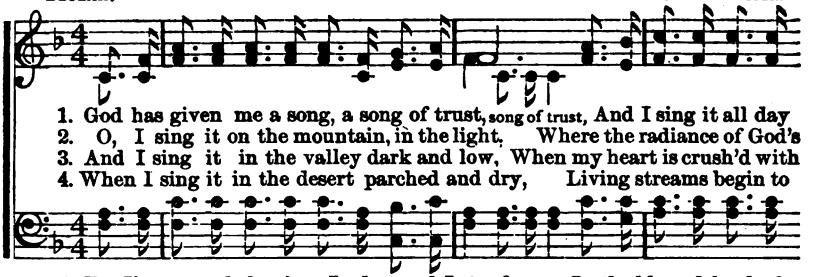
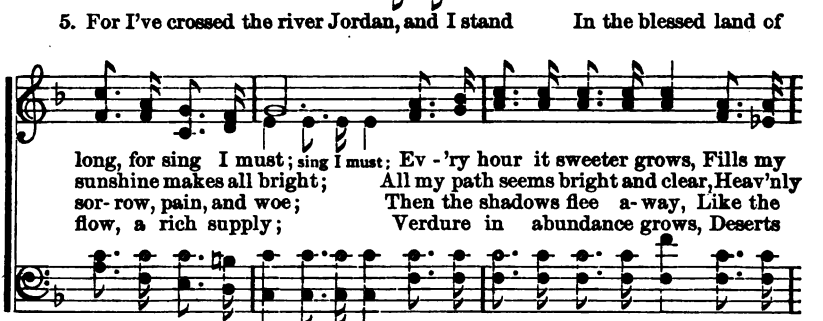
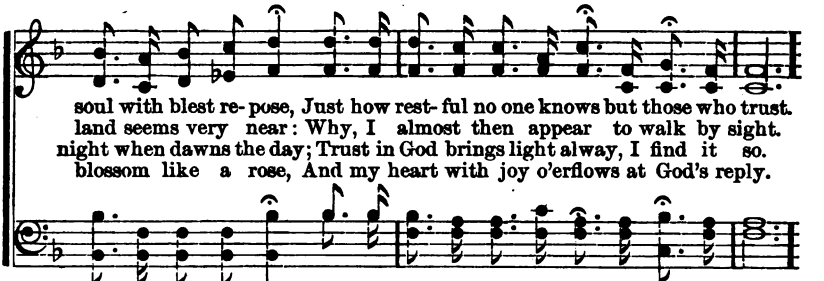
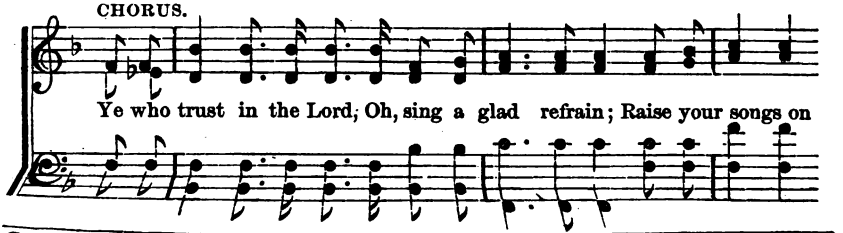
A Song of Trust.

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." "And I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope: and she shall sing there."

"BEULAH." GRACE WEISER.


1. God has given me a song, a song of trust, song of trust, And I sing it all day
2. O, I sing it on the mountain, in the light, Where the radiance of God's
3. And I sing it in the valley dark and low, When my heart is crush'd with
4. When I sing it in the desert parched and dry, Living streams begin to


5. For I've crossed the river Jordan, and I stand In the blessed land of
long, for sing I must; sing I must: Ev-'ry hour it sweeter grows, Fills my
sunshine makes all bright; All my path seems bright and clear, Heav'nly
sor-row, pain, and woe; Then the shadows flee a-way, Like the
flow, a rich supply; Verdure in abundance grows, Deserts
promise,—Beulah land: Trusting is like breathing here, Just as

soul with blest re-pose, Just how rest-ful no one knows but those who trust.
land seems very near: Why, I almost then appear to walk by sight.
night when dawns the day; Trust in God brings light alway, I find it so.
blossom like a rose, And my heart with joy o'erflows at God's reply.
easy,—doubt and fear Van-ish in this at-mosphere, in Beu-lah land.

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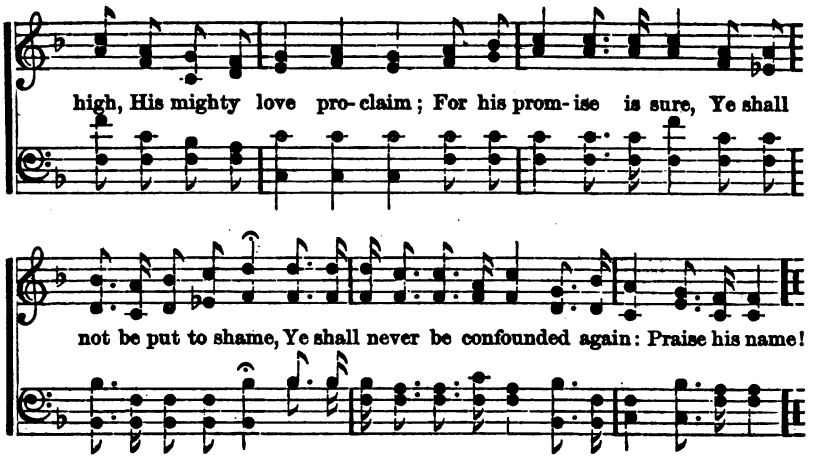
From "Melodious Sonnets," by per.

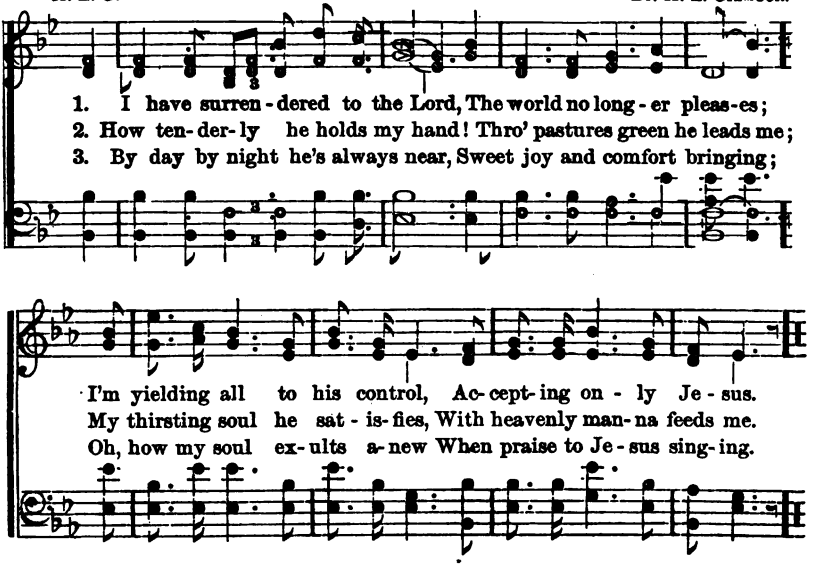
A Song of Trust.—CONCLUDED.


high, His mighty love pro-claim; For his prom-ise is sure, Ye shall
not be put to shame, Ye shall never be confounded again: Praise his name!

32

Surrendered.

H. L. G. Dr. H. L. Gilmour.


1. I have surren-dered to the Lord, The world no long-er pleas-es;
2. How ten-der-ly he holds my hand! Thro' pastures green he leads me;
3. By day by night he's always near, Sweet joy and comfort bringing;
I'm yielding all to his control, Ac-cept-ing on-ly Je-sus.
My thirsting soul he sat-is-fies, With heavenly man-na feeds me.
Oh, how my soul ex-ults a-new When praise to Je-sus sing-ing.

4 No noonday drought affects my soul,
In Jesus I'm confiding;
Oh, constant, sweet companionship,
With Christ in me abiding.

5 Oh, victory that's always sure!
Oh, blest emancipation!
Oh, vanquished tempter of my soul!
Oh, free and full salvation!

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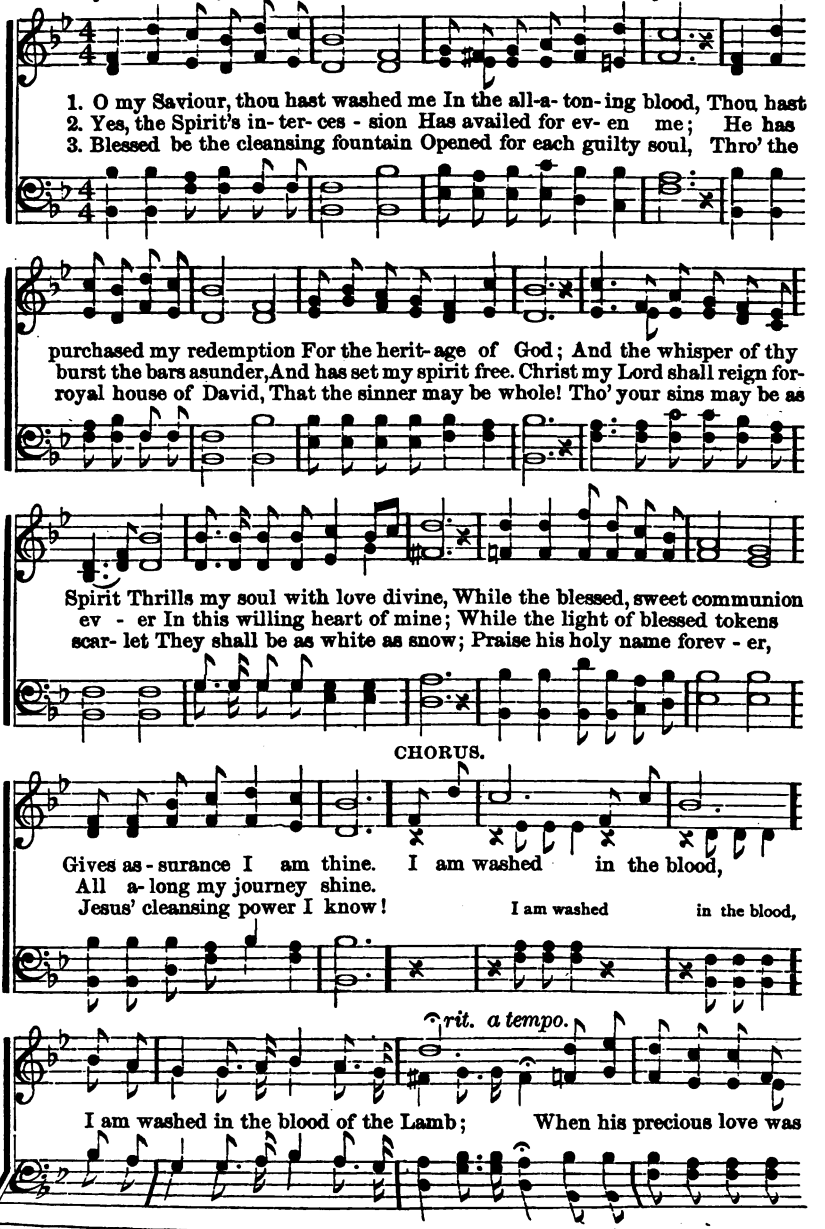
From "Melodious Sonnets," by per

All-atoning Blood.

Rev. Jno. O. Foster, A. M. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O my Saviour, thou hast washed me In the all-a- ton-ing blood, Thou hast
2. Yes, the Spirit's in- ter- ces - sion Has availed for ev- en me; He has
3. Blessed be the cleansing fountain Opened for each guilty soul, Thro' the
purchased my redemption For the herit- age of God; And the whisper of thy
burst the bars asunder, And has set my spirit free. Christ my Lord shall reign for-
royal house of David, That the sinner may be whole! Tho' your sins may be as
Spirit Thrills my soul with love divine, While the blessed, sweet communion
ev - er In this willing heart of mine; While the light of blessed tokens
scar- let They shall be as white as snow; Praise his holy name forev - er,
CHORUS.
Gives as - surance I am thine. I am washed in the blood,
All a- long my journey shine.
Jesus' cleansing power I know! I am washed in the blood,
rit. a tempo.
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb; When his precious love was

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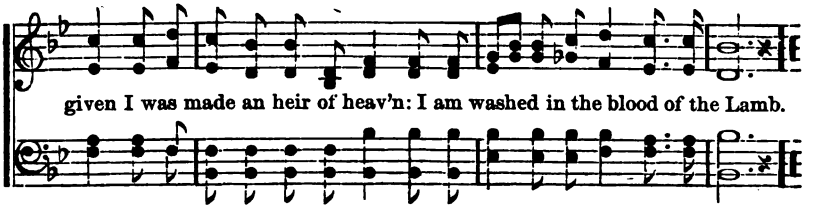
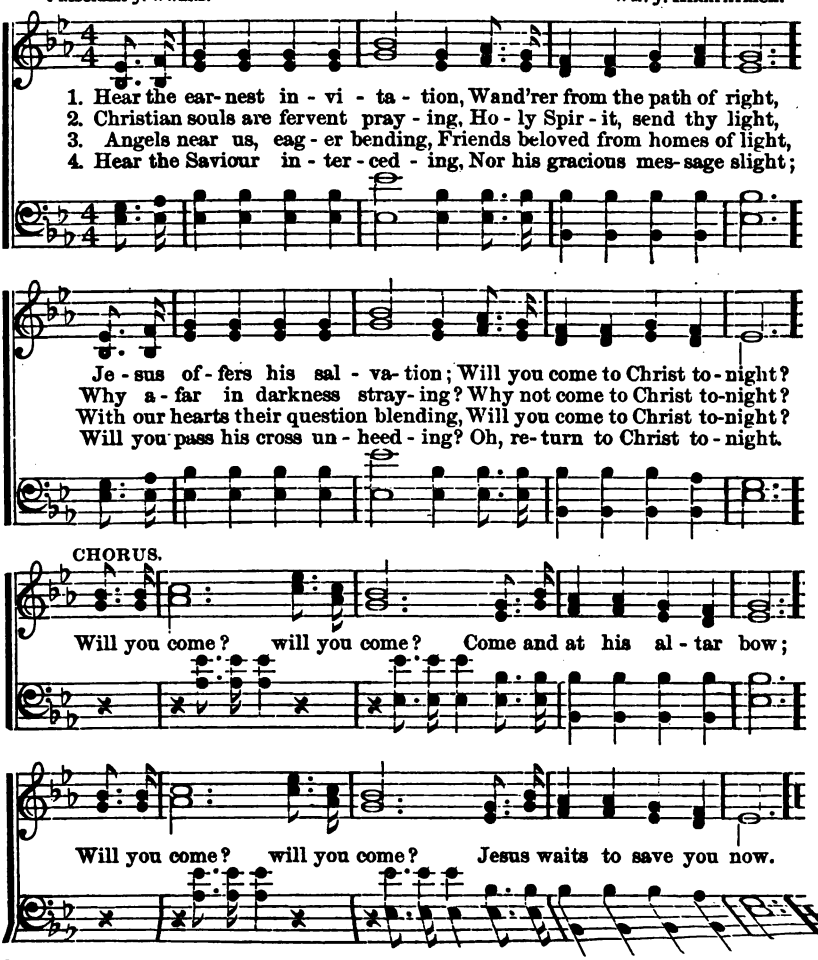
All-atoning Blood.—CONCLUDED.



34 Will You Come?

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the ear-nest in-vi-ta-tion, Wand'rer from the path of right,
2. Christian souls are fervent pray-ing, Ho-ly Spir-it, send thy light,
3. Angels near us, eag-er bending, Friends beloved from homes of light,
4. Hear the Saviour in-ter-ced-ing, Nor his gracious mes-sage slight;
Je-sus of-fers his sal-va-tion; Will you come to Christ to-night?
Why a-far in darkness stray-ing? Why not come to Christ to-night?
With our hearts their question blending, Will you come to Christ to-night?
Will you pass his cross un-heed-ing? Oh, re-turn to Christ to-night.
CHORUS.
Will you come? will you come? Come and at his al-tar bow;
Will you come? will you come? Jesus waits to save you now.

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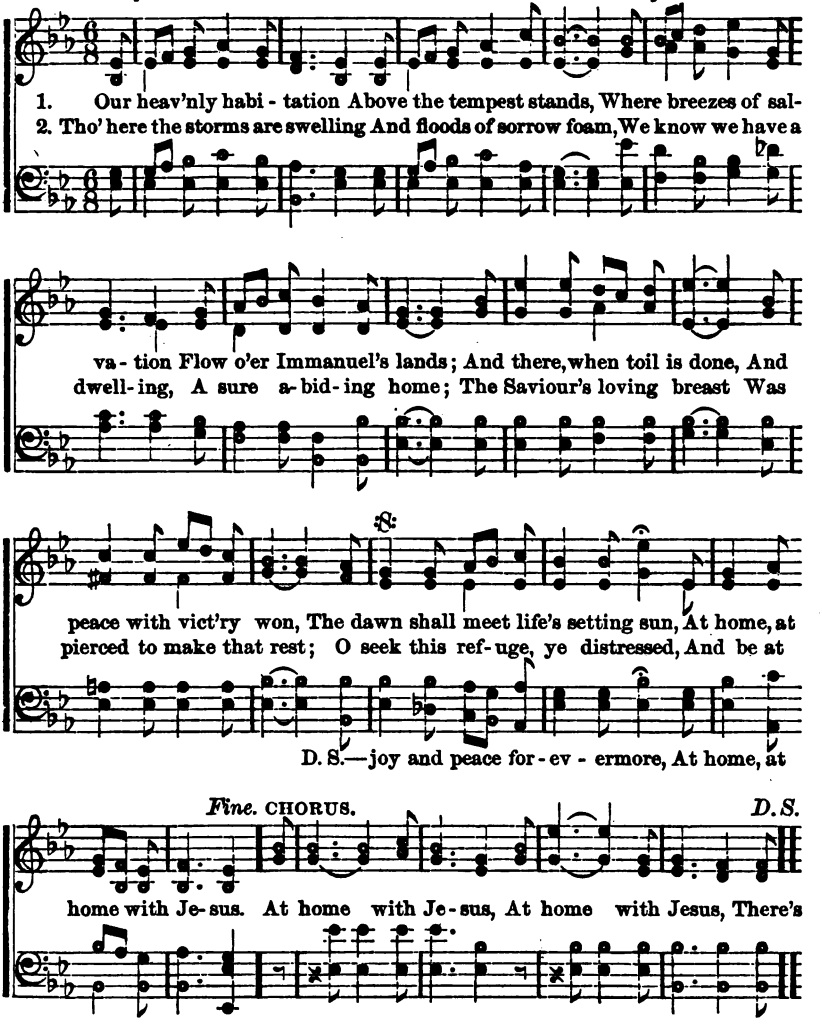
35 # At Home with Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Our heav'nly habi - tation Above the tempest stands, Where breezes of sal-
2. Tho' here the storms are swelling And floods of sorrow foam, We know we have a
va - tion Flow o'er Immanuel's lands; And there, when toil is done, And
dwell - ing, A sure a - bid - ing home; The Saviour's loving breast Was
peace with vict'ry won, The dawn shall meet life's setting sun, At home, at
pierced to make that rest; O seek this ref - uge, ye distressed, And be at
D. S.—joy and peace for - ev - ermore, At home, at
Fine. CHORUS.
D.S.
home with Je - sus. At home with Je - sus, At home with Jesus, There's

3 His arms of strength shall hold thee
Above the tempter's snare,
His shadow sweet enfold thee
Amid the furnace glare.
Pass joyful on thy way,
And in each trial say,
"His presence is my hope and stay,
At home, at home with Jesus."

4 Across death's rolling river
True friends have gone before;
We miss them here forever,
We'll find them on life's shore.
And glad each voice shall blend,
When friend shall welcome friend,
And ceaseless songs of praise ascend,
At home, at home with Jesus.

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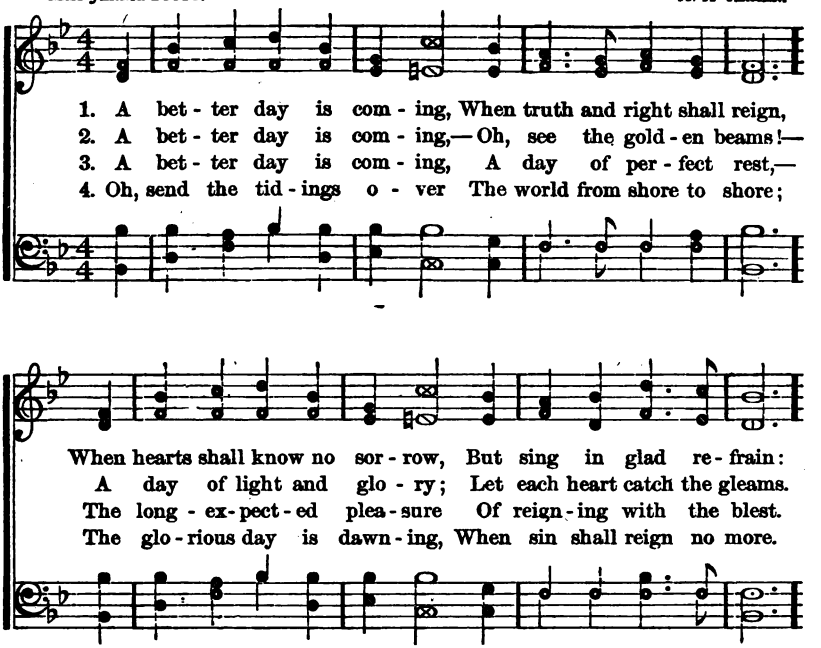
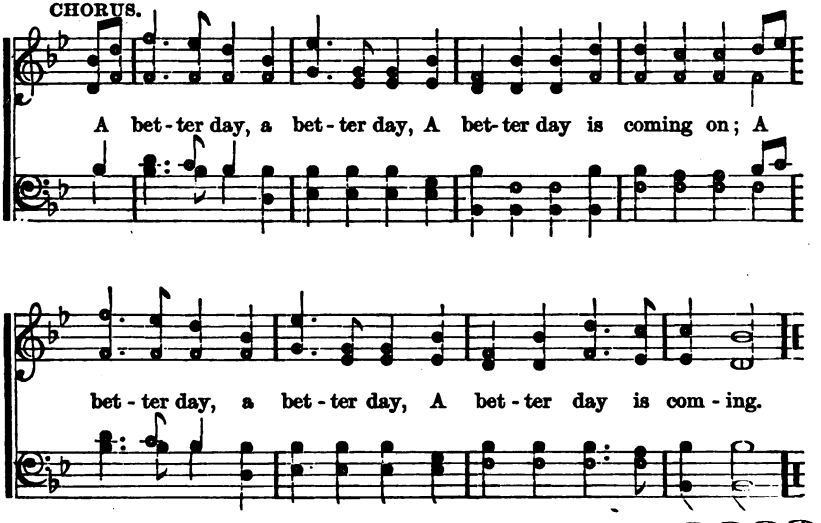
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

A Better Day.

Miss Jennie Stout. A. A Armen.


1. A bet - ter day is com - ing, When truth and right shall reign,
2. A bet - ter day is com - ing,— Oh, see the gold - en beams!—
3. A bet - ter day is com - ing, A day of per - fect rest,—
4. Oh, send the tid - ings o - ver The world from shore to shore;
When hearts shall know no sor - row, But sing in glad re - frain:
A day of light and glo - ry; Let each heart catch the gleams.
The long - ex - pect - ed plea - sure Of reign - ing with the blest.
The glo - rious day is dawn - ing, When sin shall reign no more.

CHORUS.



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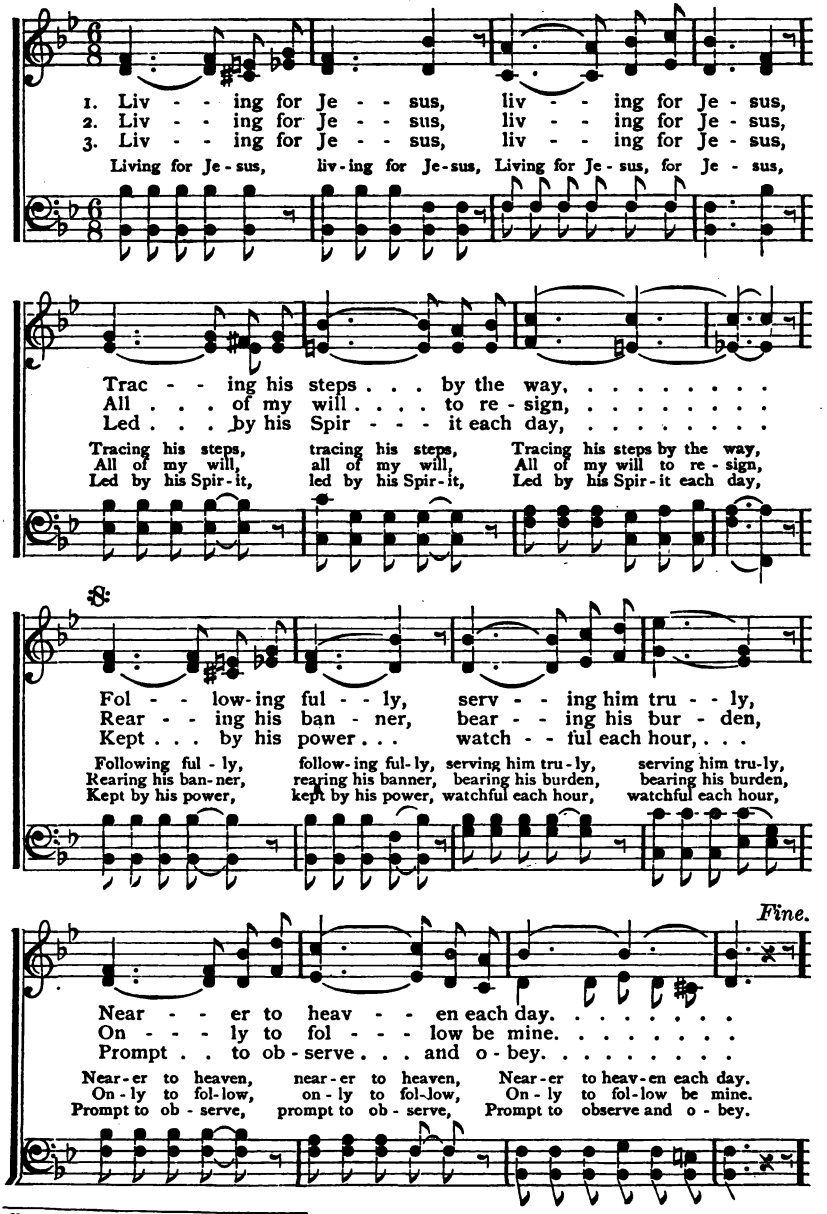
37 Living for Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Liv - - ing for Je - - sus, liv - - ing for Je - sus,
2. Liv - - ing for Je - - sus, liv - - ing for Je - sus,
3. Liv - - ing for Je - - sus, liv - - ing for Je - sus,
Living for Je - sus, liv - ing for Je - sus, Living for Je - sus, for Je - sus,
Trac - - ing his steps . . . by the way, ...
All . . . of my will . . . . to re - sign, ...
Led . . . by his Spir - - - - it each day, ...
Tracing his steps, tracing his steps, Tracing his steps by the way,
All of my will, all of my will, All of my will to re - sign,
Led by his Spir - it, led by his Spir - it, Led by his Spir - it each day,
Fol - - low - ing ful - - ly, serv - - ing him tru - - ly,
Rear - - ing his ban - ner, bear - - ing his bur - den,
Kept . . . by his power . . . watch - - ful each hour, . . .
Following ful - ly, follow - ing ful - ly, serving him tru - ly, serving him tru - ly,
Rearing his ban - ner, rearing his banner, bearing his burden, bearing his burden,
Kept by his power, kept by his power, watchful each hour, watchful each hour,
Fine.
Near - - - er to heav - - - en each day. . . . . .
On - - - ly to fol - - - low be mine. . . . . .
Prompt . . to ob - serve . . . and o - bey. . . . . .
Near - er to heaven, near - er to heaven, Near - er to heav - en each day.
On - ly to fol - low, on - ly to fol - low, On - ly to fol - low be mine.
Prompt to ob - serve, prompt to ob - serve, Prompt to observe and o - bey.

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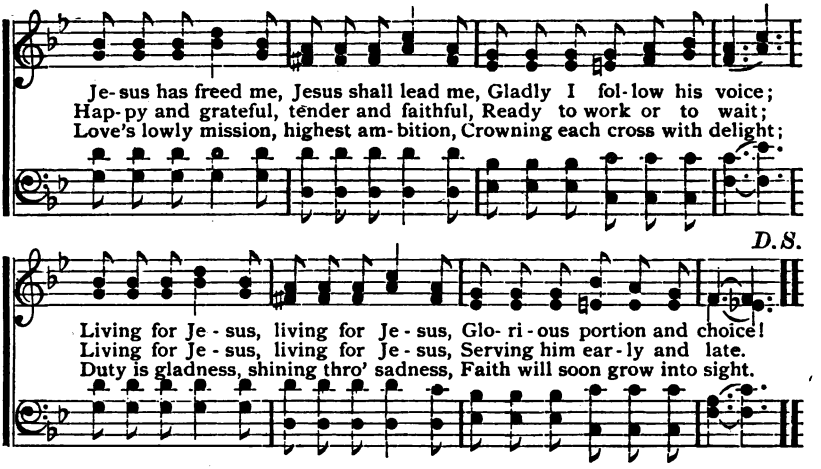
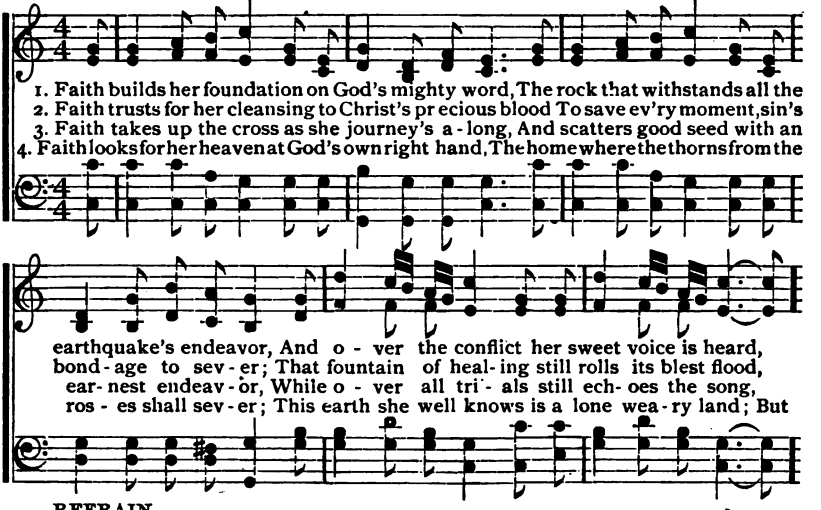
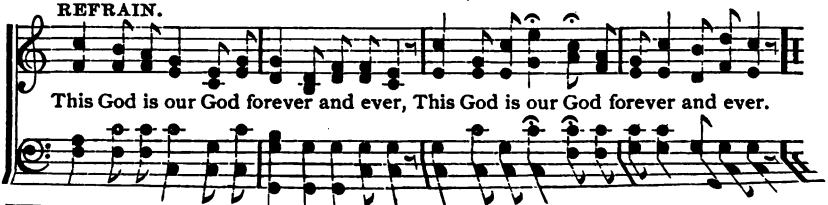
Living for Jesus.—CONCLUDED.


Je-sus has freed me, Jesus shall lead me, Gladly I fol-low his voice;
Hap-py and grateful, tender and faithful, Ready to work or to wait;
Love's lowly mission, highest am-bition, Crowning each cross with delight;
D.S.
Living for Je-sus, living for Je-sus, Glo-ri-ous portion and choice!
Living for Je-sus, living for Je-sus, Serving him ear-ly and late.
Duty is gladness, shining thro' sadness, Faith will soon grow into sight.

38 This God is our God.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Psalm xlviii. 14. W. J. K.


1. Faith builds her foundation on God's mighty word, The rock that withstands all the
2. Faith trusts for her cleansing to Christ's pr ecious blood To save ev'ry moment, sin's
3. Faith takes up the cross as she journey's a-long, And scatters good seed with an
4. Faith looks for her heaven at God's own right hand, The home where the thorns from the
earthquake's endeavor, And o-ver the conflict her sweet voice is heard,
bond-age to sev-er; That fountain of heal-ing still rolls its blest flood,
ear-nest endeav-or, While o-ver all tri-als still ech-oes the song,
ros-es shall sev-er; This earth she well knows is a lone wea-ry land; But



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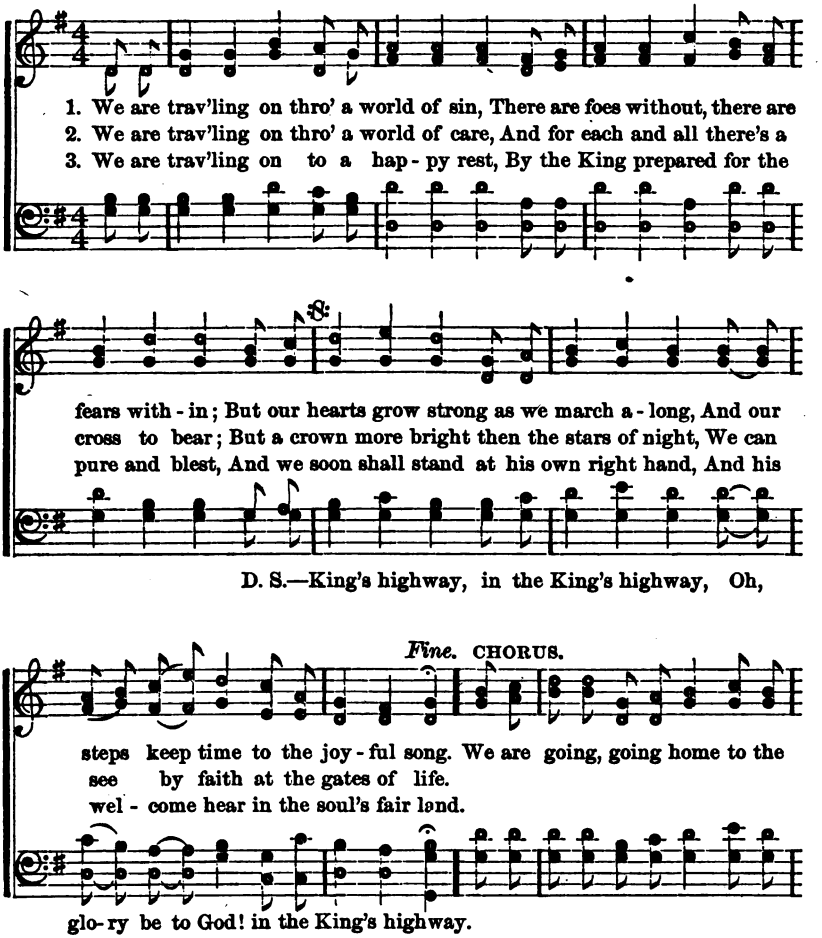
In the King's Highway.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. We are trav'ling on thro' a world of sin, There are foes without, there are
2. We are trav'ling on thro' a world of care, And for each and all there's a
3. We are trav'ling on to a hap - py rest, By the King prepared for the
fears with - in; But our hearts grow strong as we march a - long, And our
cross to bear; But a crown more bright then the stars of night, We can
pure and blest, And we soon shall stand at his own right hand, And his
D. S.—King's highway, in the King's highway, Oh,
Fine. CHORUS.
steps keep time to the joy - ful song. We are going, going home to the
see by faith at the gates of life.
wel - come hear in the soul's fair land.
glo- ry be to God! in the King's highway.
D. S.
realms of day, We are going, going home in the King's highway; In the

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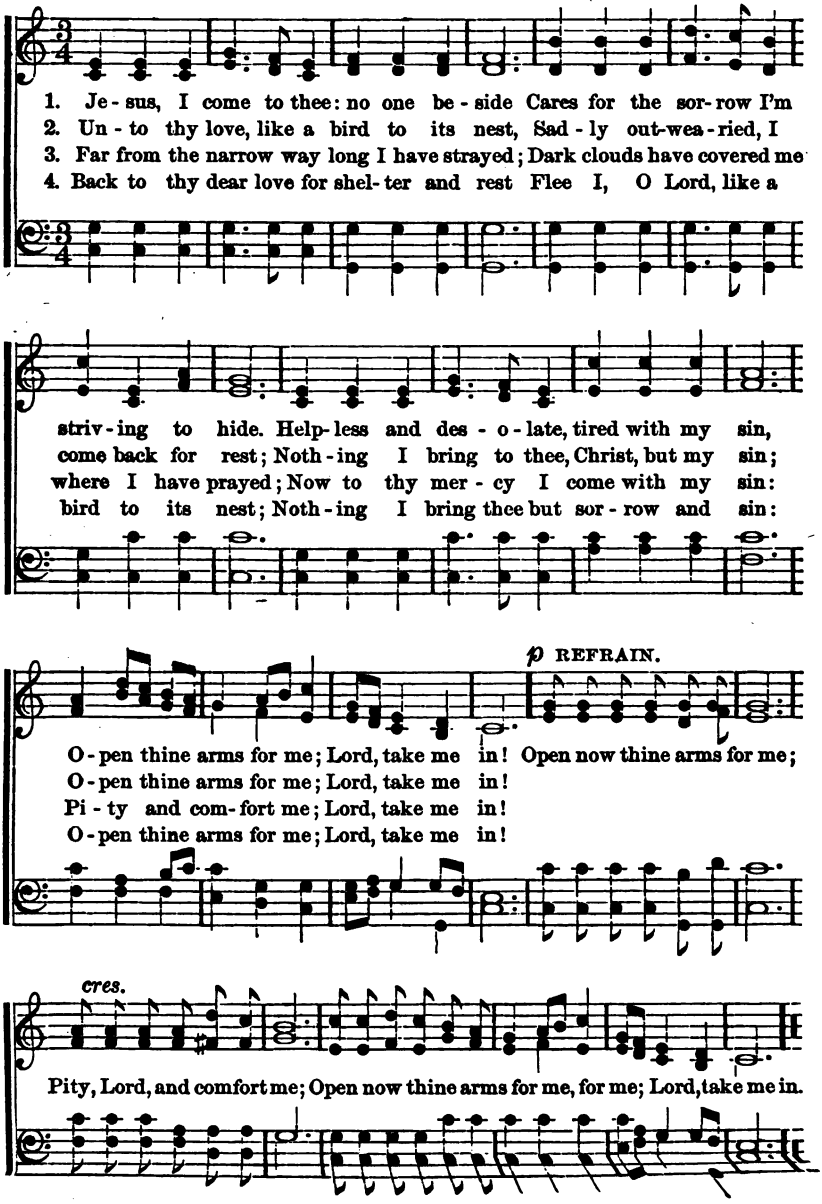
Jesus, I come to Thee.

T. F. Seward. By per.


1. Je - sus, I come to thee: no one be - side Cares for the sor - row I'm
2. Un - to thy love, like a bird to its nest, Sad - ly out-wea - ried, I
3. Far from the narrow way long I have strayed; Dark clouds have covered me
4. Back to thy dear love for shel - ter and rest Flee I, O Lord, like a
striv - ing to hide. Help - less and des - o - late, tired with my sin,
come back for rest; Noth - ing I bring to thee, Christ, but my sin;
where I have prayed; Now to thy mer - cy I come with my sin:
bird to its nest; Noth - ing I bring thee but sor - row and sin:
p REFRAIN.
O - pen thine arms for me; Lord, take me in! Open now thine arms for me;
O - pen thine arms for me; Lord, take me in!
Pi - ty and com - fort me; Lord, take me in!
O - pen thine arms for me; Lord, take me in!
cres.
Pity, Lord, and comfort me; Open now thine arms for me, for me; Lord, take me in.

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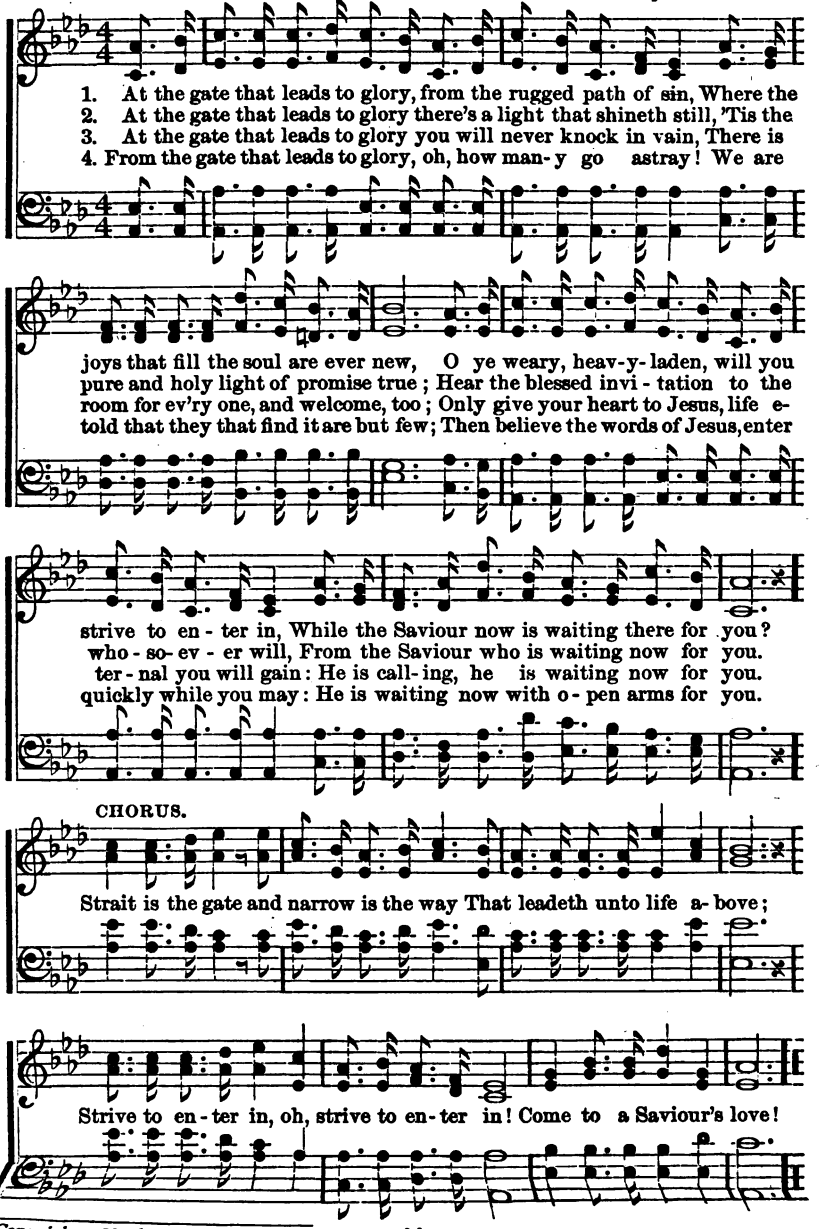
41 Strive to Enter in.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J KIRKPATRICK.

1. At the gate that leads to glory, from the rugged path of sin, Where the
2. At the gate that leads to glory there's a light that shineth still, 'Tis the
3. At the gate that leads to glory you will never knock in vain, There is
4. From the gate that leads to glory, oh, how man-y go astray! We are
joys that fill the soul are ever new, O ye weary, heav-y-laden, will you
pure and holy light of promise true; Hear the blessed invi-tation to the
room for ev'ry one, and welcome, too; Only give your heart to Jesus, life e-
told that they that find it are but few; Then believe the words of Jesus, enter
strive to en-ter in, While the Saviour now is waiting there for you?
who-so-ev-er will, From the Saviour who is waiting now for you.
ter-nal you will gain: He is call-ing, he is waiting now for you.
quickly while you may: He is waiting now with o-pen arms for you.
CHORUS.
Strait is the gate and narrow is the way That leadeth unto life a-bove;
Strive to en-ter in, oh, strive to en-ter in! Come to a Saviour's love!

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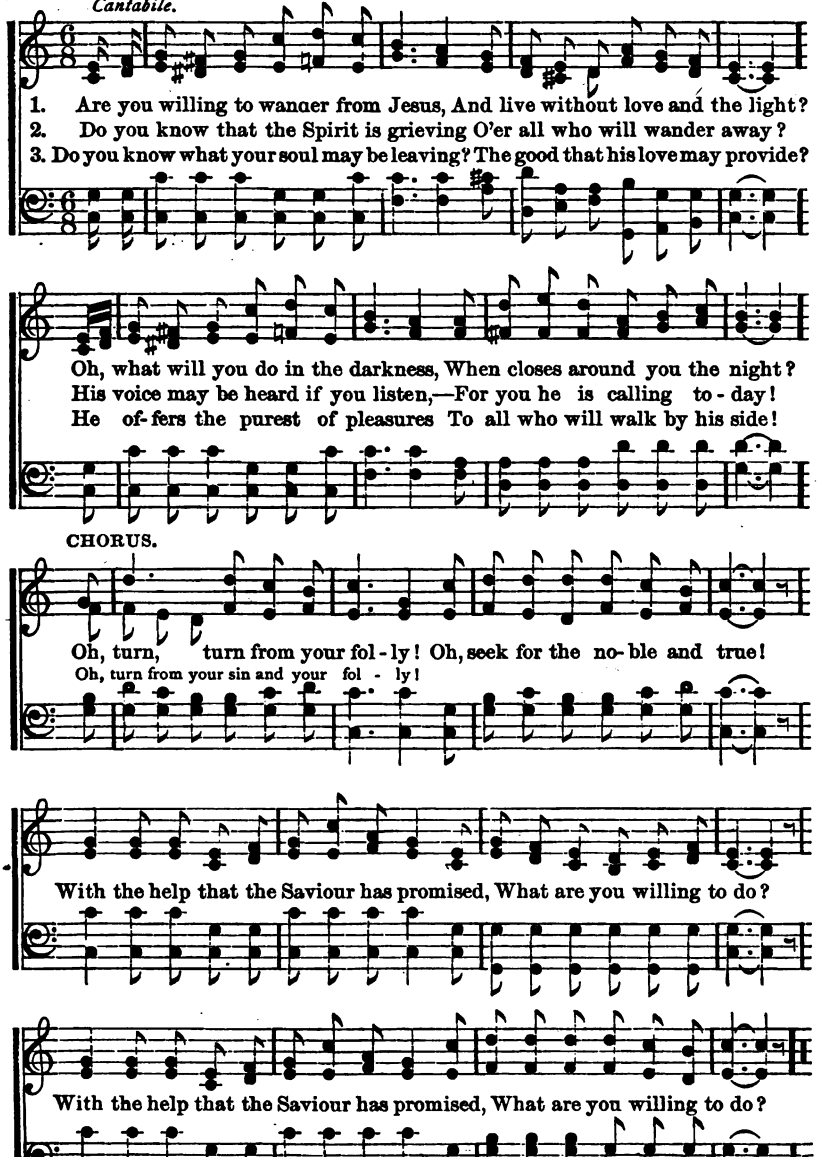
42 What are You Willing to Do?

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. W. A. Ogden.

Cantabile.

1. Are you willing to wander from Jesus, And live without love and the light?
2. Do you know that the Spirit is grieving O'er all who will wander away?
3. Do you know what your soul may be leaving? The good that his love may provide?
Oh, what will you do in the darkness, When closes around you the night?
His voice may be heard if you listen,—For you he is calling to-day!
He of-fers the purest of pleasures To all who will walk by his side!
CHORUS.
Oh, turn, turn from your fol-ly! Oh, seek for the no-ble and true!
Oh, turn from your sin and your fol - ly!
With the help that the Saviour has promised, What are you willing to do?
With the help that the Saviour has promised, What are you willing to do?

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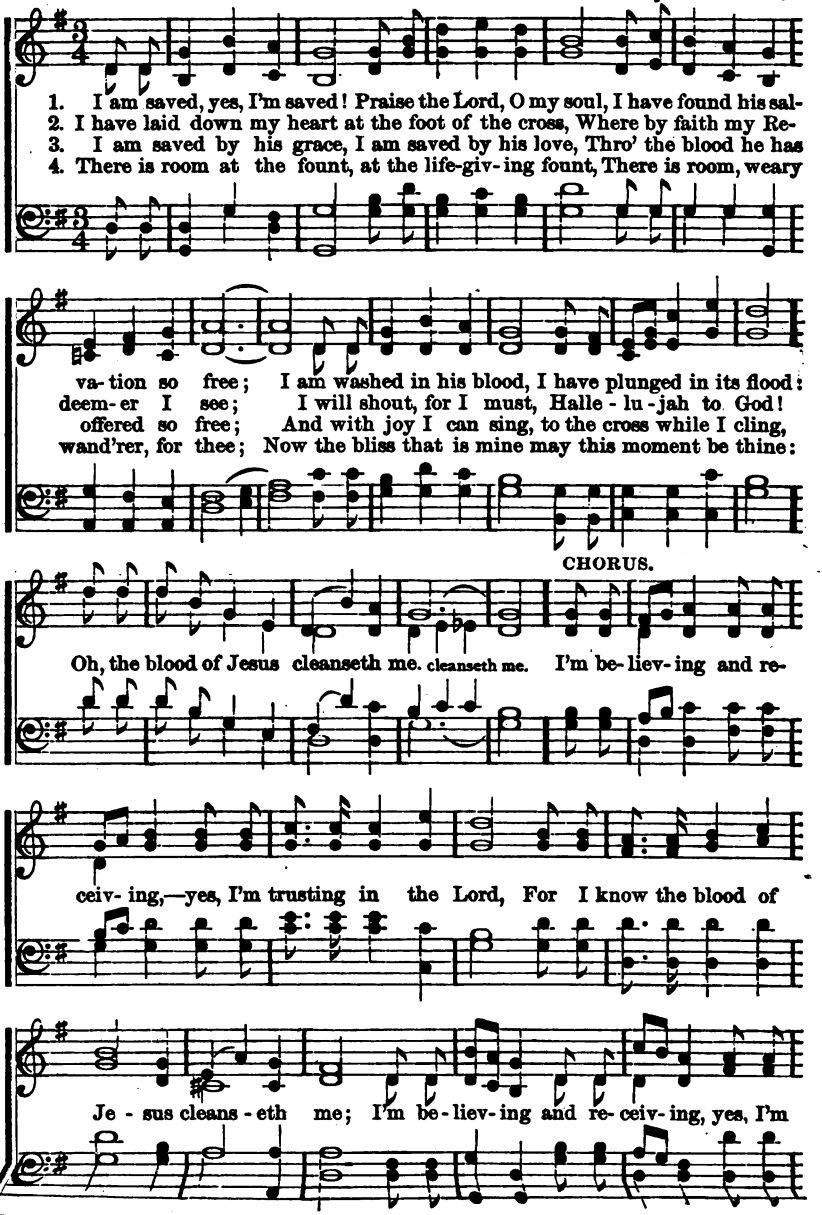
43 Believing and Receiving.

S. MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am saved, yes, I'm saved! Praise the Lord, O my soul, I have found his sal-
2. I have laid down my heart at the foot of the cross, Where by faith my Re-
3. I am saved by his grace, I am saved by his love, Thro' the blood he has
4. There is room at the fount, at the life-giv-ing fount, There is room, weary
va-tion so free; I am washed in his blood, I have plunged in its flood:
deem-er I see; I will shout, for I must, Halle-lu-jah to God!
offered so free; And with joy I can sing, to the cross while I cling,
wand'rer, for thee; Now the bliss that is mine may this moment be thine:
CHORUS.
Oh, the blood of Jesus cleanseth me. cleanseth me. I'm be-liev-ing and re-
ceiv-ing,—yes, I'm trusting in the Lord, For I know the blood of
Je-sus cleans-eth me; I'm be-liev-ing and re-ceiv-ing, yes, I'm

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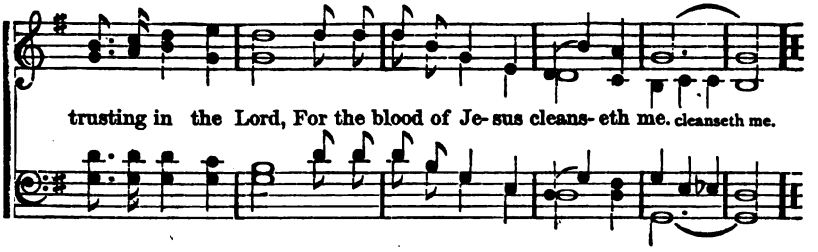
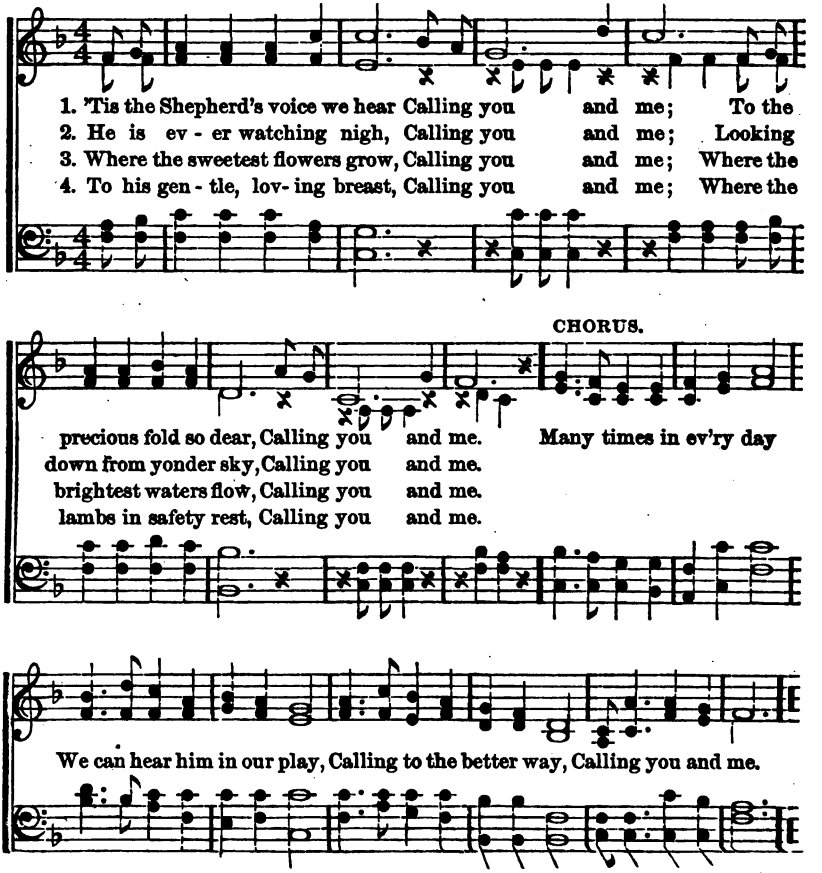
Believing and Receiving.—CONCLUDED.



44 Calling You and Me.

S MARTIN. CHILDREN'S HYMN. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. 'Tis the Shepherd's voice we hear Calling you and me; To the
2. He is ev - er watching nigh, Calling you and me; Looking
3. Where the sweetest flowers grow, Calling you and me; Where the
4. To his gen - tle, lov- ing breast, Calling you and me; Where the
CHORUS.
precious fold so dear, Calling you and me. Many times in ev'ry day
down from yonder sky, Calling you and me.
brightest waters flow, Calling you and me.
lambs in safety rest, Calling you and me.
We can hear him in our play, Calling to the better way, Calling you and me.

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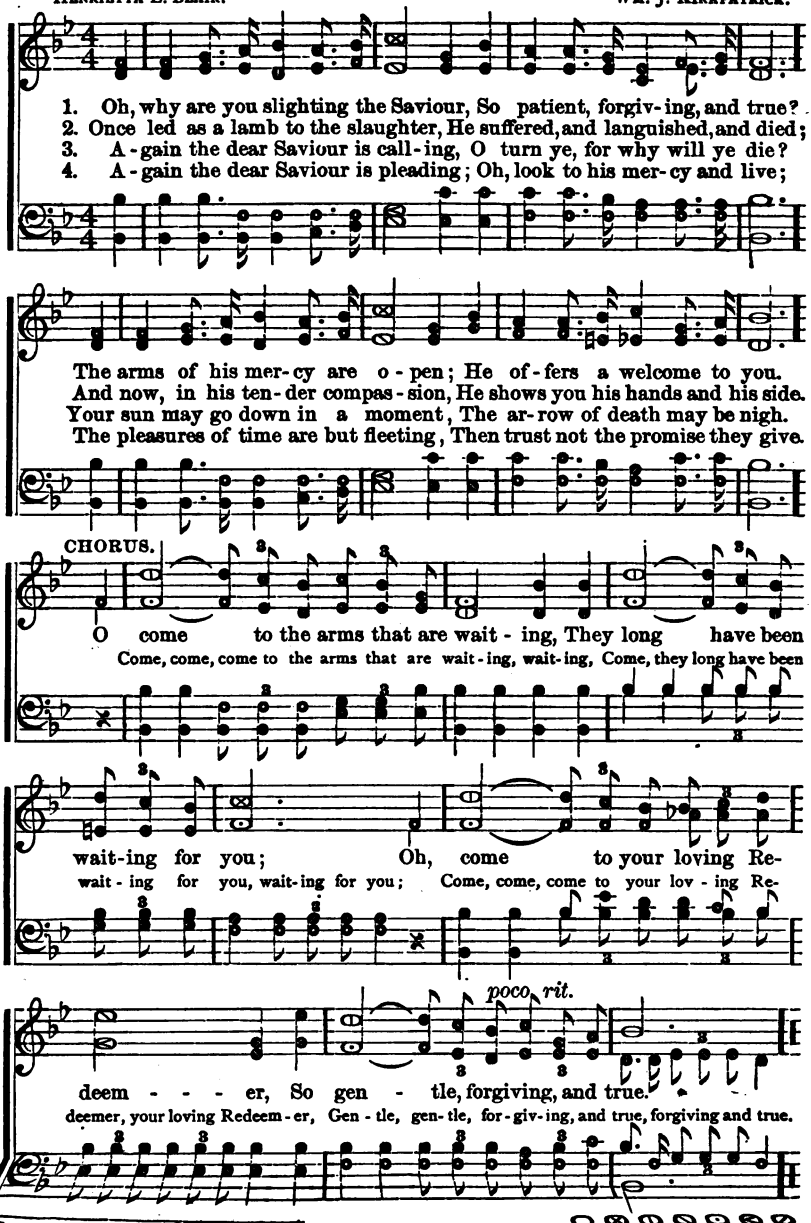
The Open Arms.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, why are you slighting the Saviour, So patient, forgiv-ing, and true?
2. Once led as a lamb to the slaughter, He suffered, and languished, and died;
3. A-gain the dear Saviour is call-ing, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
4. A-gain the dear Saviour is pleading; Oh, look to his mer-cy and live;
The arms of his mer-cy are o-pen; He of-fers a welcome to you.
And now, in his ten-der compas-sion, He shows you his hands and his side.
Your sun may go down in a moment, The ar-row of death may be nigh.
The pleasures of time are but fleeting, Then trust not the promise they give.
CHORUS.
O come to the arms that are wait-ing, They long have been
Come, come, come to the arms that are wait-ing, wait-ing, Come, they long have been
wait-ing for you; Oh, come to your loving Re-
wait-ing for you, wait-ing for you; Come, come, come to your lov-ing Re-
poco rit.
deem - - - er, So gen - tle, forgiving, and true.
deemer, your loving Redeem-er, Gen-tle, gen-tle, for-giv-ing, and true, forgiving and true.

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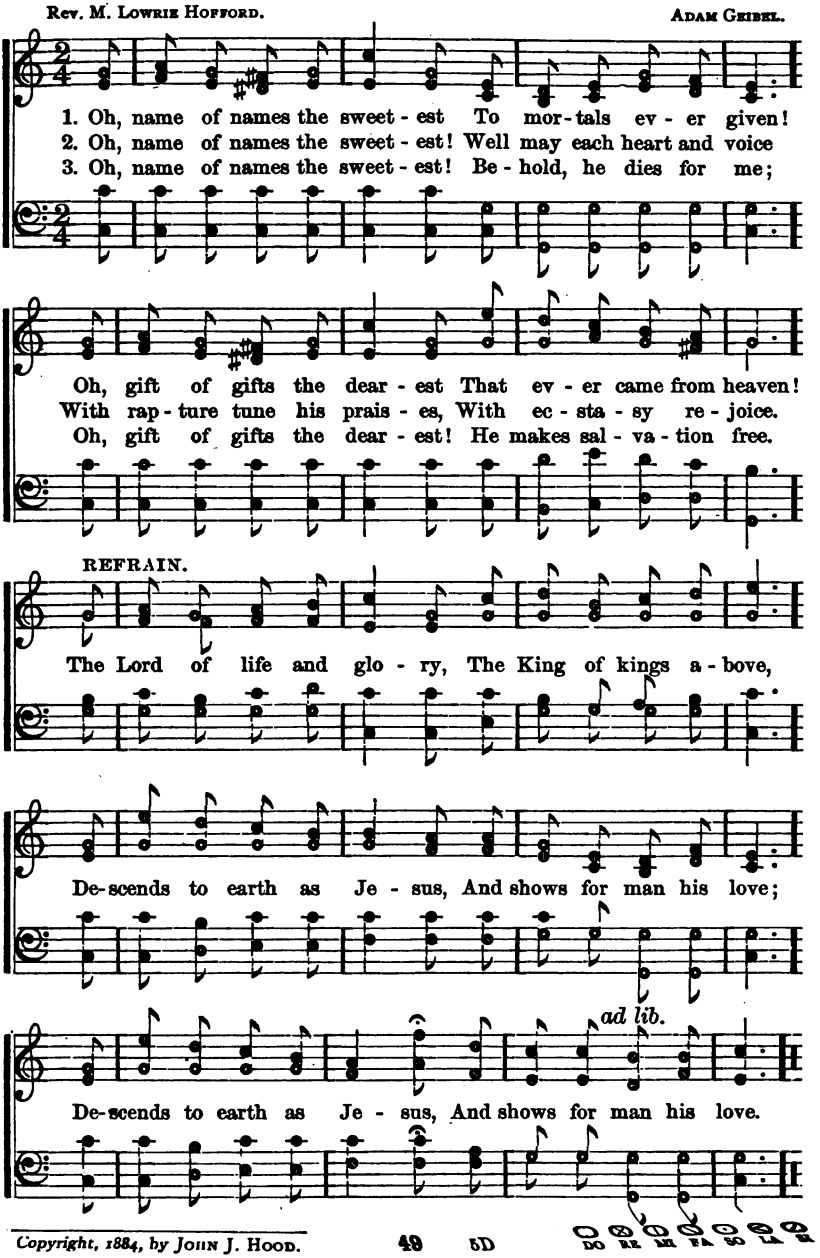
Oh, Name of Names.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Adam Geibel.

1. Oh, name of names the sweet - est To mor - tals ev - er given!
2. Oh, name of names the sweet - est! Well may each heart and voice
3. Oh, name of names the sweet - est! Be - hold, he dies for me;
Oh, gift of gifts the dear - est That ev - er came from heaven!
With rap - ture tune his prais - es, With ec - sta - sy re - joice.
Oh, gift of gifts the dear - est! He makes sal - va - tion free.
REFRAIN.
The Lord of life and glo - ry, The King of kings a - bove,
De-scends to earth as Je - sus, And shows for man his love;
ad lib.
De-scends to earth as Je - sus, And shows for man his love.

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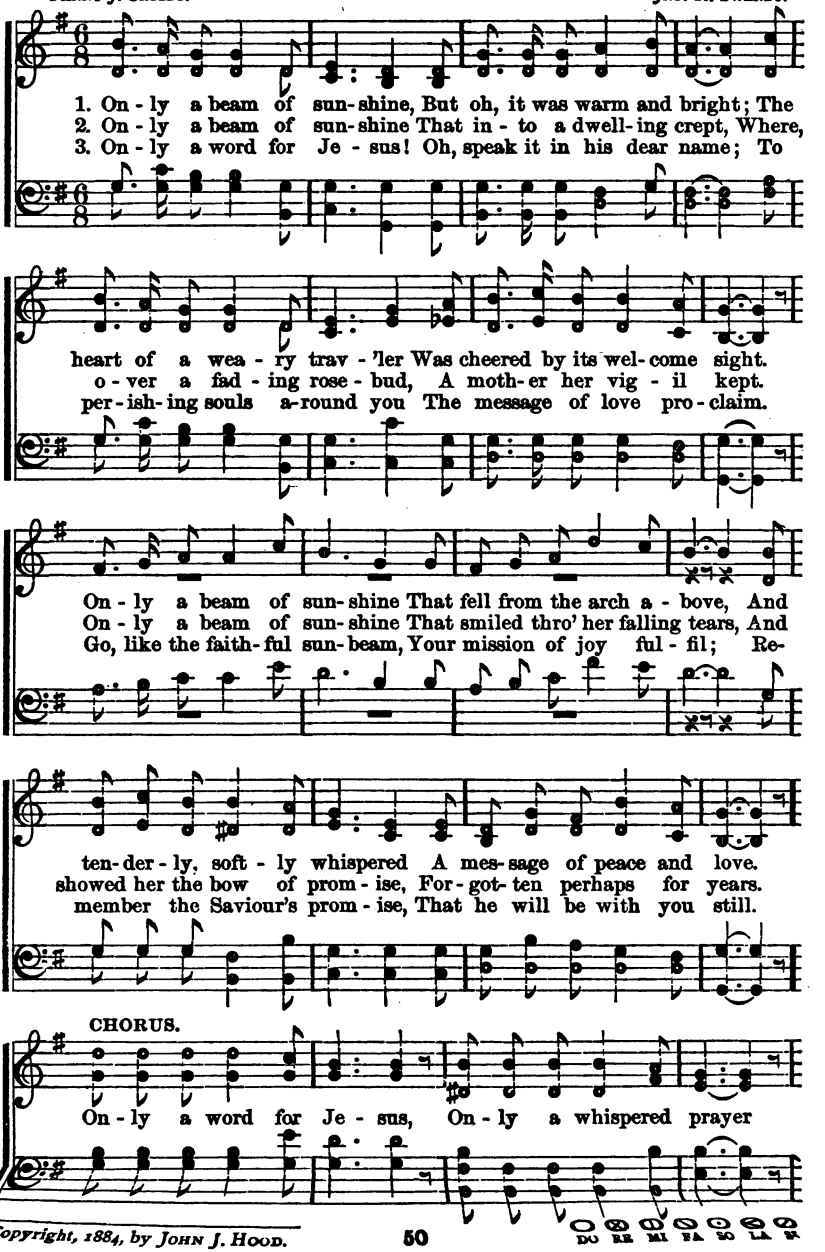
47. # Only a Beam of Sunshine.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. On - ly a beam of sun - shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
2. On - ly a beam of sun - shine That in - to a dwell - ing crept, Where,
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in his dear name; To
heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheered by its wel - come sight.
o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
per - ish - ing souls a - round you The message of love pro - claim.
On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smiled thro' her falling tears, And
Go, like the faith - ful sun - beam, Your mission of joy ful - fil; Re -
ten - der - ly, soft - ly whispered A mes - sage of peace and love.
showed her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten perhaps for years.
member the Saviour's prom - ise, That he will be with you still.
CHORUS.
On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whispered prayer

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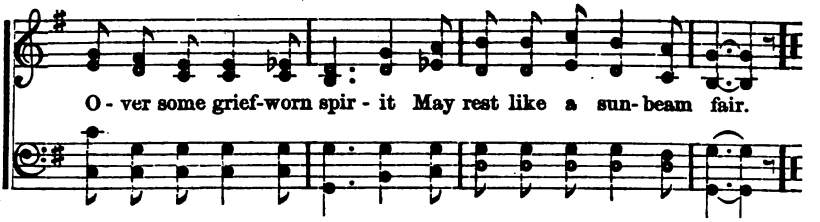
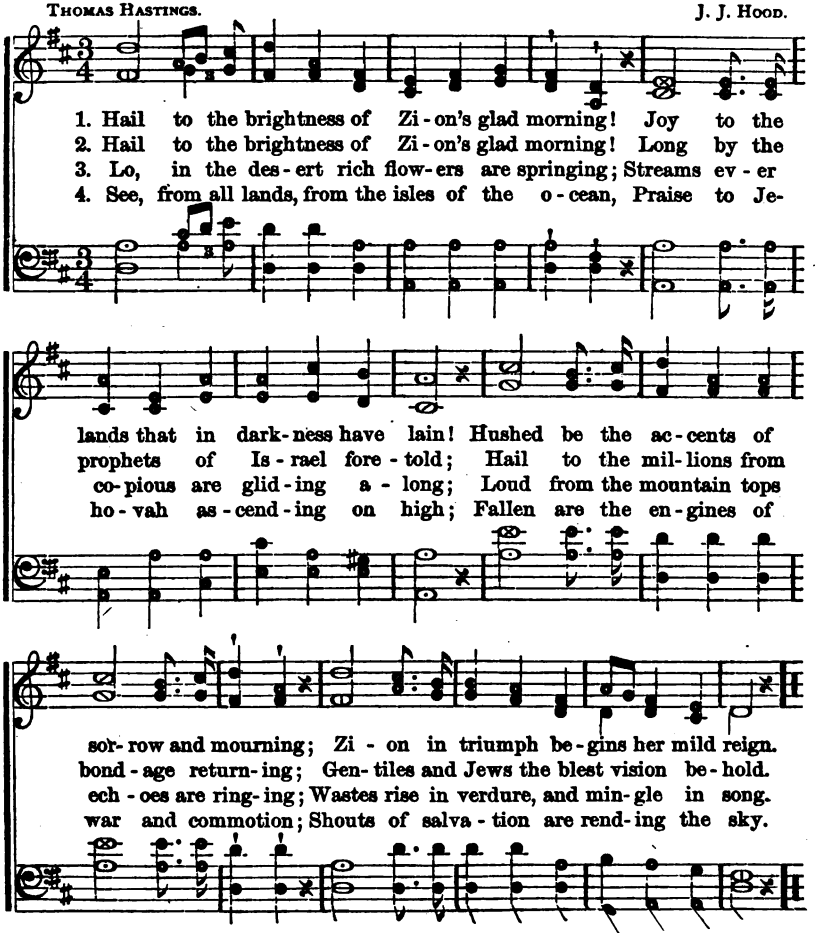
Only a Beam of Sunshine.—CONCLUDED.

48 Hail to the Brightness.

THOMAS HASTINGS. J. J. HOOD.


1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning! Joy to the
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning! Long by the
3. Lo, in the des - ert rich flow - ers are springing; Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je-
lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of
prophets of Is - rael fore - told; Hail to the mil - lions from
co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the mountain tops
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fallen are the en - gines of
sor - row and mourning; Zi - on in triumph be - gins her mild reign.
bond - age return - ing; Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vision be - hold.
ech - oes are ring - ing; Wastes rise in verdure, and min - gle in song.
war and commotion; Shouts of salva - tion are rend - ing the sky.

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49

Follow Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET. *Allegretto.*

1. Hap - py pilgrims, as you journey To the Fa - ther's house on high
2. Thro' the shadows to the glo - ry He is go - ing on be - fore,
3. Thro' the des - ert and the darkness, Thro' this world of changing strife,

O'er the des - ert, take the promise, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
To his praise we chant the story, How our hu - man griefs he bore.
Fol - low Je - sus, fol - low ful - ly, Keep the nar - row way of life.

SOLO.

Pilgrims, tell us, is it shin - ing? Is the fie - ry pil - lar nigh?
Pilgrims, tell us, does the man - na Still afford its bounteous store?
Pilgrims, tell us, does the riv - er Fail amid the desert's strife?

DUET.

Je - sus is our Star of glo - ry, He is watching from on high.
Je - sus lead - eth, Jesus feed - eth, Bread of life for - ev - er - more.
Je - sus is our Rock forev - er, Still he pours the stream of life.

CHORUS. *faster.*

Follow Je - sus on to Zi - on, Follow closely at his side;
Zi - on, fol - low Je - sus,

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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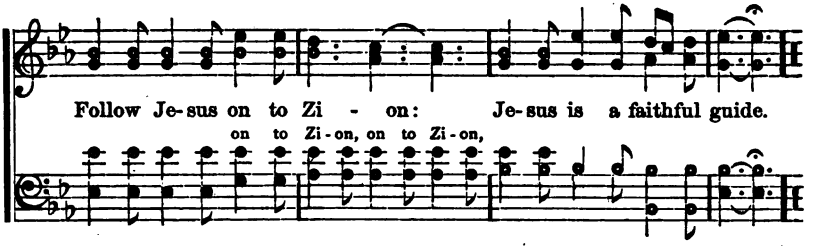
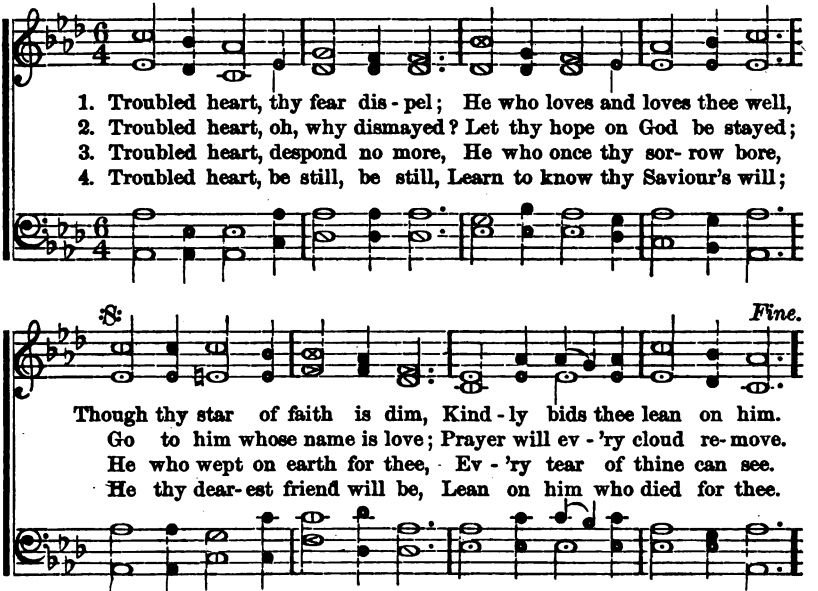
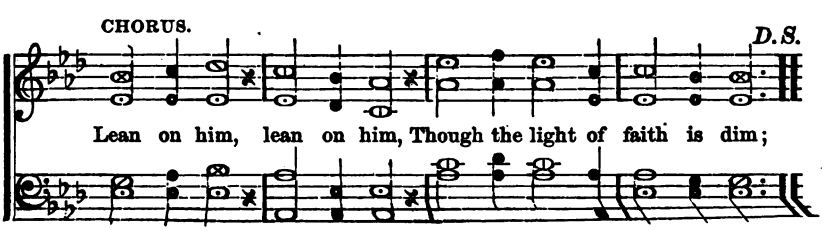
Follow Jesus.—CONCLUDED.



50 Lean on Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO R. SWENEY.


1. Troubled heart, thy fear dis-pel; He who loves and loves thee well,
2. Troubled heart, oh, why dismayed? Let thy hope on God be stayed;
3. Troubled heart, despond no more, He who once thy sor-row bore,
4. Troubled heart, be still, be still, Learn to know thy Saviour's will;
Fine.
Though thy star of faith is dim, Kind-ly bids thee lean on him.
Go to him whose name is love; Prayer will ev-'ry cloud re-move.
He who wept on earth for thee, Ev-'ry tear of thine can see.
He thy dear-est friend will be, Lean on him who died for thee.
D. S.—What-so-e'er thy tri-al be, Lean on him who cares for thee.



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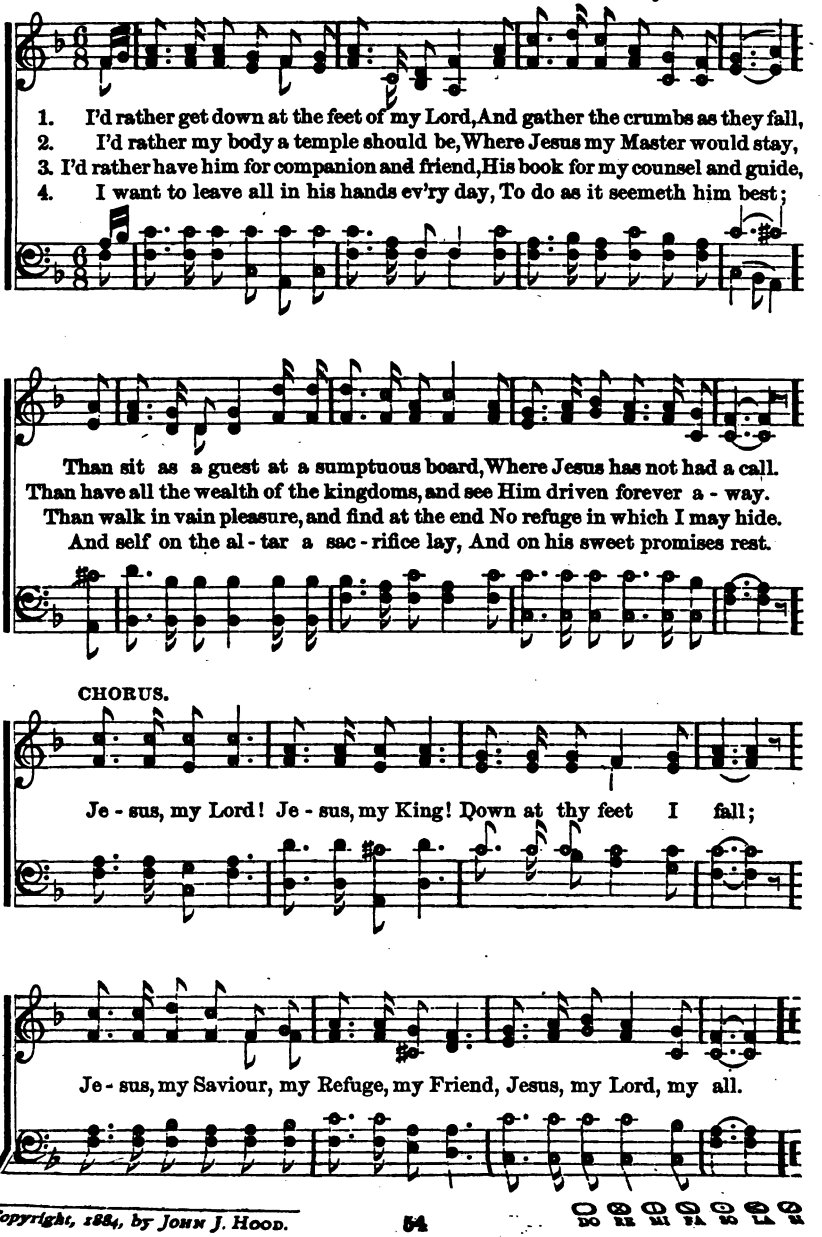
51

Jesus, my Lord.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I'd rather get down at the feet of my Lord, And gather the crumbs as they fall,
2. I'd rather my body a temple should be, Where Jesus my Master would stay,
3. I'd rather have him for companion and friend, His book for my counsel and guide,
4. I want to leave all in his hands ev'ry day, To do as it seemeth him best;
Than sit as a guest at a sumptuous board, Where Jesus has not had a call.
Than have all the wealth of the kingdoms, and see Him driven forever a - way.
Than walk in vain pleasure, and find at the end No refuge in which I may hide.
And self on the al - tar a sac - rifice lay, And on his sweet promises rest.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, my Lord! Je - sus, my King! Down at thy feet I fall;
Je - sus, my Saviour, my Refuge, my Friend, Jesus, my Lord, my all.

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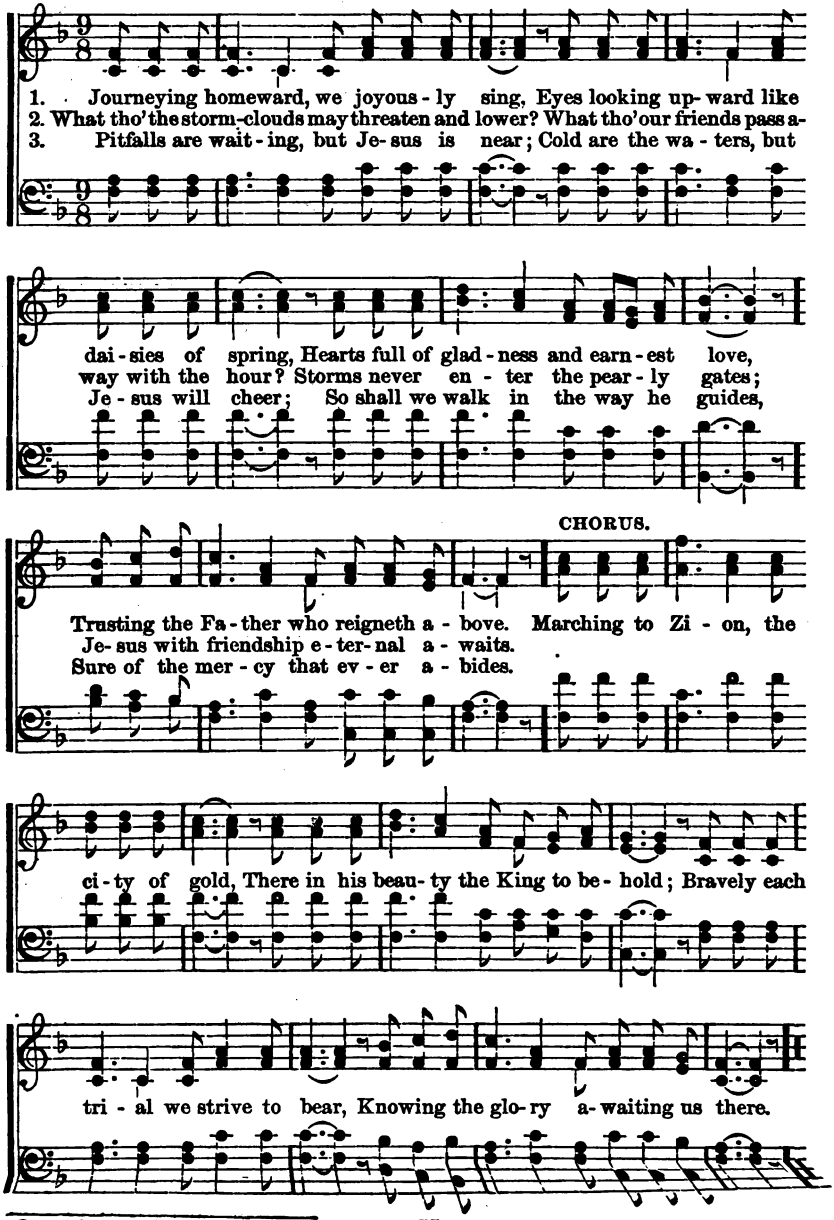
52

Journeying Homeward.

M. E. Servoss. W. A. Ogden.


1. Journeying homeward, we joyous-ly sing, Eyes looking up-ward like
2. What tho' the storm-clouds may threaten and lower? What tho' our friends pass a-
3. Pitfalls are wait-ing, but Je-sus is near; Cold are the wa-ters, but
dai-sies of spring, Hearts full of glad-ness and earn-est love,
way with the hour? Storms never en-ter the pear-ly gates;
Je-sus will cheer; So shall we walk in the way he guides,
CHORUS.
Trusting the Fa-ther who reigneth a-bove. Marching to Zi-on, the
Je-sus with friendship e-ter-nal a-waits.
Sure of the mer-cy that ev-er a-bides.
ci-ty of gold, There in his beau-ty the King to be-hold; Bravely each
tri-al we strive to bear, Knowing the glo-ry a-waiting us there.

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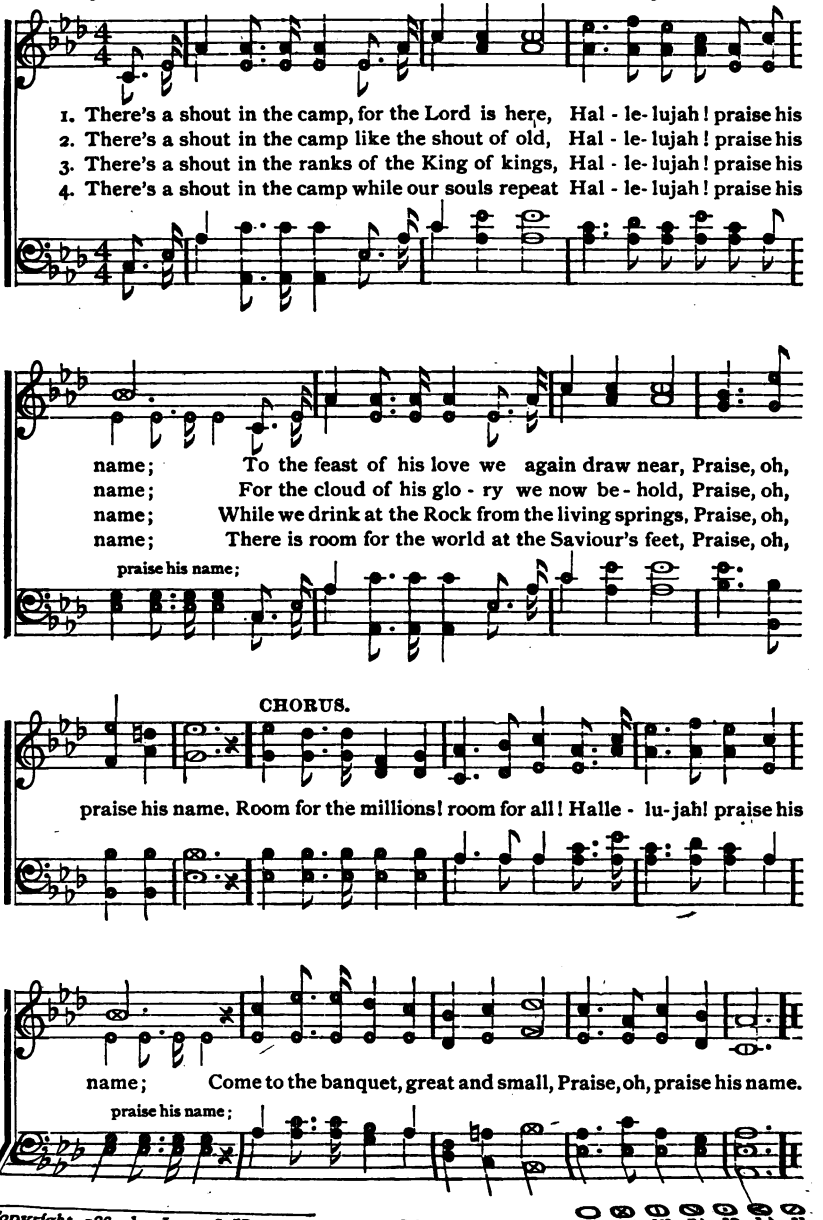
53

A Shout in the Camp.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hal - le- lujah! praise his
2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hal - le- lujah! praise his
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hal - le- lujah! praise his
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat Hal - le- lujah! praise his
name; To the feast of his love we again draw near, Praise, oh,
name; For the cloud of his glo - ry we now be - hold, Praise, oh,
name; While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,
name; There is room for the world at the Saviour's feet, Praise, oh,
praise his name;
CHORUS.
praise his name. Room for the millions! room for all! Halle - lu-jah! praise his
name; Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise his name.
praise his name;

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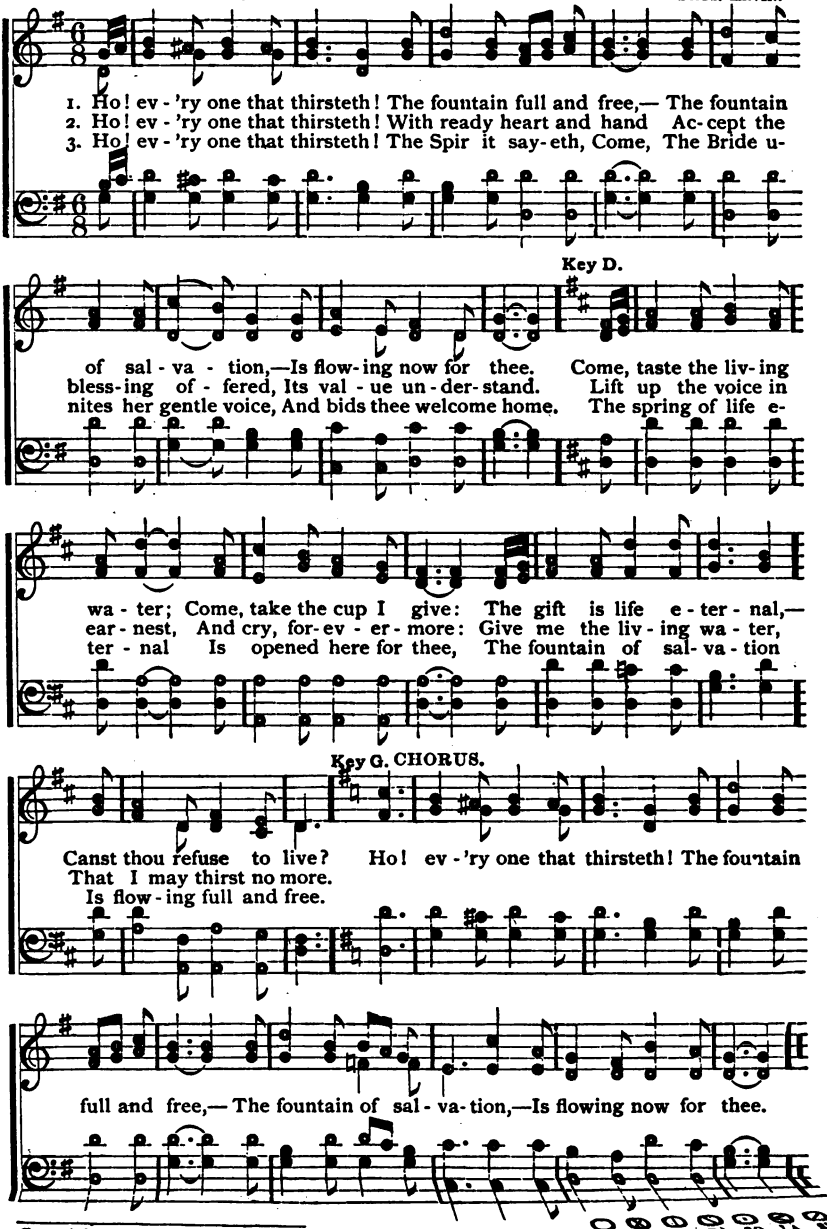
54 The Fountain Full and Free.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Thos. Ervin.

1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth! The fountain full and free,— The fountain
2. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth! With ready heart and hand Ac-cept the
3. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth! The Spir it say-eth, Come, The Bride u-
Key D.
of sal - va - tion,—Is flow-ing now for thee. Come, taste the liv-ing
bless-ing of - fered, Its val - ue un - der-stand. Lift up the voice in
nites her gentle voice, And bids thee welcome home. The spring of life e-
wa - ter; Come, take the cup I give: The gift is life e - ter - nal,—
ear - nest, And cry, for-ev - er - more: Give me the liv - ing wa - ter,
ter - nal Is opened here for thee, The fountain of sal- va - tion
Key G. CHORUS.
Canst thou refuse to live? Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth! The fountain
That I may thirst no more.
Is flow - ing full and free.
full and free,— The fountain of sal - va-tion,—Is flowing now for thee.

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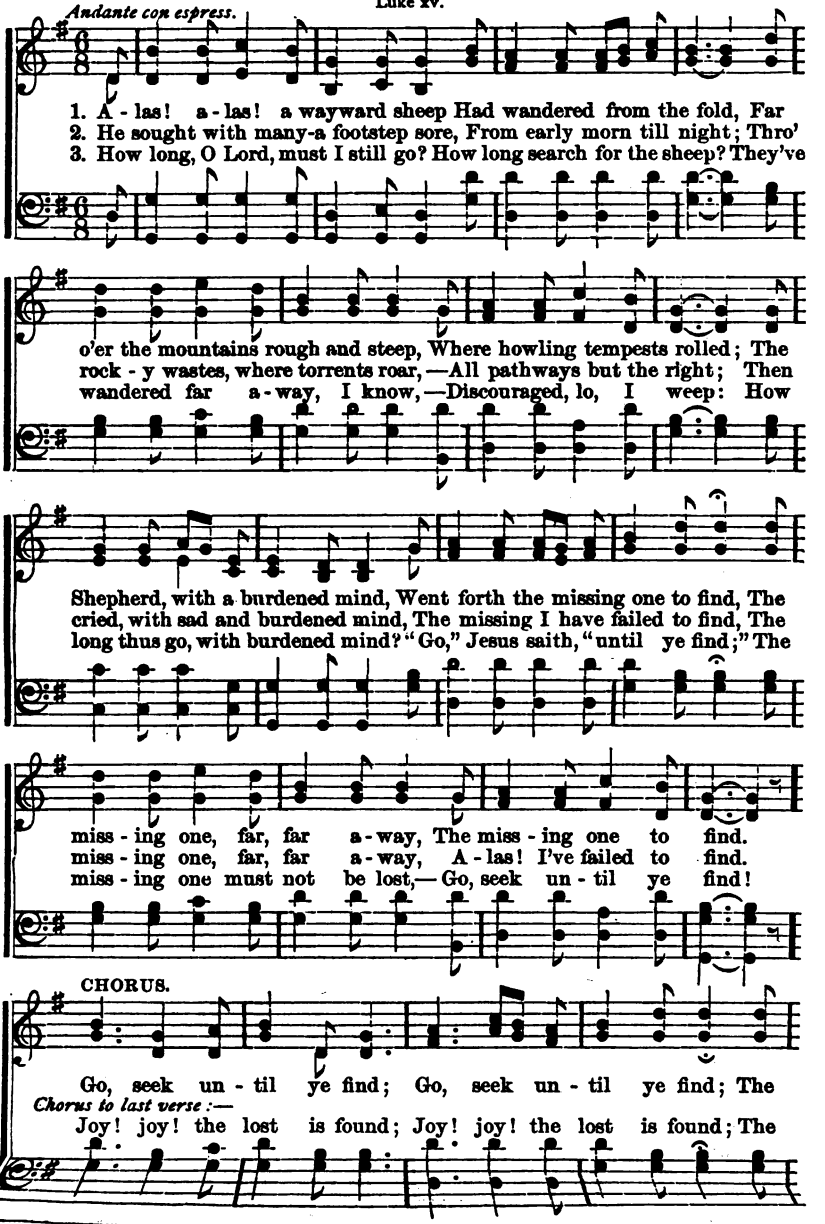
55

Until Ye Find.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D. Luke xv. Jno. R. Sweney.

Andante con espress.

1. A - las! a - las! a wayward sheep Had wandered from the fold, Far
2. He sought with many-a footstep sore, From early morn till night; Thro'
3. How long, O Lord, must I still go? How long search for the sheep? They've
o'er the mountains rough and steep, Where howling tempests rolled; The
rock - y wastes, where torrents roar,—All pathways but the right; Then
wandered far a - way, I know,—Discouraged, lo, I weep: How
Shepherd, with a burdened mind, Went forth the missing one to find, The
cried, with sad and burdened mind, The missing I have failed to find, The
long thus go, with burdened mind? "Go," Jesus saith, "until ye find;" The
miss - ing one, far, far a - way, The miss - ing one to find.
miss - ing one, far, far a - way, A - las! I've failed to find.
miss - ing one must not be lost,— Go, seek un - til ye find!
CHORUS.
Go, seek un - til ye find; Go, seek un - til ye find; The
Chorus to last verse:—
Joy! joy! the lost is found; Joy! joy! the lost is found; The

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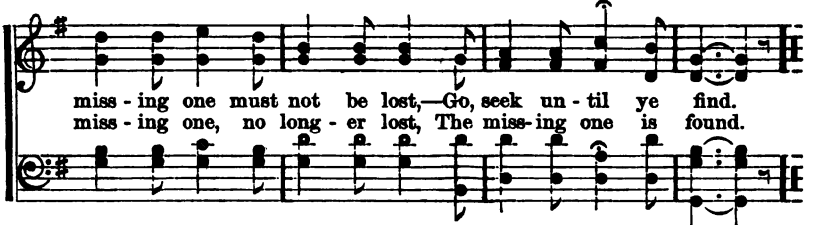
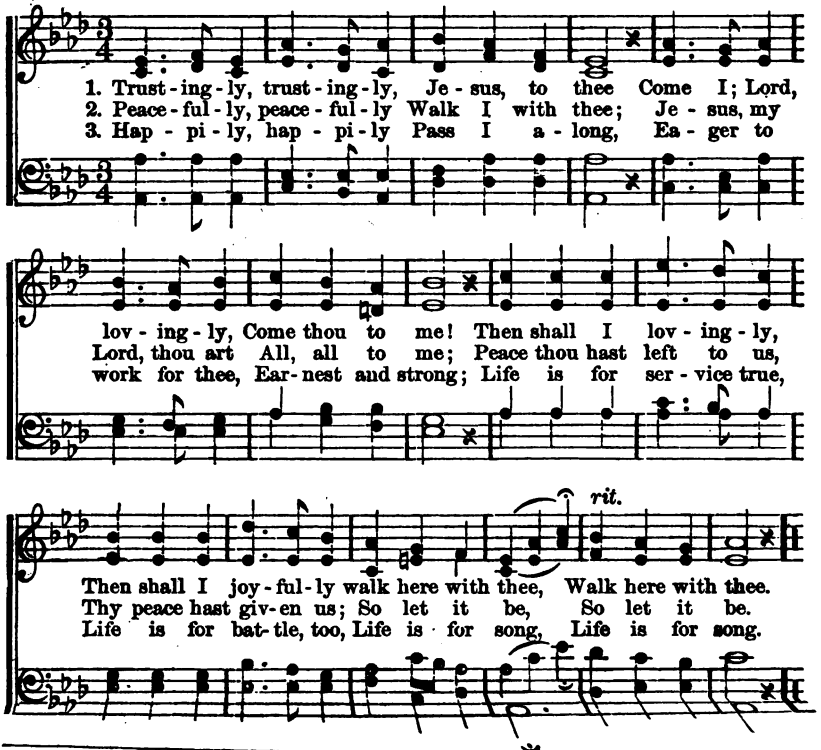
Until Ye Find.—CONCLUDED.

4 I've sought my friends for many-a day,
Have prayed for many-a year;
Yet, still they wander far away,
O'er mountains dark and drear;
How long thus seek with burdened mind?
"Seek," Jesus saith, "until ye find;"
The missing one must not be lost,—
"Go, seek until ye find!"

5 Lord, at thy word I go again,
Believing I shall find:
I listened, and a low refrain
Came to me on the wind;
Led by the sadly joyful sound
I rushed, and, lo, the lost was found!
Joy! joy! O blessed joy divine!
The lost one I have found.

56

Trustingly.

H. Bonar. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Trust - ing - ly, trust - ing - ly, Je - sus, to thee Come I; Lord,
2. Peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly Walk I with thee; Je - sus, my
3. Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly Pass I a - long, Ea - ger to
lov - ing - ly, Come thou to me! Then shall I lov - ing - ly,
Lord, thou art All, all to me; Peace thou hast left to us,
work for thee, Ear - nest and strong; Life is for ser - vice true,
rit.
Then shall I joy - ful - ly walk here with thee, Walk here with thee.
Thy peace hast giv - en us; So let it be, So let it be.
Life is for bat - tle, too, Life is for song, Life is for song.

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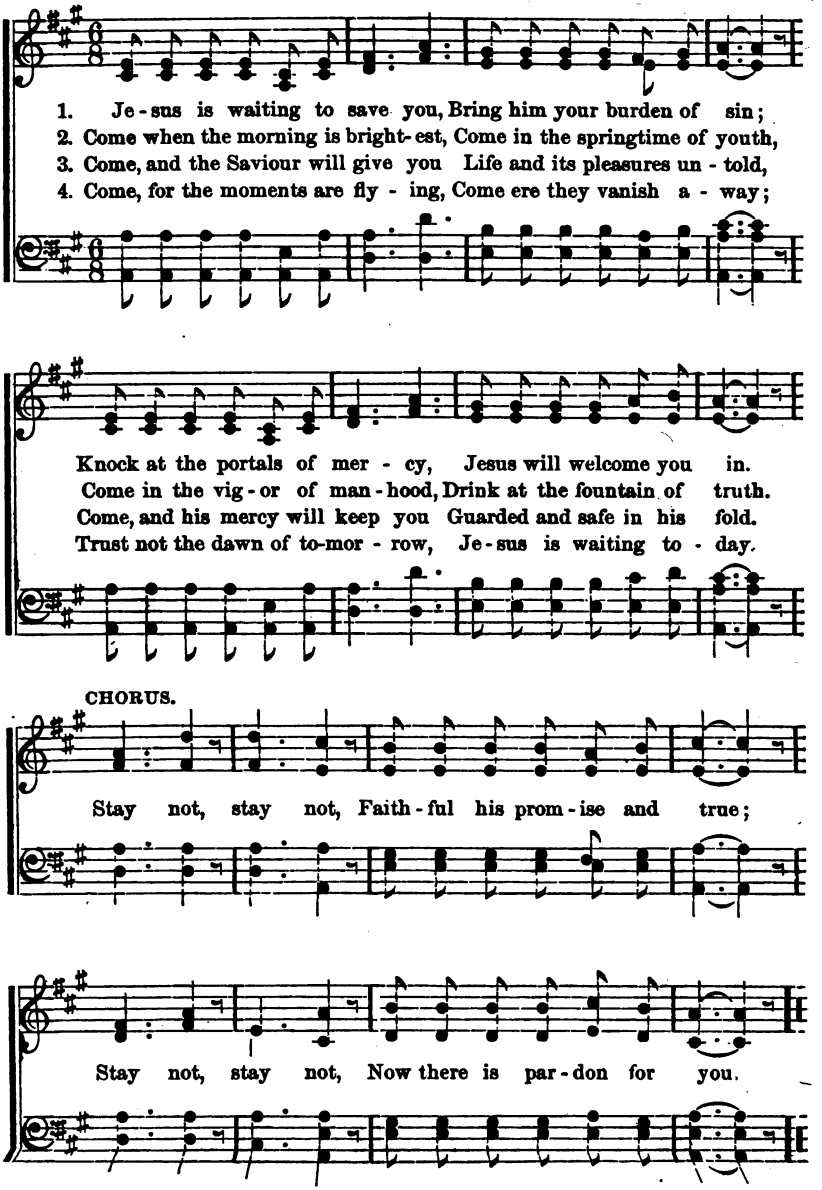
57

Stay Not.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Je-sus is waiting to save you, Bring him your burden of sin;
2. Come when the morning is bright-est, Come in the springtime of youth,
3. Come, and the Saviour will give you Life and its pleasures un-told,
4. Come, for the moments are fly-ing, Come ere they vanish a-way;
Knock at the portals of mer-cy, Jesus will welcome you in.
Come in the vig-or of man-hood, Drink at the fountain of truth.
Come, and his mercy will keep you Guarded and safe in his fold.
Trust not the dawn of to-mor-row, Je-sus is waiting to-day.
CHORUS.
Stay not, stay not, Faith-ful his prom-ise and true;
Stay not, stay not, Now there is par-don for you.

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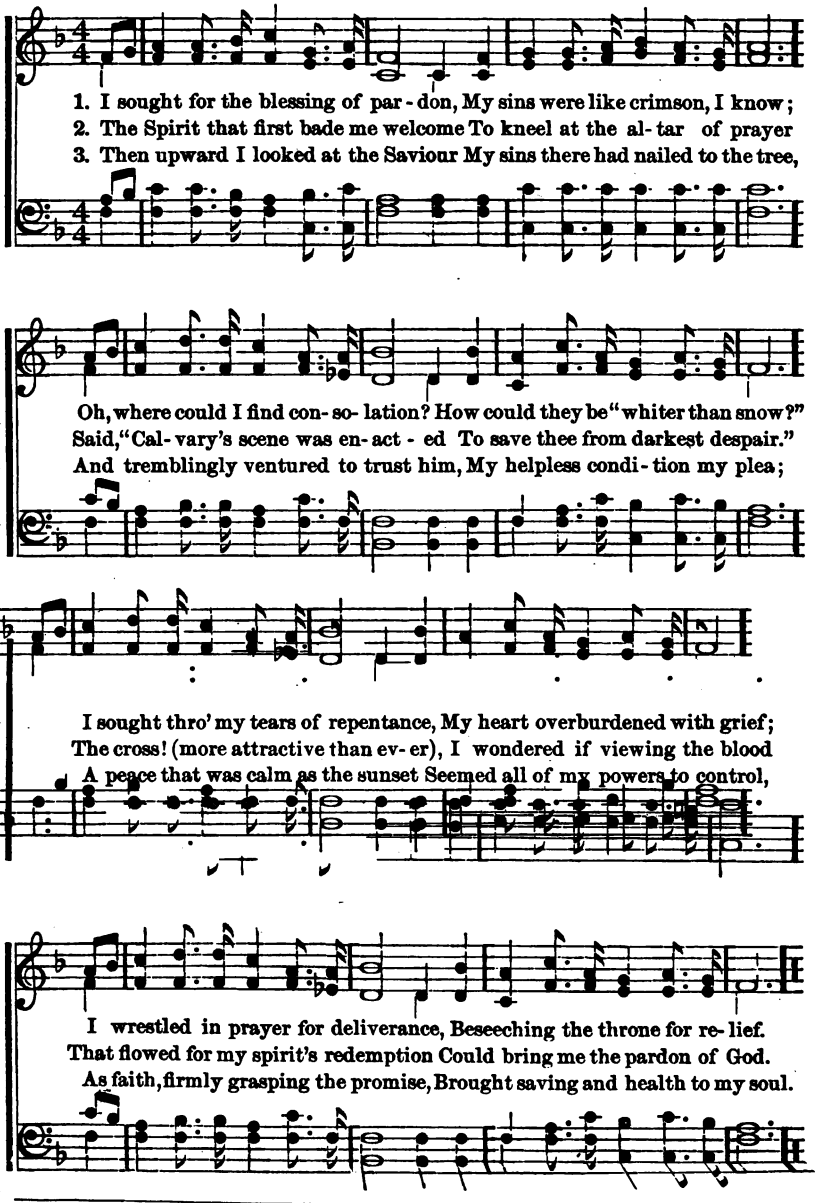
The Way of Salvation.

H. L. G. "Neither is there salvation in any other."—Acts iv. 12. Dr. H. L. Gilmour.

1. I sought for the blessing of par-don, My sins were like crimson, I know;
2. The Spirit that first bade me welcome To kneel at the al-tar of prayer
3. Then upward I looked at the Saviour My sins there had nailed to the tree,
Oh, where could I find con-so-lation? How could they be "whiter than snow?"
Said, "Cal-vary's scene was en-act-ed To save thee from darkest despair."
And tremblingly ventured to trust him, My helpless condi-tion my plea;
I sought thro' my tears of repentance, My heart overburdened with grief;
The cross! (more attractive than ev-er), I wondered if viewing the blood
A peace that was calm as the sunset Seemed all of my powers to control,
I wrestled in prayer for deliverance, Beseeching the throne for re-lief.
That flowed for my spirit's redemption Could bring me the pardon of God.
As faith, firmly grasping the promise, Brought saving and health to my soul.

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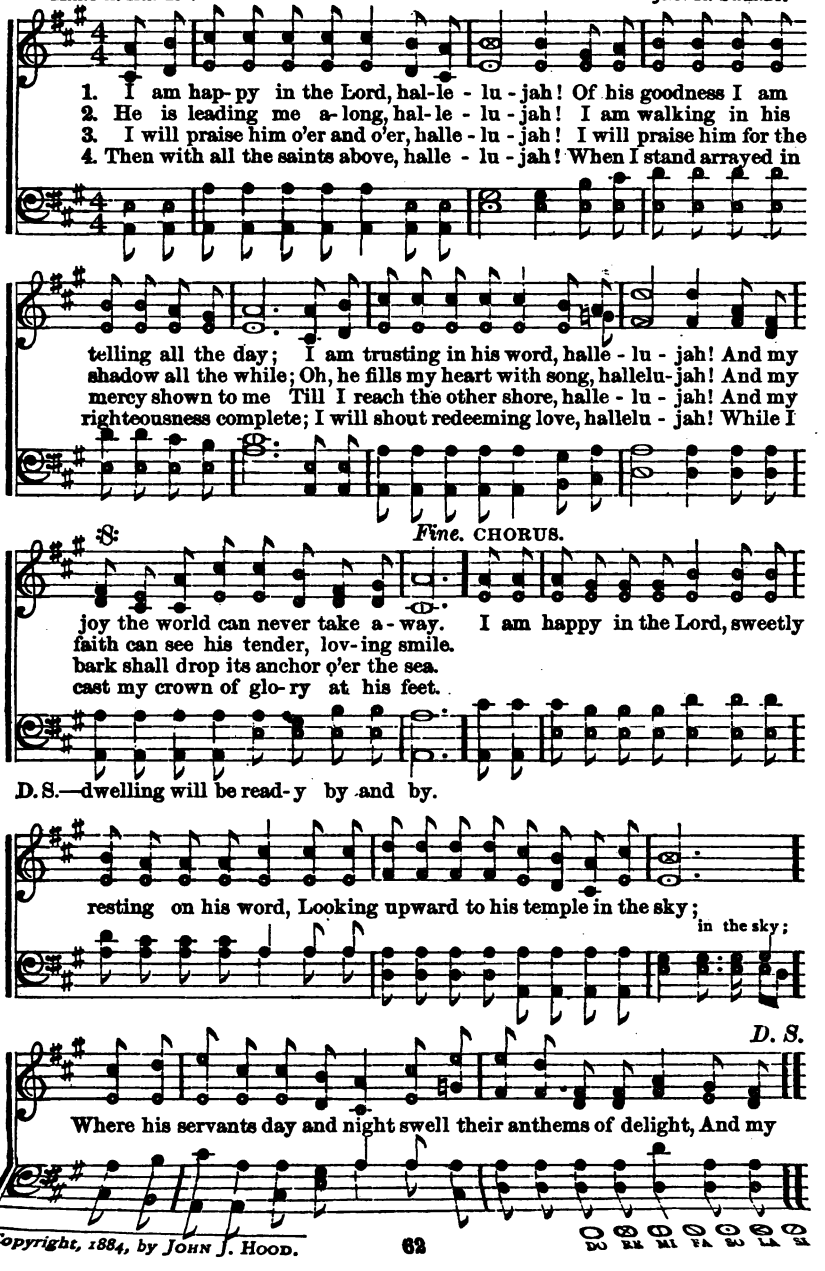
59

I am Happy in the Lord.

MARY E. HAMLIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I am hap-py in the Lord, hal-le - lu - jah! Of his goodness I am
2. He is leading me a-long, hal-le - lu - jah! I am walking in his
3. I will praise him o'er and o'er, halle - lu - jah! I will praise him for the
4. Then with all the saints above, halle - lu - jah! When I stand arrayed in
telling all the day; I am trusting in his word, halle - lu - jah! And my
shadow all the while; Oh, he fills my heart with song, hallelu-jah! And my
mercy shown to me Till I reach the other shore, halle - lu - jah! And my
righteousness complete; I will shout redeeming love, hallelu - jah! While I
Fine. CHORUS.
joy the world can never take a - way. I am happy in the Lord, sweetly
faith can see his tender, lov-ing smile.
bark shall drop its anchor o'er the sea.
cast my crown of glo-ry at his feet.
D. S.—dwelling will be read-y by and by.
resting on his word, Looking upward to his temple in the sky;
in the sky;
D. S.
Where his servants day and night swell their anthems of delight, And my

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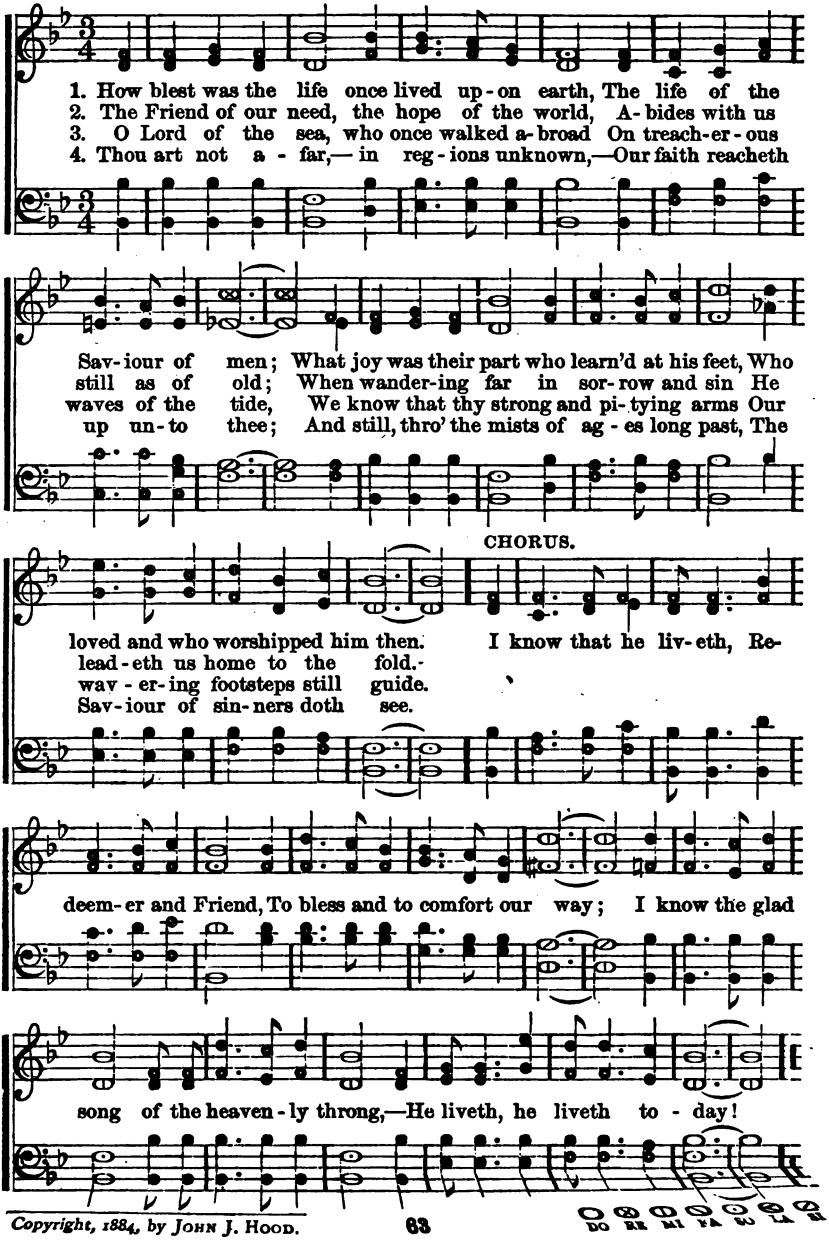
I Know that He Liveth.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. How blest was the life once lived up-on earth, The life of the
2. The Friend of our need, the hope of the world, A-bides with us
3. O Lord of the sea, who once walked a-broad On treach-er-ous
4. Thou art not a-far,— in reg-ions unknown,—Our faith reacheth
Sav-iour of men; What joy was their part who learn'd at his feet, Who
still as of old; When wander-ing far in sor-row and sin He
waves of the tide, We know that thy strong and pi-tying arms Our
up un-to thee; And still, thro' the mists of ag-es long past, The
CHORUS.
loved and who worshipped him then. I know that he liv-eth, Re-
lead-eth us home to the fold.
wav-er-ing footsteps still guide.
Sav-iour of sin-ners doth see.
deem-er and Friend, To bless and to comfort our way; I know the glad
song of the heaven-ly throng,—He liveth, he liveth to-day!

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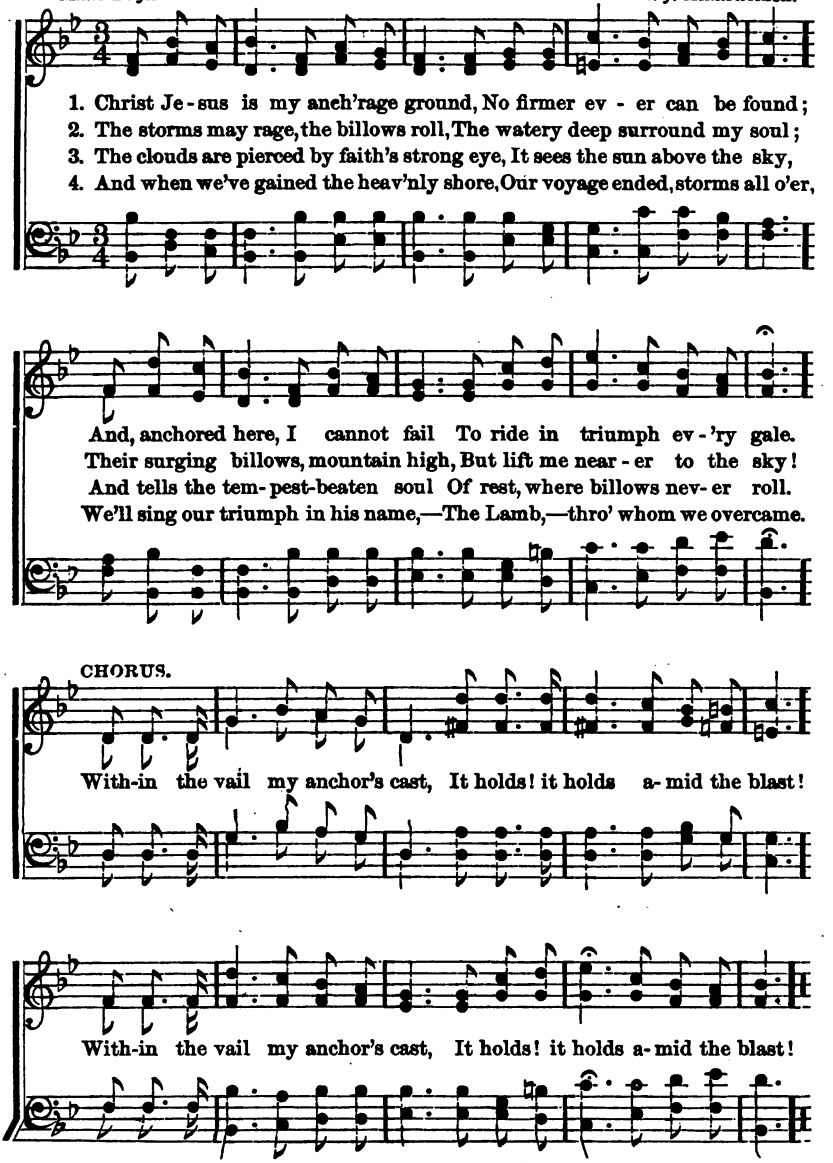
The Anchor Holds.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail."—Heb. vi. 19.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Christ Je-sus is my anch'rage ground, No firmer ev - er can be found;
2. The storms may rage, the billows roll, The watery deep surround my soul;
3. The clouds are pierced by faith's strong eye, It sees the sun above the sky,
4. And when we've gained the heav'nly shore, Our voyage ended, storms all o'er,
And, anchored here, I cannot fail To ride in triumph ev-'ry gale.
Their surging billows, mountain high, But lift me near-er to the sky!
And tells the tem-pest-beaten soul Of rest, where billows nev-er roll.
We'll sing our triumph in his name,—The Lamb,—thro' whom we overcame.
CHORUS.
With-in the vail my anchor's cast, It holds! it holds a-mid the blast!
With-in the vail my anchor's cast, It holds! it holds a-mid the blast!

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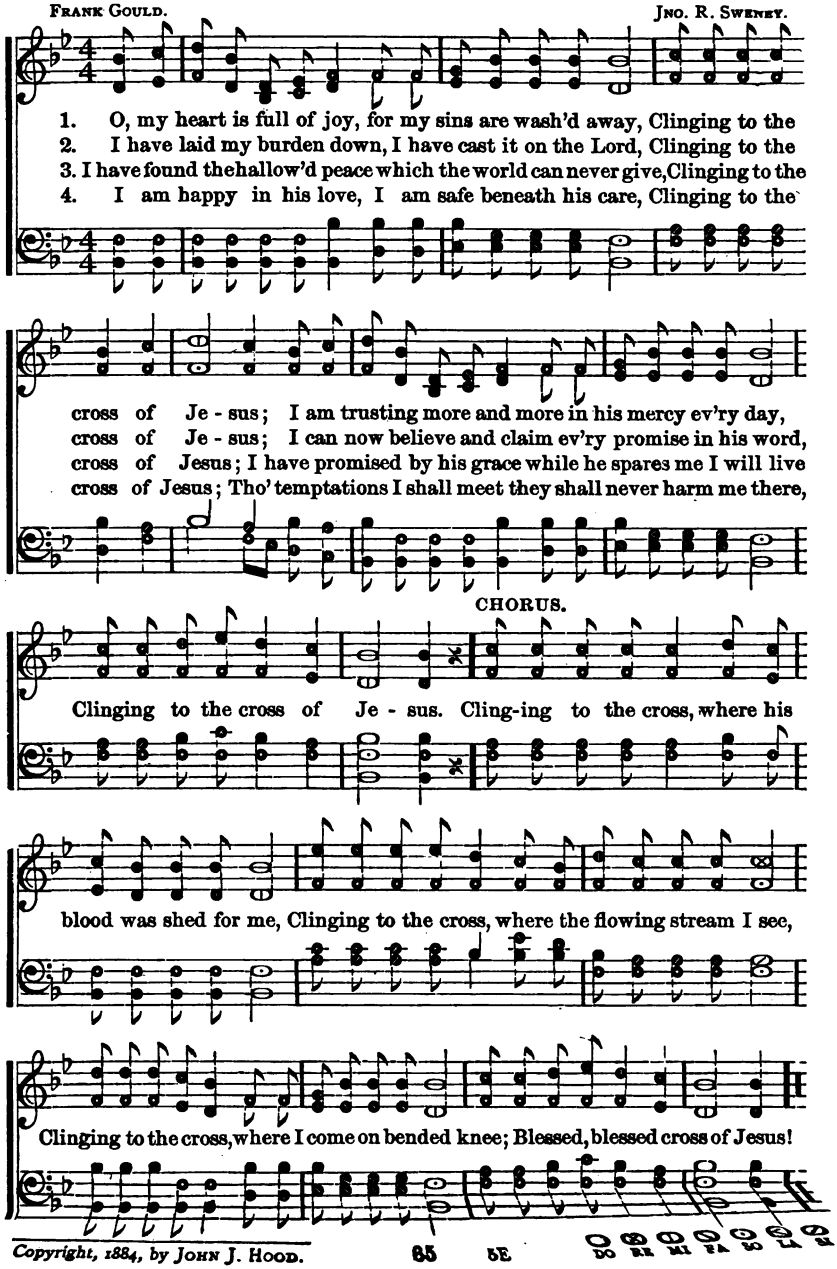
Clinging to the Cross.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O, my heart is full of joy, for my sins are wash'd away, Clinging to the
2. I have laid my burden down, I have cast it on the Lord, Clinging to the
3. I have found the hallow'd peace which the world can never give, Clinging to the
4. I am happy in his love, I am safe beneath his care, Clinging to the
cross of Je - sus; I am trusting more and more in his mercy ev'ry day,
cross of Je - sus; I can now believe and claim ev'ry promise in his word,
cross of Jesus; I have promised by his grace while he spares me I will live
cross of Jesus; Tho' temptations I shall meet they shall never harm me there,
CHORUS.
Clinging to the cross of Je - sus. Cling-ing to the cross, where his
blood was shed for me, Clinging to the cross, where the flowing stream I see,
Clinging to the cross, where I come on bended knee; Blessed, blessed cross of Jesus!

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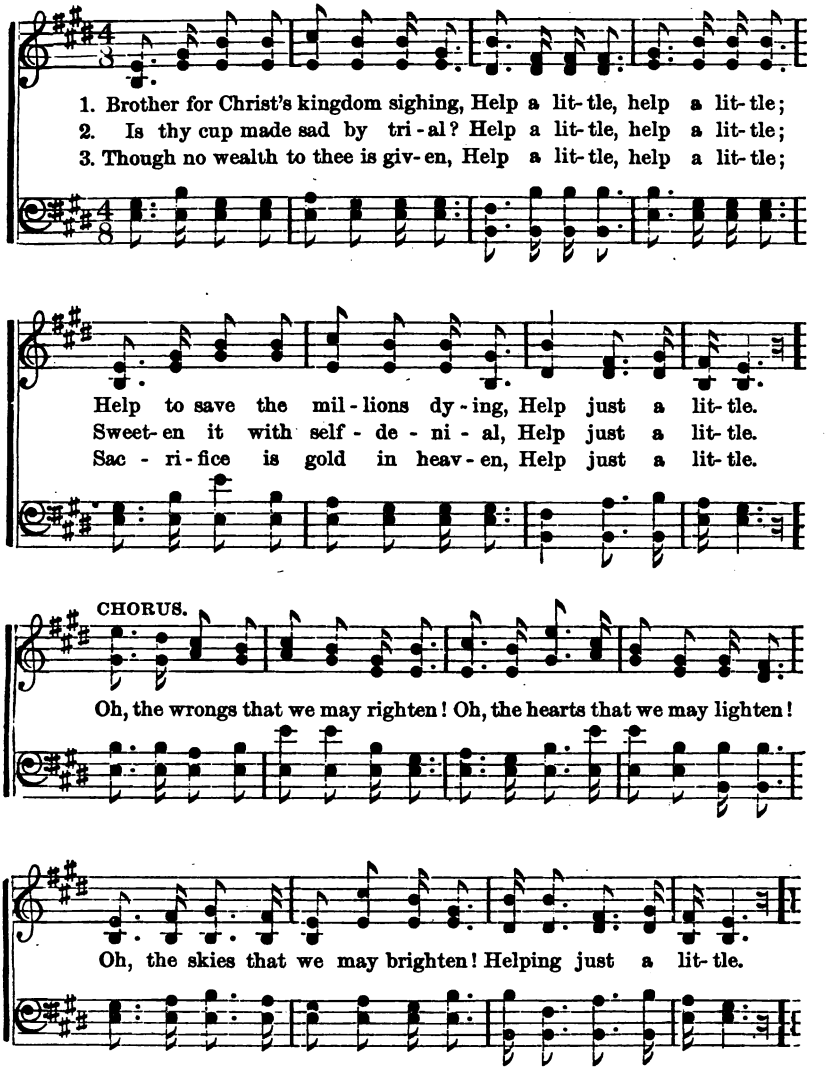
63

Help Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation," new words by Rev. W. A. Spencer.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.
CHORUS.
Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!
Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

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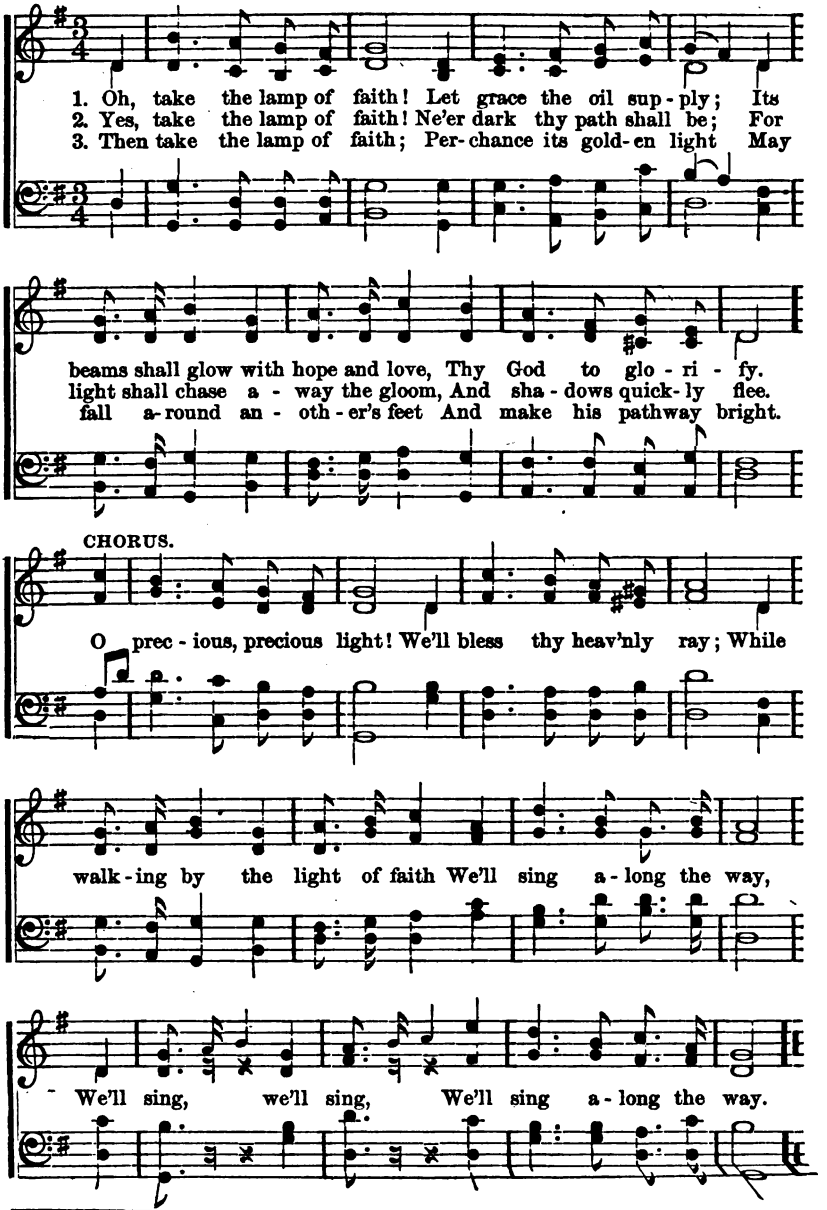
The Lamp of Faith.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Oh, take the lamp of faith! Let grace the oil sup-ply; Its
2. Yes, take the lamp of faith! Ne'er dark thy path shall be; For
3. Then take the lamp of faith; Per-chance its gold-en light May
beams shall glow with hope and love, Thy God to glo-ri-fy.
light shall chase a-way the gloom, And sha-dows quick-ly flee.
fall a-round an-oth-er's feet And make his pathway bright.
CHORUS.
O prec-ious, precious light! We'll bless thy heav'nly ray; While
walk-ing by the light of faith We'll sing a-long the way,
We'll sing, we'll sing, We'll sing a-long the way.

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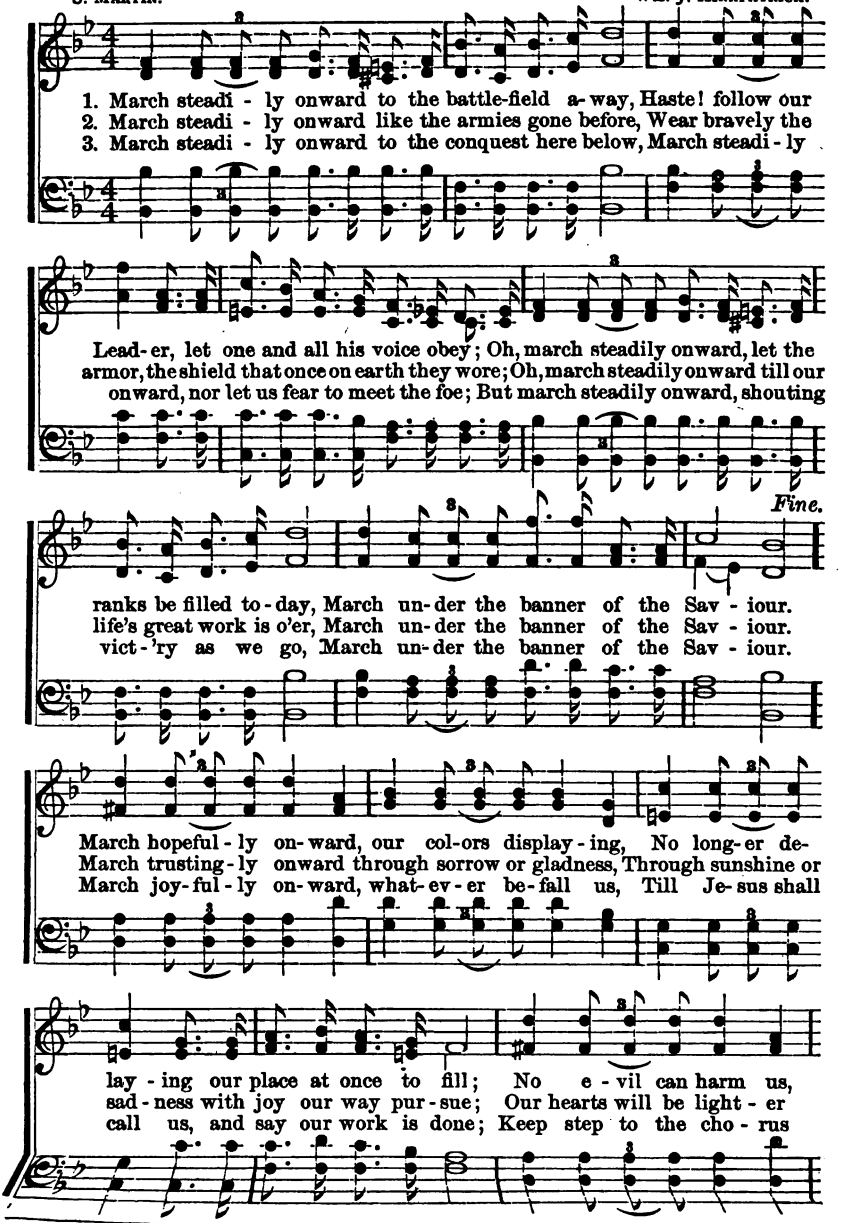
65 March Steadily Onward.

S. Martin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. March steadi - ly onward to the battle-field a-way, Haste! follow our
2. March steadi - ly onward like the armies gone before, Wear bravely the
3. March steadi - ly onward to the conquest here below, March steadi - ly
Lead-er, let one and all his voice obey; Oh, march steadily onward, let the
armor, the shield that once on earth they wore; Oh, march steadily onward till our
onward, nor let us fear to meet the foe; But march steadily onward, shouting
Fine.
ranks be filled to-day, March un-der the banner of the Sav - iour.
life's great work is o'er, March un-der the banner of the Sav - iour.
vict-'ry as we go, March un-der the banner of the Sav - iour.
March hopeful-ly on-ward, our col-ors display-ing, No long-er de-
March trusting-ly onward through sorrow or gladness, Through sunshine or
March joy-ful-ly on-ward, what-ev-er be-fall us, Till Je-sus shall
lay - ing our place at once to fill; No e - vil can harm us,
sad-ness with joy our way pur-sue; Our hearts will be light - er
call us, and say our work is done; Keep step to the cho - rus

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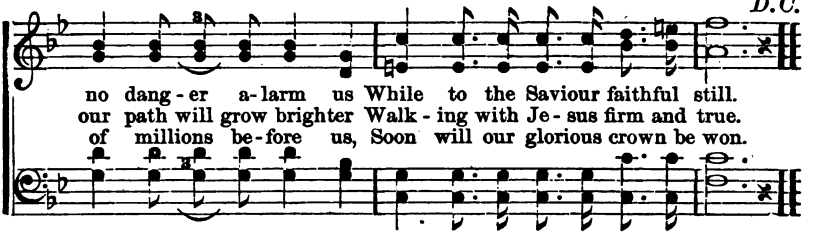
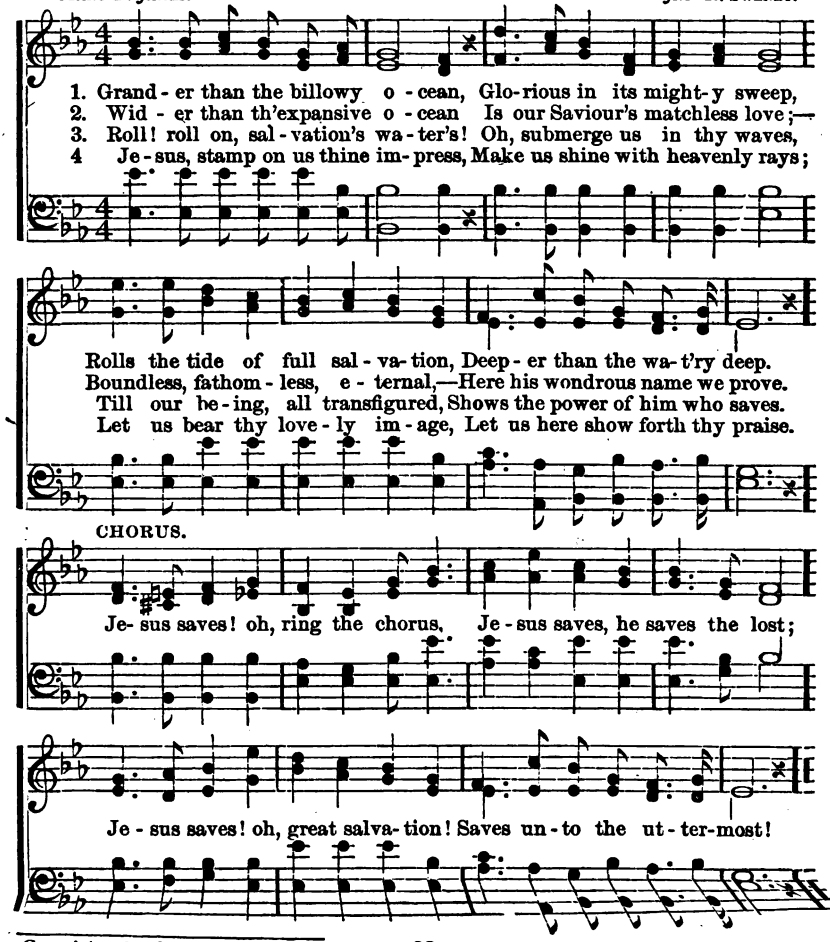
March Steadily Onward.—CONCLUDED.

D.C.


no dang - er a - larm us While to the Saviour faithful still.
our path will grow brighter Walk - ing with Je - sus firm and true.
of millions be - fore us, Soon will our glorious crown be won.

66

Salvation.

MARY D. JAMES. JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Grand - er than the billowy o - cean, Glo-rious in its might-y sweep,
2. Wid - er than th'expansive o - cean Is our Saviour's matchless love;—
3. Roll! roll on, sal - vation's wa - ter's! Oh, submerge us in thy waves,
4 Je - sus, stamp on us thine im - press, Make us shine with heavenly rays;
Rolls the tide of full sal - va - tion, Deep - er than the wa - t'ry deep.
Boundless, fathom - less, e - ternal,—Here his wondrous name we prove.
Till our be - ing, all transfigured, Shows the power of him who saves.
Let us bear thy love - ly im - age, Let us here show forth thy praise.
CHORUS.
Je - sus saves! oh, ring the chorus, Je - sus saves, he saves the lost;
Je - sus saves! oh, great salva - tion! Saves un - to the ut - ter-most!

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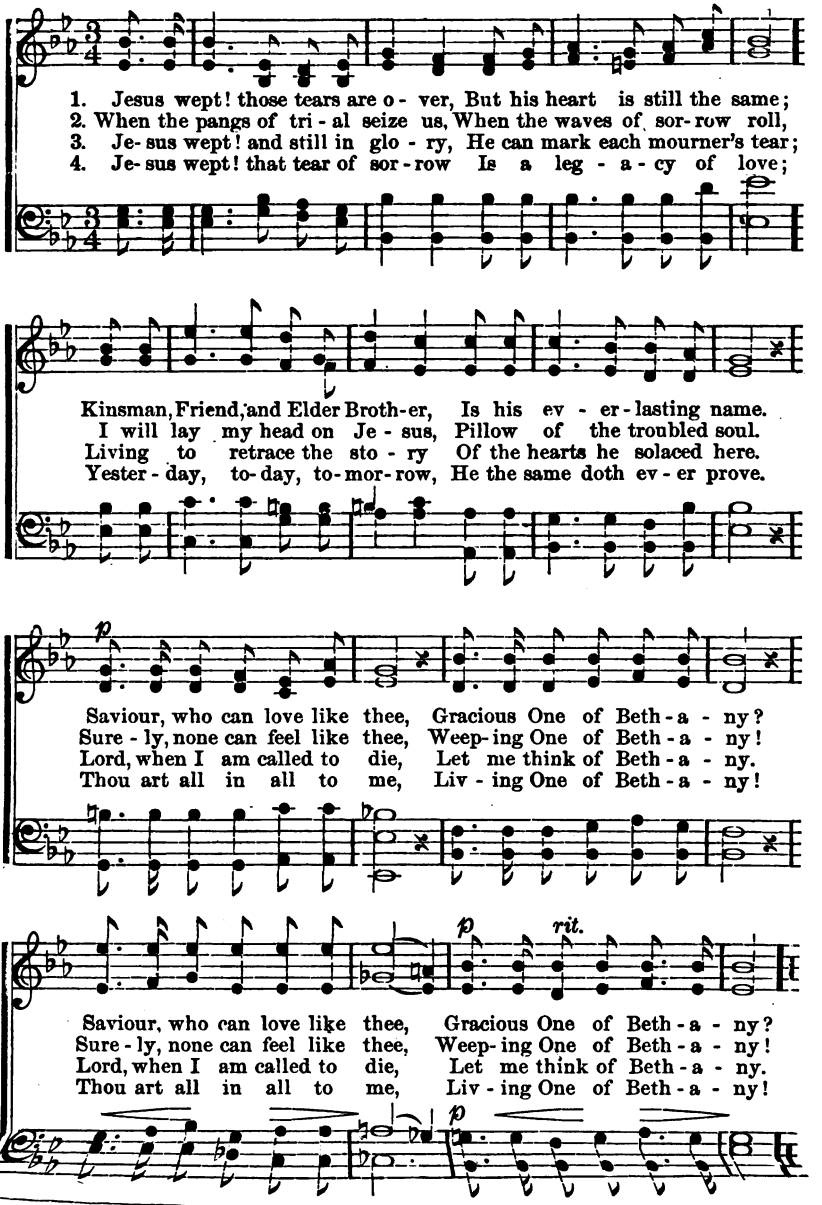
Jesus Wept.

Sir Edward Denny. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Jesus wept! those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same;
2. When the pangs of tri - al seize us, When the waves of sor - row roll,
3. Je - sus wept! and still in glo - ry, He can mark each mourner's tear;
4. Je - sus wept! that tear of sor - row Is a leg - a - cy of love;
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Broth - er, Is his ev - er - lasting name.
I will lay my head on Je - sus, Pillow of the troubled soul.
Living to retrace the sto - ry Of the hearts he solaced here.
Yester - day, to - day, to - mor - row, He the same doth ev - er prove.
p
Saviour, who can love like thee, Gracious One of Beth - a - ny?
Sure - ly, none can feel like thee, Weep - ing One of Beth - a - ny!
Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - a - ny.
Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth - a - ny!
p
rit.
Saviour, who can love like thee, Gracious One of Beth - a - ny?
Sure - ly, none can feel like thee, Weep - ing One of Beth - a - ny!
Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - a - ny.
Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth - a - ny!
p

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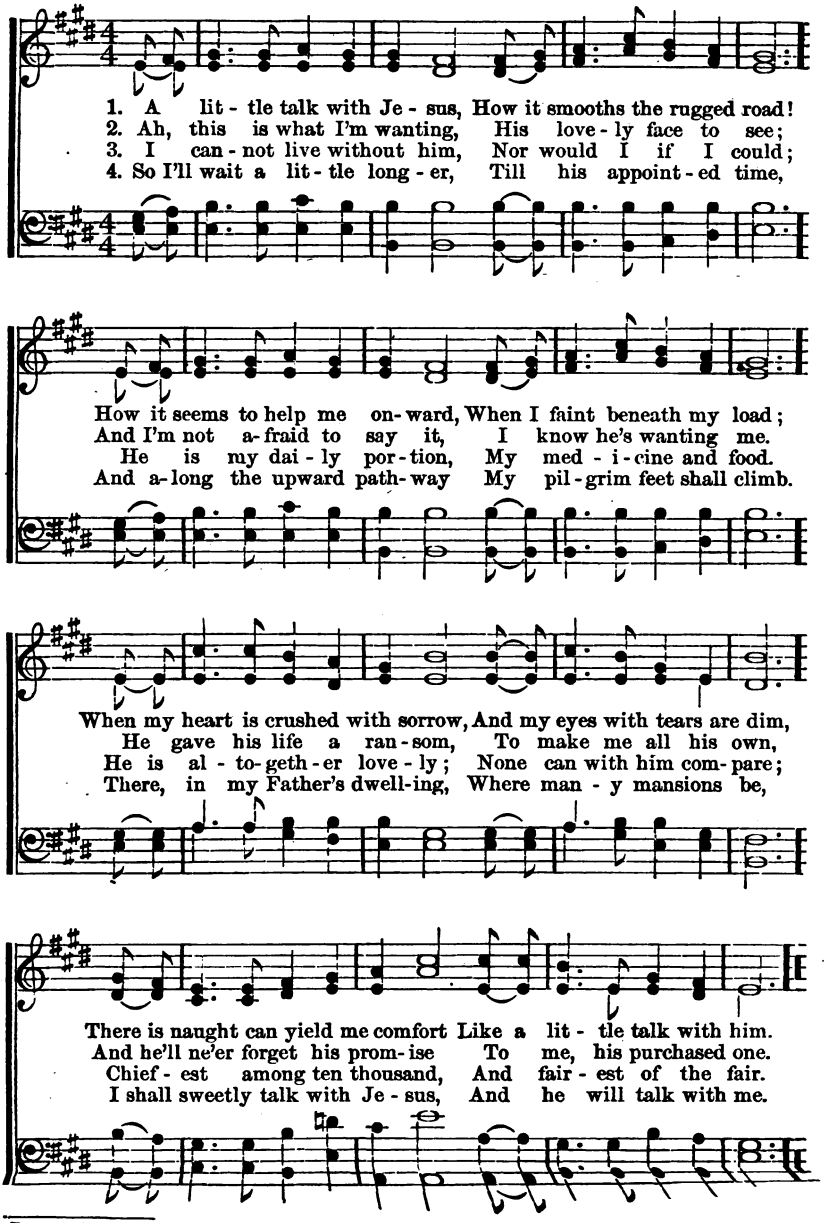
A little Talk with Jesus.

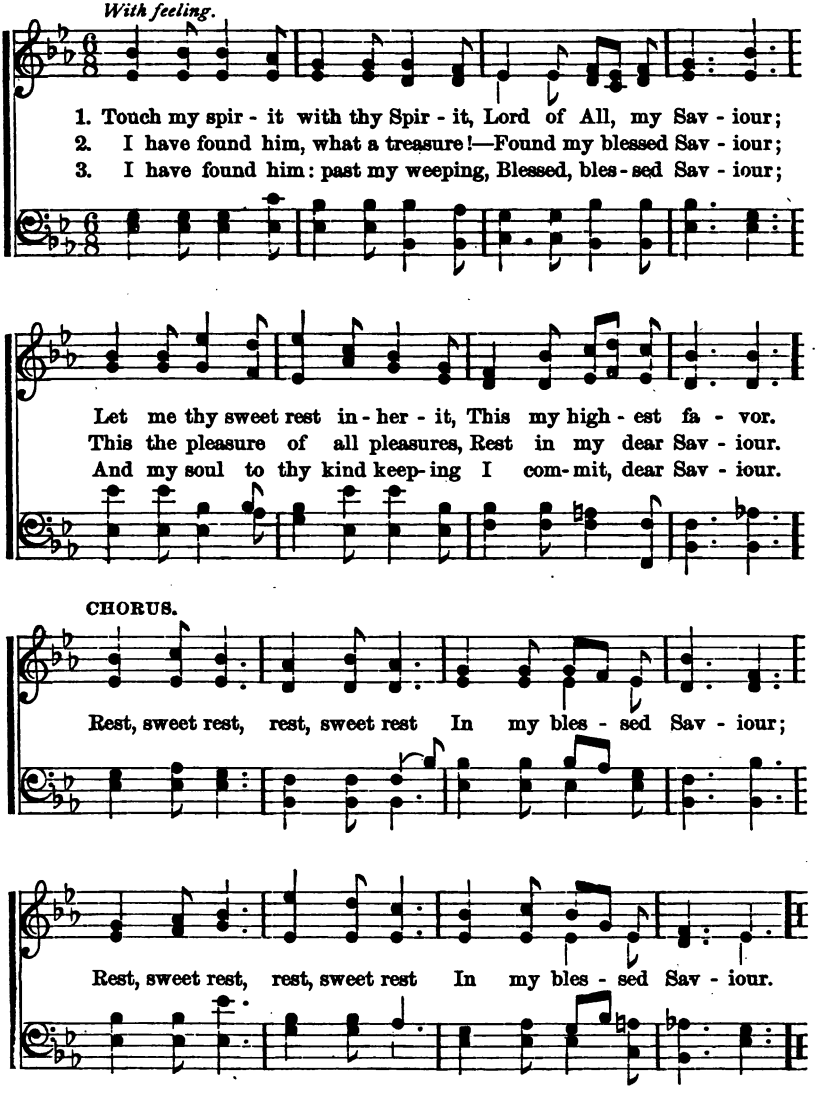
Wm. G. Fischer.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road!
2. Ah, this is what I'm wanting, His love - ly face to see;
3. I can - not live without him, Nor would I if I could;
4. So I'll wait a lit - tle long - er, Till his appoint - ed time,
How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint beneath my load;
And I'm not a - fraid to say it, I know he's wanting me.
He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and food.
And a - long the upward path - way My pil - grim feet shall climb.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim,
He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own,
He is al - to - geth - er love - ly; None can with him com - pare;
There, in my Father's dwell - ing, Where man - y mansions be,
There is naught can yield me comfort Like a lit - tle talk with him.
And he'll ne'er forget his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.
Chief - est among ten thousand, And fair - est of the fair.
I shall sweetly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me.

By permission.

69

Rest.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D. — Jno. R. Sweney.

With feeling.

1. Touch my spir - it with thy Spir - it, Lord of All, my Sav - iour;
2. I have found him, what a treasure!—Found my blessed Sav - iour;
3. I have found him: past my weeping, Blessed, bles - sed Sav - iour;
Let me thy sweet rest in - her - it, This my high - est fa - vor.
This the pleasure of all pleasures, Rest in my dear Sav - iour.
And my soul to thy kind keep - ing I com - mit, dear Sav - iour.
CHORUS.
Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest In my bles - sed Sav - iour;
Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest In my bles - sed Sav - iour.

4 On the earth this heavenly resting
Comes to me, dear Saviour;
This is love's own manifesting,
Through my blessed Saviour.

5 In this rest toil does not weary,—
Toil for thee, my Saviour;
In the gloom there's nothing dreary,
With thee, O my Saviour.

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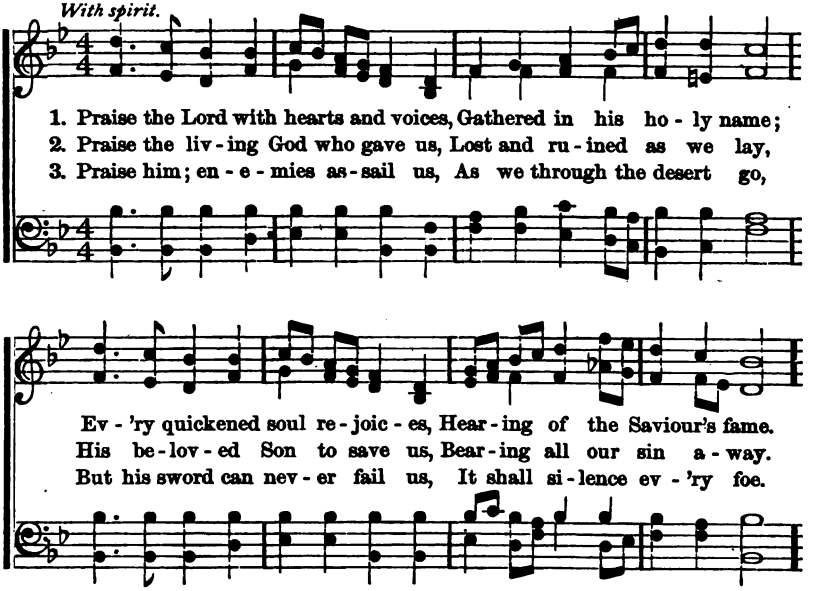
Praise the Lord.

W. P. MACKAY, M. A. P. G. FITHIAN.

With spirit.


1. Praise the Lord with hearts and voices, Gathered in his ho - ly name;
2. Praise the liv - ing God who gave us, Lost and ru - ined as we lay,
3. Praise him; en - e - mies as - sail us, As we through the desert go,
Ev - 'ry quickened soul re - joic - es, Hear - ing of the Saviour's fame.
His be - lov - ed Son to save us, Bear - ing all our sin a - way.
But his sword can nev - er fail us, It shall si - lence ev - 'ry foe.
CHORUS.
Praise the Lord, oh, praise him ev - er, Let our voic - es sweet - ly sing;
Praise the Lord! oh, may we ev - er Sing a - loud to God our King.

4 Praise him for the water flowing
Freely in its boundless tide;
Christ the smitten rock we're knowing,
Praise him for his wounded side.

5 Praise him, thro' the desert marching,
Onward to the golden shore;
For our Saviour we are watching,
And we'll praise him evermore.

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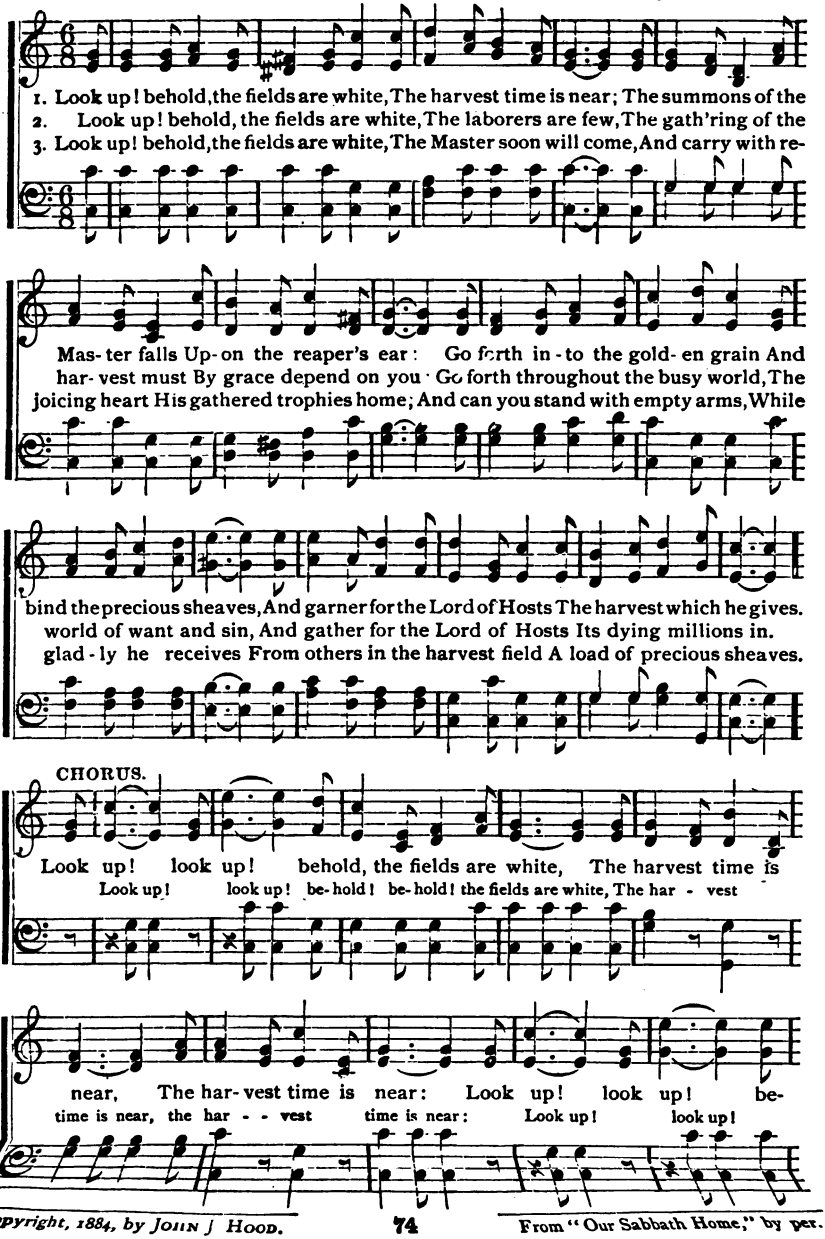
71 Behold, the Fields are White.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is near; The summons of the
2. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The laborers are few, The gath'ring of the
3. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The Master soon will come, And carry with re-
Mas-ter falls Up-on the reaper's ear: Go forth in-to the gold-en grain And
har-vest must By grace depend on you · Go forth throughout the busy world, The
joicing heart His gathered trophies home; And can you stand with empty arms, While
bind the precious sheaves, And garner for the Lord of Hosts The harvest which he gives.
world of want and sin, And gather for the Lord of Hosts Its dying millions in.
glad-ly he receives From others in the harvest field A load of precious sheaves.
CHORUS.
Look up! look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is
Look up! look up! be-hold! be-hold! the fields are white, The har - vest
near, The har-vest time is near: Look up! look up! be-
time is near, the har - - vest time is near: Look up! look up!

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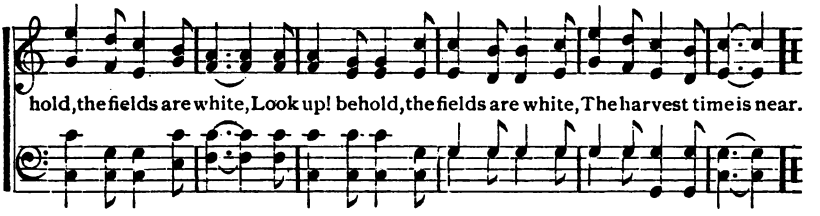
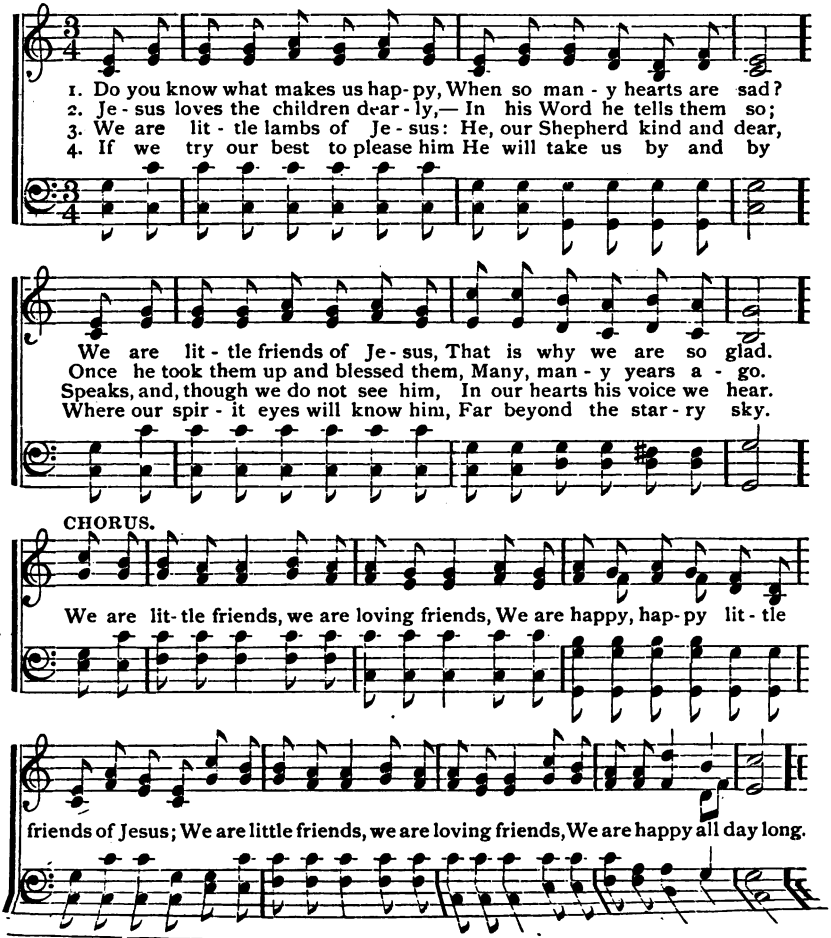
From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.

Behold, the Fields are White.—CONCLUDED.

72 Little Friends of Jesus.

S. MARTIN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Do you know what makes us hap-py, When so man-y hearts are sad?
2. Je-sus loves the children dear-ly,— In his Word he tells them so;
3. We are lit-tle lambs of Je-sus: He, our Shepherd kind and dear,
4. If we try our best to please him He will take us by and by
We are lit-tle friends of Je-sus, That is why we are so glad.
Once he took them up and blessed them, Many, man-y years a-go.
Speaks, and, though we do not see him, In our hearts his voice we hear.
Where our spir-it eyes will know him, Far beyond the star-ry sky.
CHORUS.
We are lit-tle friends, we are loving friends, We are happy, hap-py lit-tle
friends of Jesus; We are little friends, we are loving friends, We are happy all day long.

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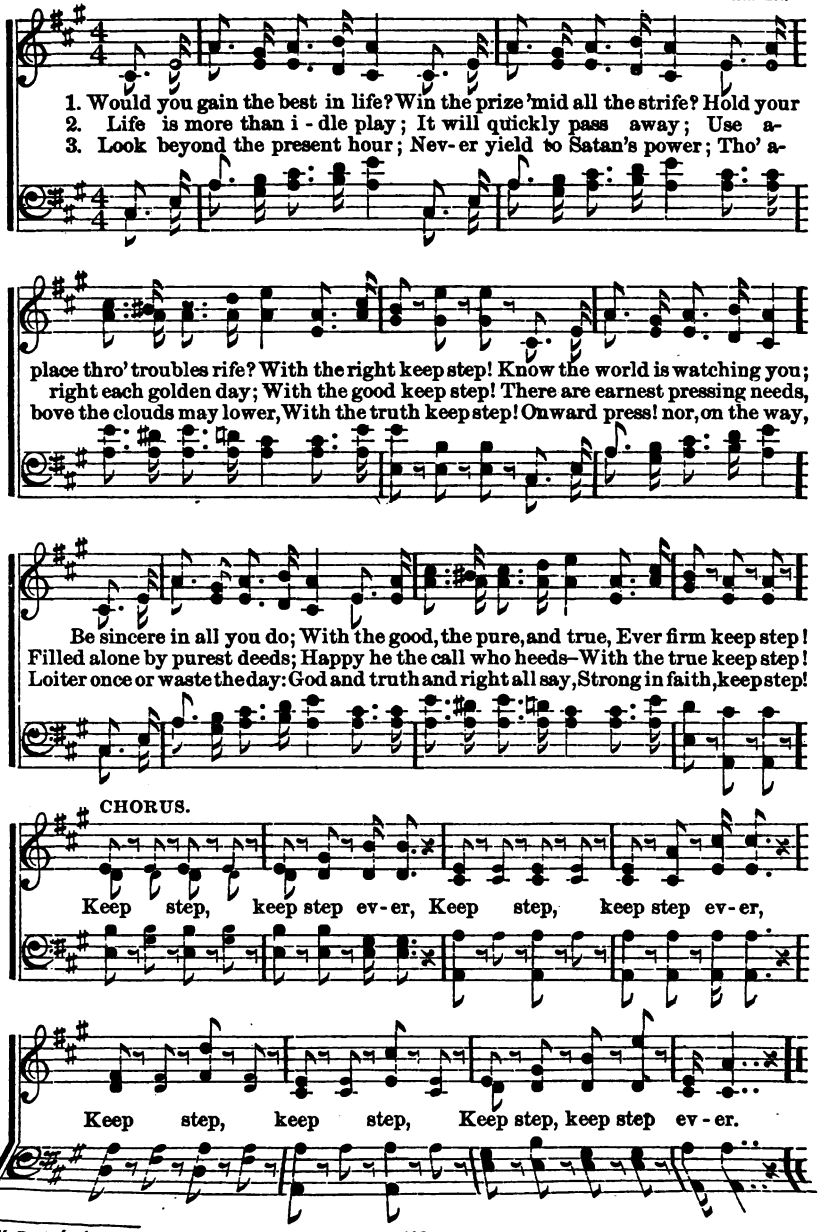
73

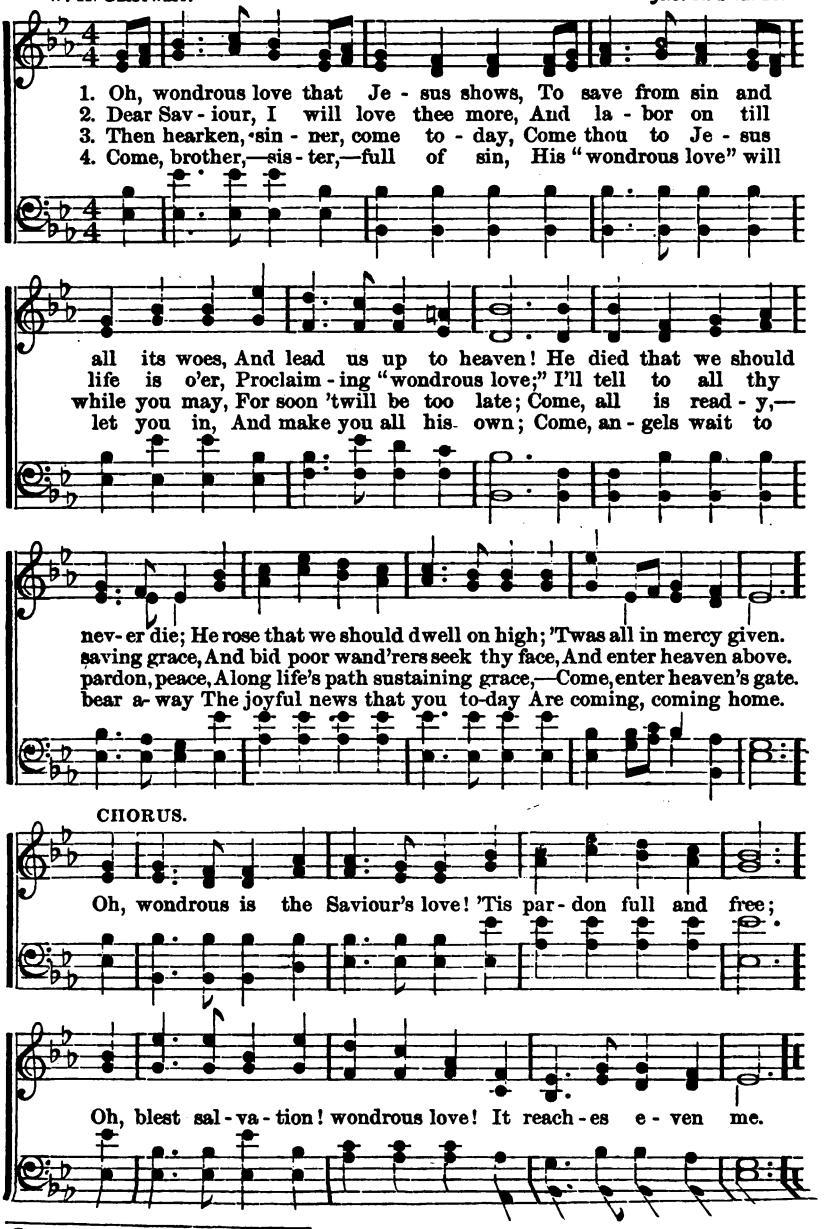
Keep Step Ever.

C. R. Blackall. H. R. Palmer.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife? Hold your
2. Life is more than i - dle play; It will quickly pass away; Use a-
3. Look beyond the present hour; Nev-er yield to Satan's power; Tho' a-
place thro' troubles rife? With the right keep step! Know the world is watching you;
right each golden day; With the good keep step! There are earnest pressing needs,
bove the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step! Onward press! nor, on the way,
Be sincere in all you do; With the good, the pure, and true, Ever firm keep step!
Filled alone by purest deeds; Happy he the call who heeds—With the true keep step!
Loiter once or waste the day: God and truth and right all say, Strong in faith, keep step!
CHORUS.
Keep step, keep step ev-er, Keep step, keep step ev-er,
Keep step, keep step, Keep step, keep step ev-er.

By permission.

Oh, Wondrous Love!

W. H. Geistweit. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Oh, wondrous love that Je - sus shows, To save from sin and
2. Dear Sav - iour, I will love thee more, And la - bor on till
3. Then hearken, sin - ner, come to - day, Come thou to Je - sus
4. Come, brother,—sis - ter,—full of sin, His "wondrous love" will
all its woes, And lead us up to heaven! He died that we should
life is o'er, Proclaim - ing "wondrous love;" I'll tell to all thy
while you may, For soon 'twill be too late; Come, all is read - y,—
let you in, And make you all his own; Come, an - gels wait to
nev - er die; He rose that we should dwell on high; 'Twas all in mercy given.
saving grace, And bid poor wand'rers seek thy face, And enter heaven above.
pardon, peace, Along life's path sustaining grace,—Come, enter heaven's gate.
bear a - way The joyful news that you to-day Are coming, coming home.
CHORUS.
Oh, wondrous is the Saviour's love! 'Tis par - don full and free;
Oh, blest sal - va - tion! wondrous love! It reach - es e - ven me.

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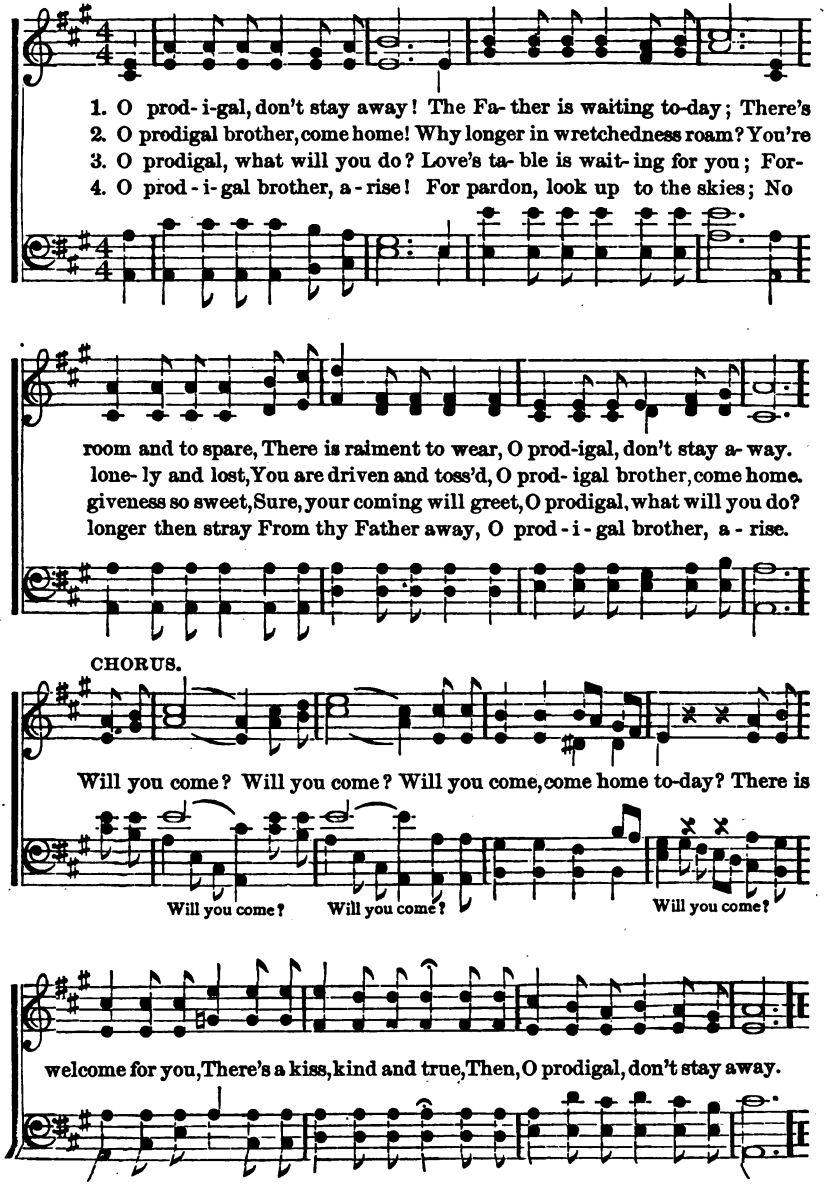
75 O Prodigal, Don't Stay Away.

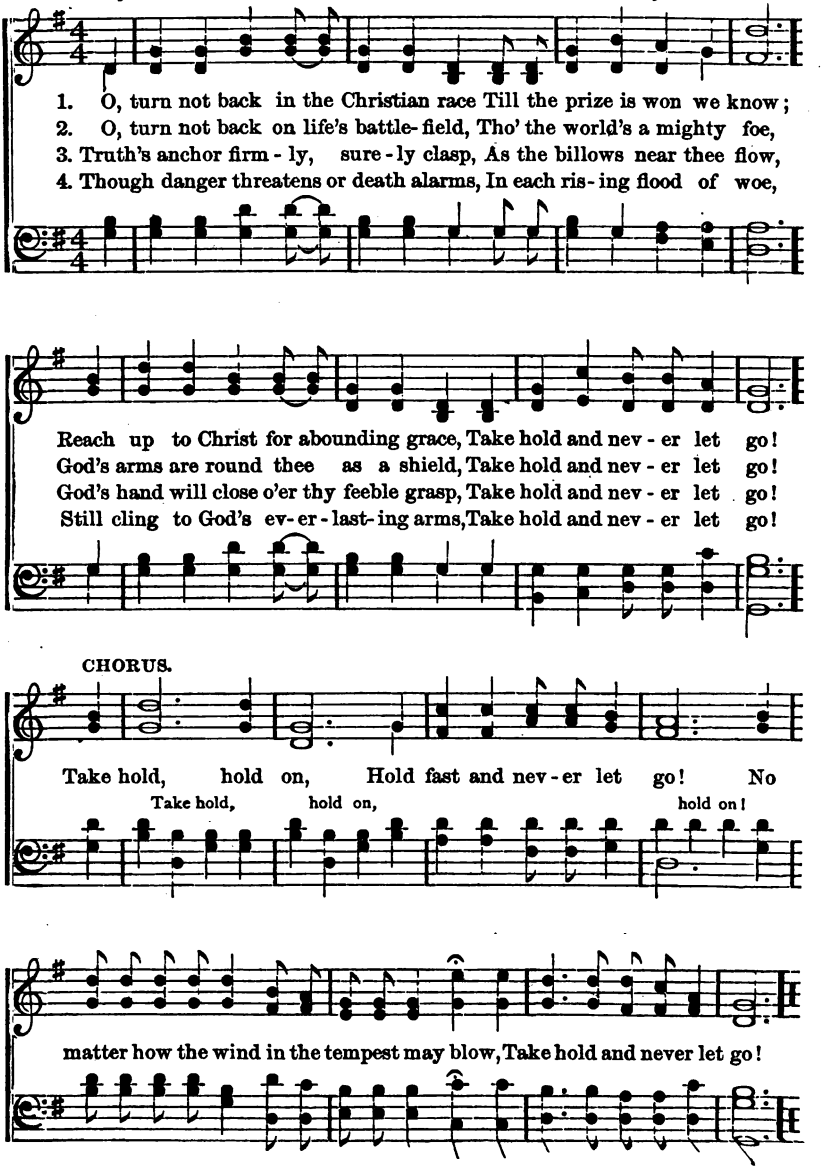
J. E. Rankin, D. D. "I will arise and go unto my Father."—Luke xv. 18. J. W. Bischoff.


1. O prod-i-gal, don't stay away! The Fa-ther is waiting to-day; There's
2. O prodigal brother, come home! Why longer in wretchedness roam? You're
3. O prodigal, what will you do? Love's ta-ble is wait-ing for you; For-
4. O prod-i-gal brother, a-rise! For pardon, look up to the skies; No
room and to spare, There is raiment to wear, O prod-igal, don't stay a-way.
lone-ly and lost, You are driven and toss'd, O prod-igal brother, come home.
giveness so sweet, Sure, your coming will greet, O prodigal, what will you do?
longer then stray From thy Father away, O prod-i-gal brother, a-rise.
CHORUS.
Will you come? Will you come? Will you come, come home to-day? There is
Will you come?
Will you come?
Will you come?
welcome for you, There's a kiss, kind and true, Then, O prodigal, don't stay away.

From "Gospel Bells," by per.

Take hold, hold on.

Advice of an aged colored man to young converts, "Take hold, hold on, hold fast and never let go!"

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, turn not back in the Christian race Till the prize is won we know;
2. O, turn not back on life's battle-field, Tho' the world's a mighty foe,
3. Truth's anchor firm-ly, sure-ly clasp, As the billows near thee flow,
4. Though danger threatens or death alarms, In each ris-ing flood of woe,
Reach up to Christ for abounding grace, Take hold and nev-er let go!
God's arms are round thee as a shield, Take hold and nev-er let go!
God's hand will close o'er thy feeble grasp, Take hold and nev-er let go!
Still cling to God's ev-er-last-ing arms, Take hold and nev-er let go!
CHORUS.
Take hold, hold on, Hold fast and nev-er let go! No matter how the wind in the tempest may blow, Take hold and never let go!
Take hold, hold on, hold on!

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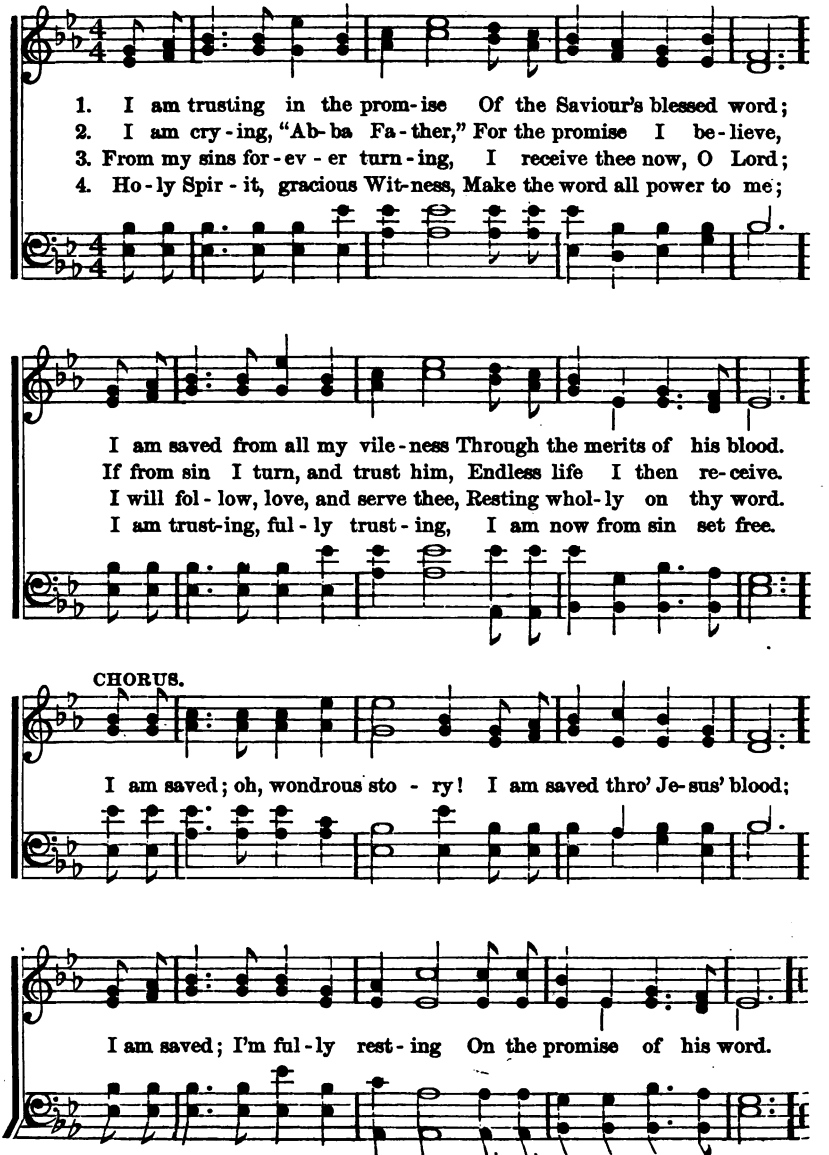
Trusting in His Word.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life."—John v. 24.

W. H. G. W. H. Geistweit.

1. I am trusting in the prom-ise Of the Saviour's blessed word;
2. I am cry-ing, "Ab-ba Fa-ther," For the promise I be-lieve,
3. From my sins for-ev-er turn-ing, I receive thee now, O Lord;
4. Ho-ly Spir-it, gracious Wit-ness, Make the word all power to me;
I am saved from all my vile-ness Through the merits of his blood.
If from sin I turn, and trust him, Endless life I then re-ceive.
I will fol-low, love, and serve thee, Resting whol-ly on thy word.
I am trust-ing, ful-ly trust-ing, I am now from sin set free.
CHORUS.
I am saved; oh, wondrous sto-ry! I am saved thro' Je-sus' blood;
I am saved; I'm ful-ly rest-ing On the promise of his word.

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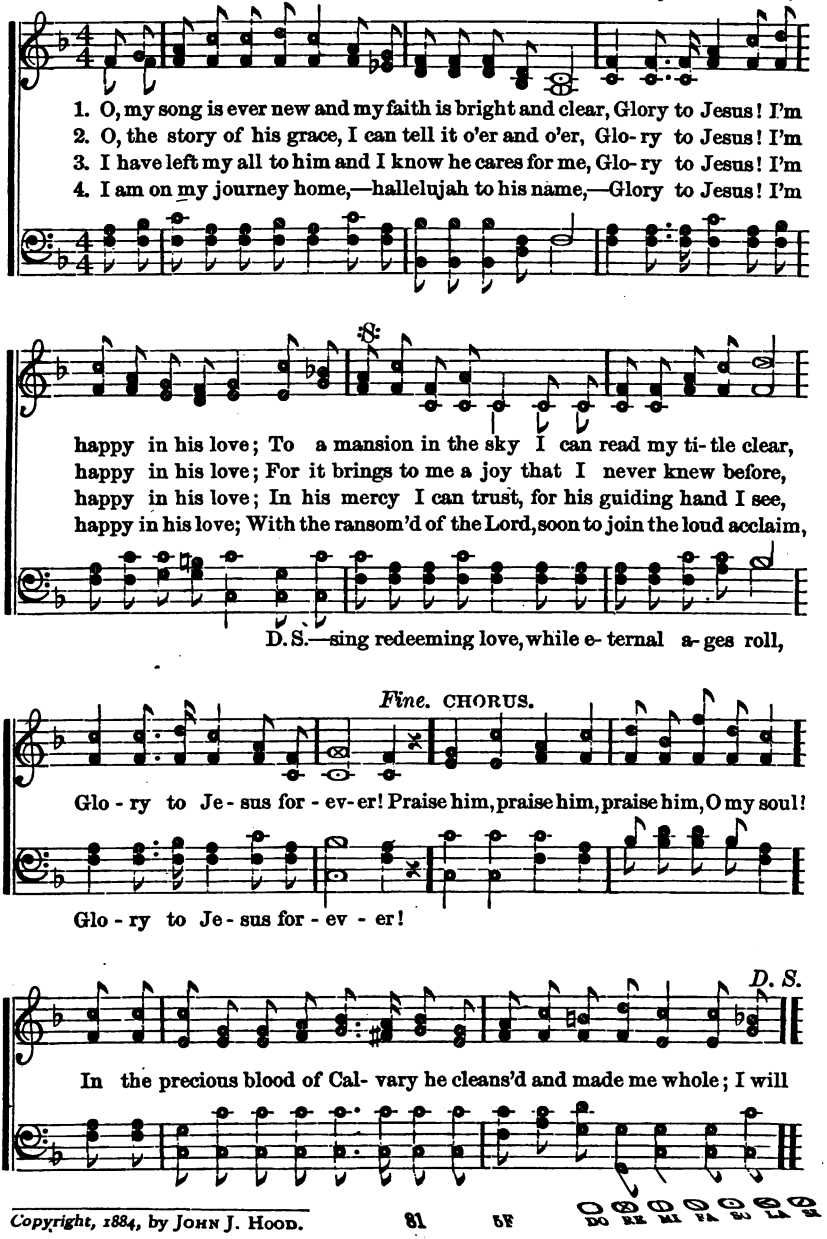
Glory to Jesus forever.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O, my song is ever new and my faith is bright and clear, Glory to Jesus! I'm
2. O, the story of his grace, I can tell it o'er and o'er, Glo-ry to Jesus! I'm
3. I have left my all to him and I know he cares for me, Glo-ry to Jesus! I'm
4. I am on my journey home,—hallelujah to his name,—Glory to Jesus! I'm
happy in his love; To a mansion in the sky I can read my ti-tle clear,
happy in his love; For it brings to me a joy that I never knew before,
happy in his love; In his mercy I can trust, for his guiding hand I see,
happy in his love; With the ransom'd of the Lord, soon to join the loud acclaim,
D.S.—sing redeeming love, while e-ternal a-ges roll,
Fine. CHORUS.
Glo-ry to Je-sus for-ev-er! Praise him, praise him, praise him, O my soul!
Glo-ry to Je-sus for-ev-er!
D. S.
In the precious blood of Cal-vary he cleans'd and made me whole; I will

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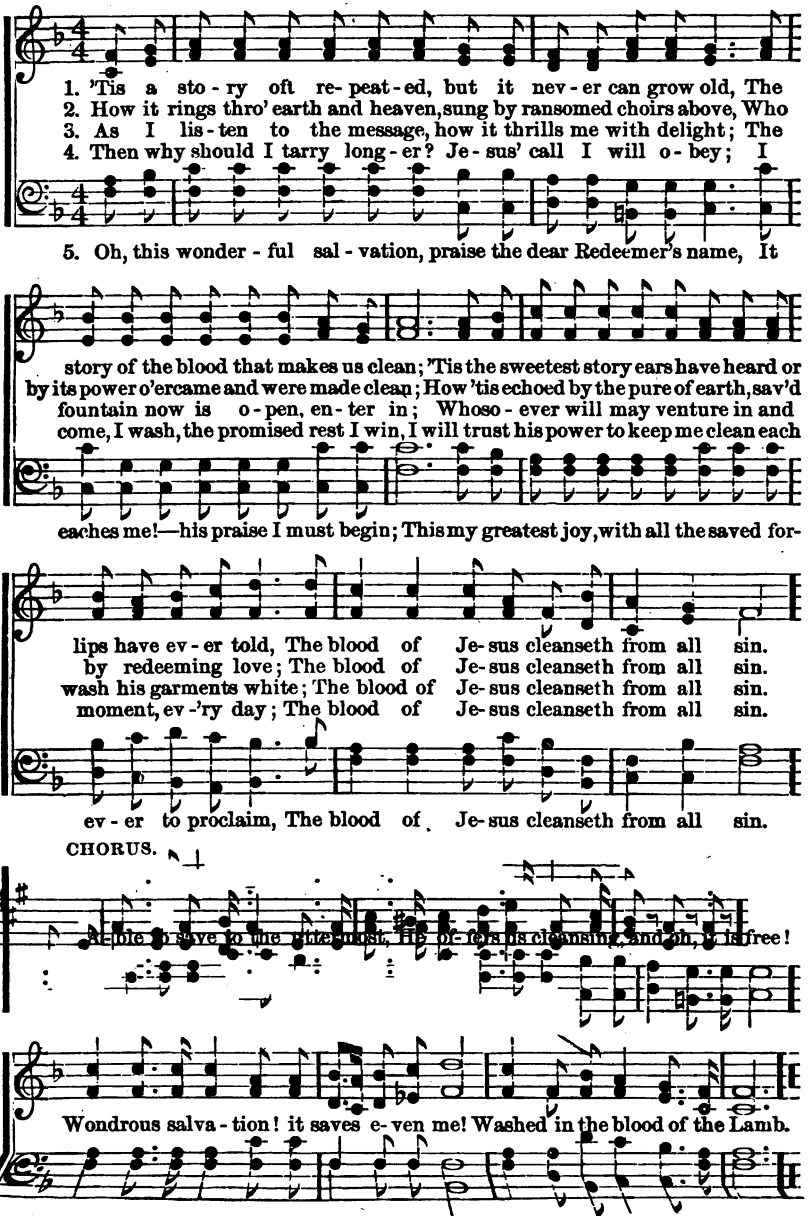
The Story of Cleansing.

"BEULAH" GRACE WEISER.


1. 'Tis a sto - ry oft re- peat - ed, but it nev - er can grow old, The
2. How it rings thro' earth and heaven, sung by ransomed choirs above, Who
3. As I lis - ten to the message, how it thrills me with delight; The
4. Then why should I tarry long - er? Je - sus' call I will o - bey; I
5. Oh, this wonder - ful sal - vation, praise the dear Redeemer's name, It
story of the blood that makes us clean; 'Tis the sweetest story ears have heard or
by its power o'ercame and were made clean; How 'tis echoed by the pure of earth, sav'd
fountain now is o - pen, en - ter in; Whoso - ever will may venture in and
come, I wash, the promised rest I win, I will trust his power to keep me clean each
eaches me!—his praise I must begin; This my greatest joy, with all the saved for-
lips have ev - er told, The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.
by redeeming love; The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.
wash his garments white; The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.
moment, ev - 'ry day; The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.
ev - er to proclaim, The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.
CHORUS.
Able to save to the uttermost, He doth us cleansing, and oh, it is free!
Wondrous salva - tion! it saves e - ven me! Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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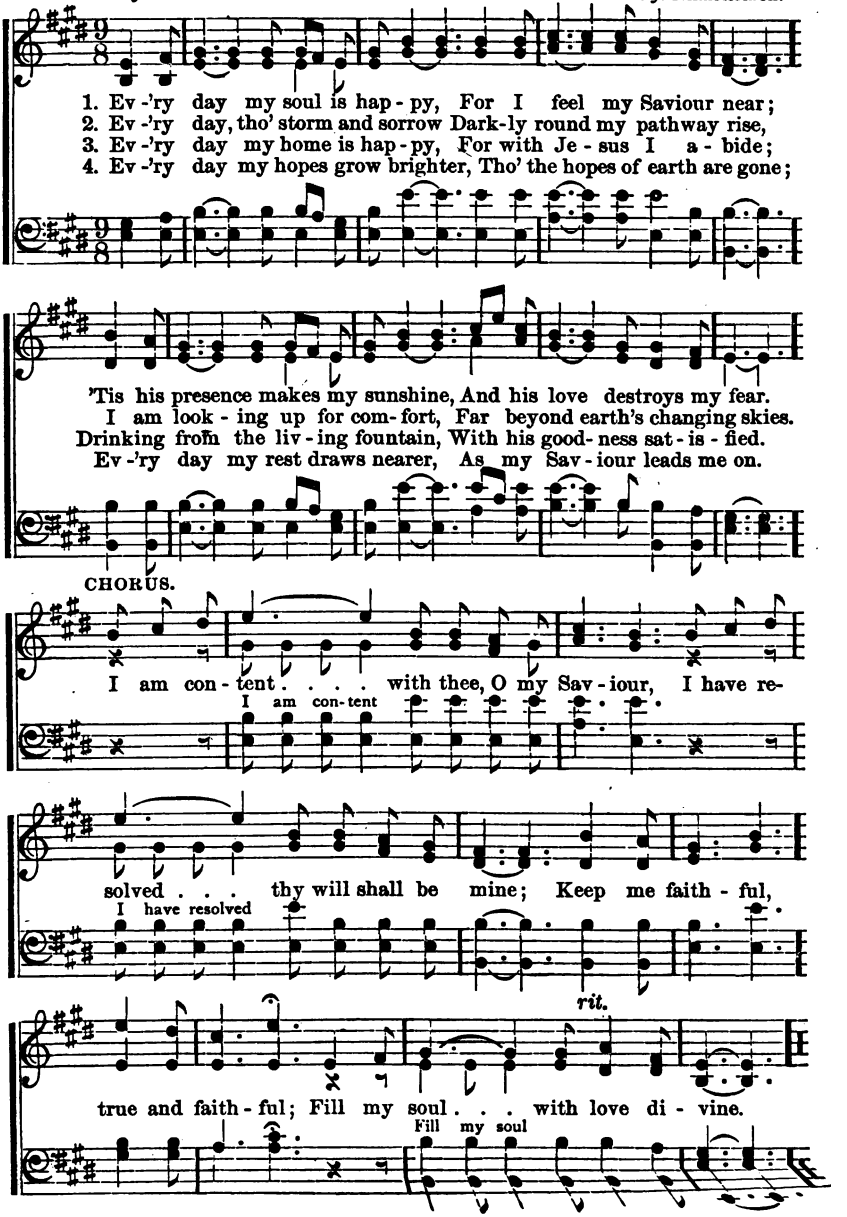
True and Faithful.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ev-'ry day my soul is hap-py, For I feel my Saviour near;
2. Ev-'ry day, tho' storm and sorrow Dark-ly round my pathway rise,
3. Ev-'ry day my home is hap-py, For with Je-sus I a-bide;
4. Ev-'ry day my hopes grow brighter, Tho' the hopes of earth are gone;
'Tis his presence makes my sunshine, And his love destroys my fear.
I am look-ing up for com-fort, Far beyond earth's changing skies.
Drinking from the liv-ing fountain, With his good-ness sat-is-fied.
Ev-'ry day my rest draws nearer, As my Sav-iour leads me on.
CHORUS.
I am con-tent . . . . with thee, O my Sav-iour, I have re-
I am con-tent
solved . . . thy will shall be mine; Keep me faith-ful,
I have resolved
rit.
true and faith-ful; Fill my soul . . . with love di-vine.
Fill my soul

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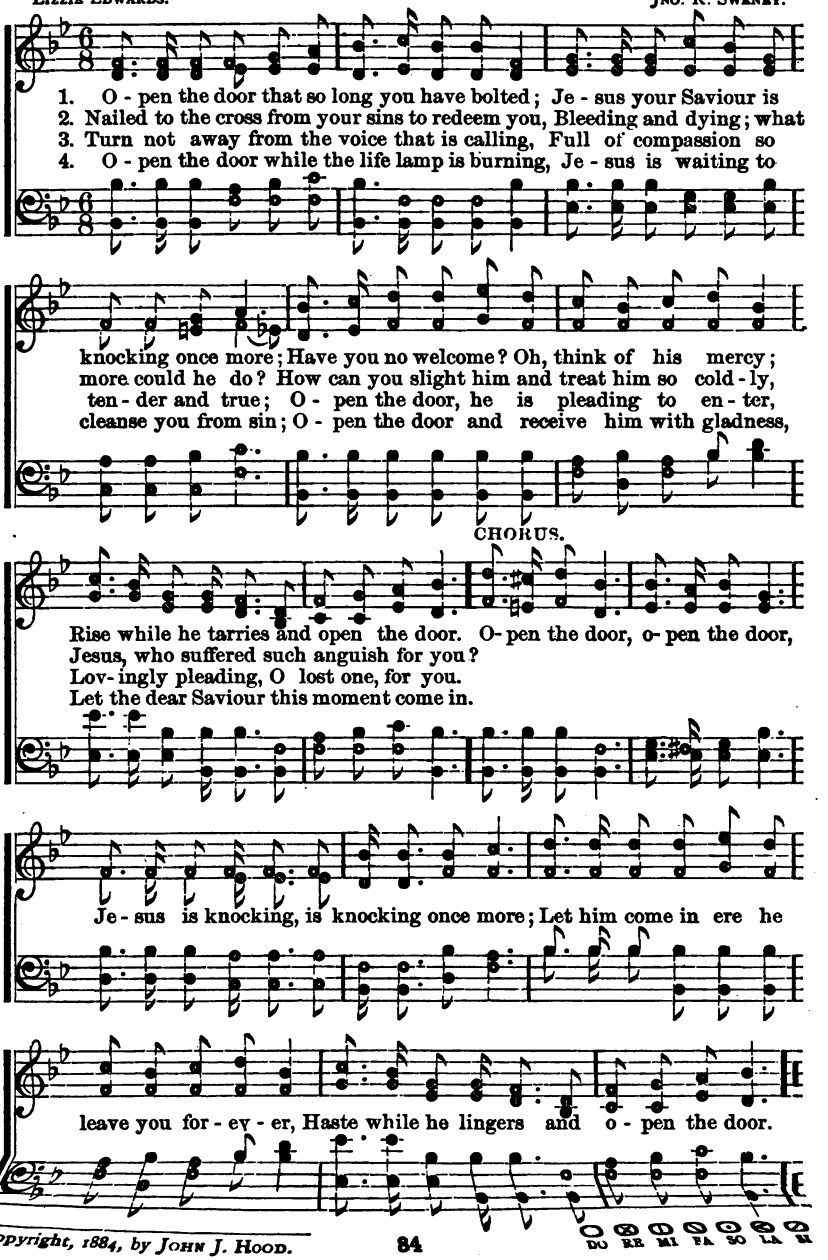
Jesus Knocking.

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. O - pen the door that so long you have bolted; Je - sus your Saviour is
2. Nailed to the cross from your sins to redeem you, Bleeding and dying; what
3. Turn not away from the voice that is calling, Full of compassion so
4. O - pen the door while the life lamp is burning, Je - sus is waiting to
knocking once more; Have you no welcome? Oh, think of his mercy;
more could he do? How can you slight him and treat him so cold - ly,
ten - der and true; O - pen the door, he is pleading to en - ter,
cleanse you from sin; O - pen the door and receive him with gladness,
CHORUS.
Rise while he tarries and open the door. O- pen the door, o- pen the door,
Jesus, who suffered such anguish for you?
Lov- ingly pleading, O lost one, for you.
Let the dear Saviour this moment come in.
Je - sus is knocking, is knocking once more; Let him come in ere he
leave you for - ev - er, Haste while he lingers and o - pen the door.
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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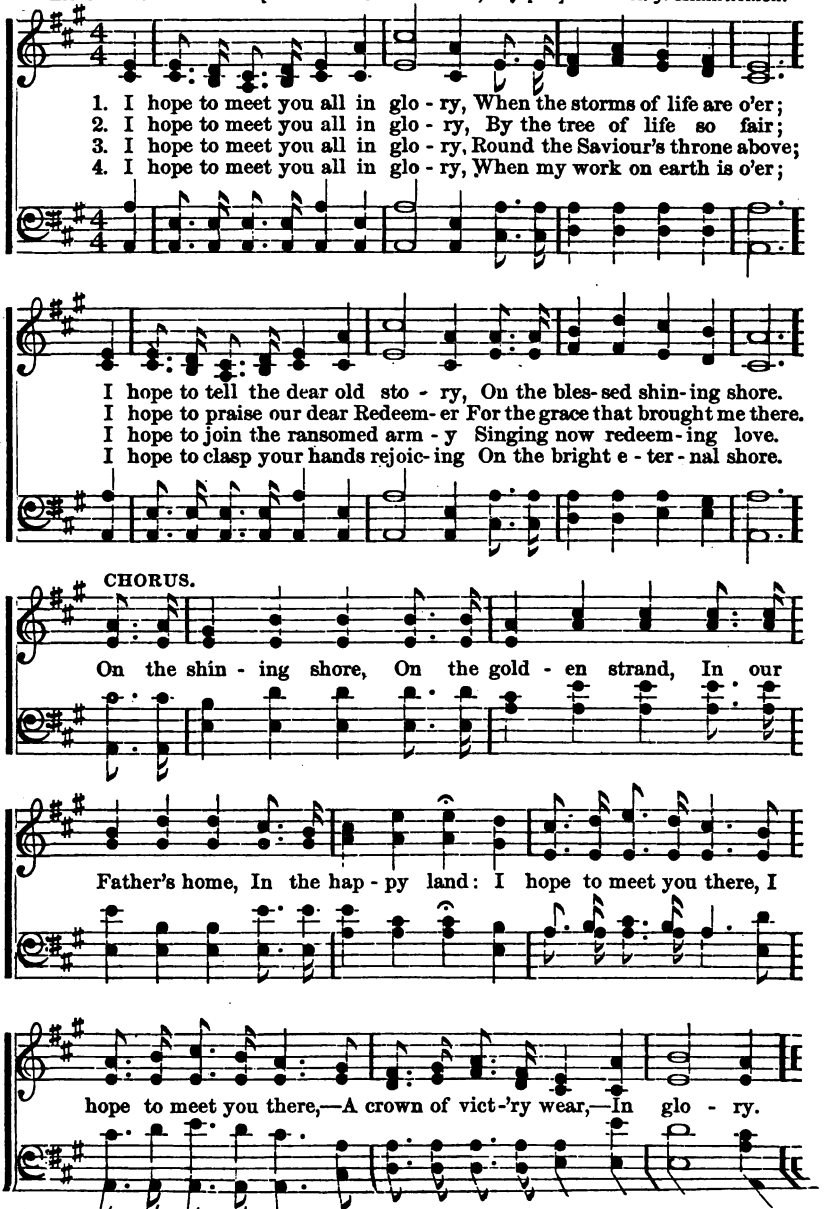
82 I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

EMMA PITT. [From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.] WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;
3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Saviour's throne above;
4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;
I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bles-sed shin-ing shore.
I hope to praise our dear Redeem-er For the grace that brought me there.
I hope to join the ransomed arm - y Singing now redeem-ing love.
I hope to clasp your hands rejoic-ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.
CHORUS.
On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our
Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I
hope to meet you there,—A crown of vict-'ry wear,—In glo - ry.

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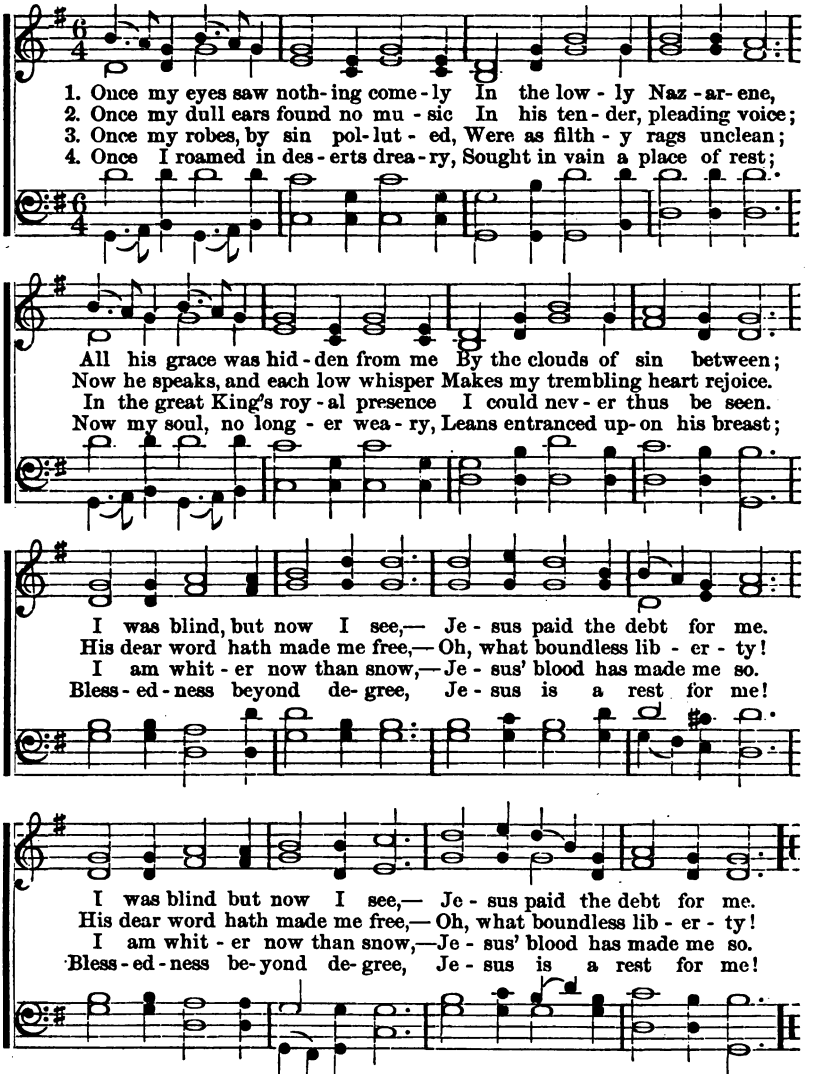
83 Jesus Did It.

"BEULAH." "I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—Ps. lxvi. 16. GRACE WEISER.


1. Once my eyes saw noth-ing come-ly In the low-ly Naz-ar-ene,
2. Once my dull ears found no mu-sic In his ten-der, pleading voice;
3. Once my robes, by sin pol-lut-ed, Were as filth-y rags unclean;
4. Once I roamed in des-erts drea-ry, Sought in vain a place of rest;
All his grace was hid-den from me By the clouds of sin between;
Now he speaks, and each low whisper Makes my trembling heart rejoice.
In the great King's roy-al presence I could nev-er thus be seen.
Now my soul, no long-er wea-ry, Leans entranced up-on his breast;
I was blind, but now I see,— Je-sus paid the debt for me.
His dear word hath made me free,— Oh, what boundless lib-er-ty!
I am whit-er now than snow,— Je-sus' blood has made me so.
Bless-ed-ness beyond de-gree, Je-sus is a rest for me!
I was blind but now I see,— Je-sus paid the debt for me.
His dear word hath made me free,— Oh, what boundless lib-er-ty!
I am whit-er now than snow,—Je-sus' blood has made me so.
Bless-ed-ness be-yond de-gree, Je-sus is a rest for me!

5 Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
Half his love was never told;
I have found his kingly favor
Richer treasure far than gold.
//: Praise him, O my ransomed soul,
While eternal ages roll. :||

6 Oh, that all who hear the story
For themselves would taste and see;
Come to him; his banner o'er thee
Everlasting love shall be.
||: To thy weary soul he given
Rest on earth and rest in heaven. :||

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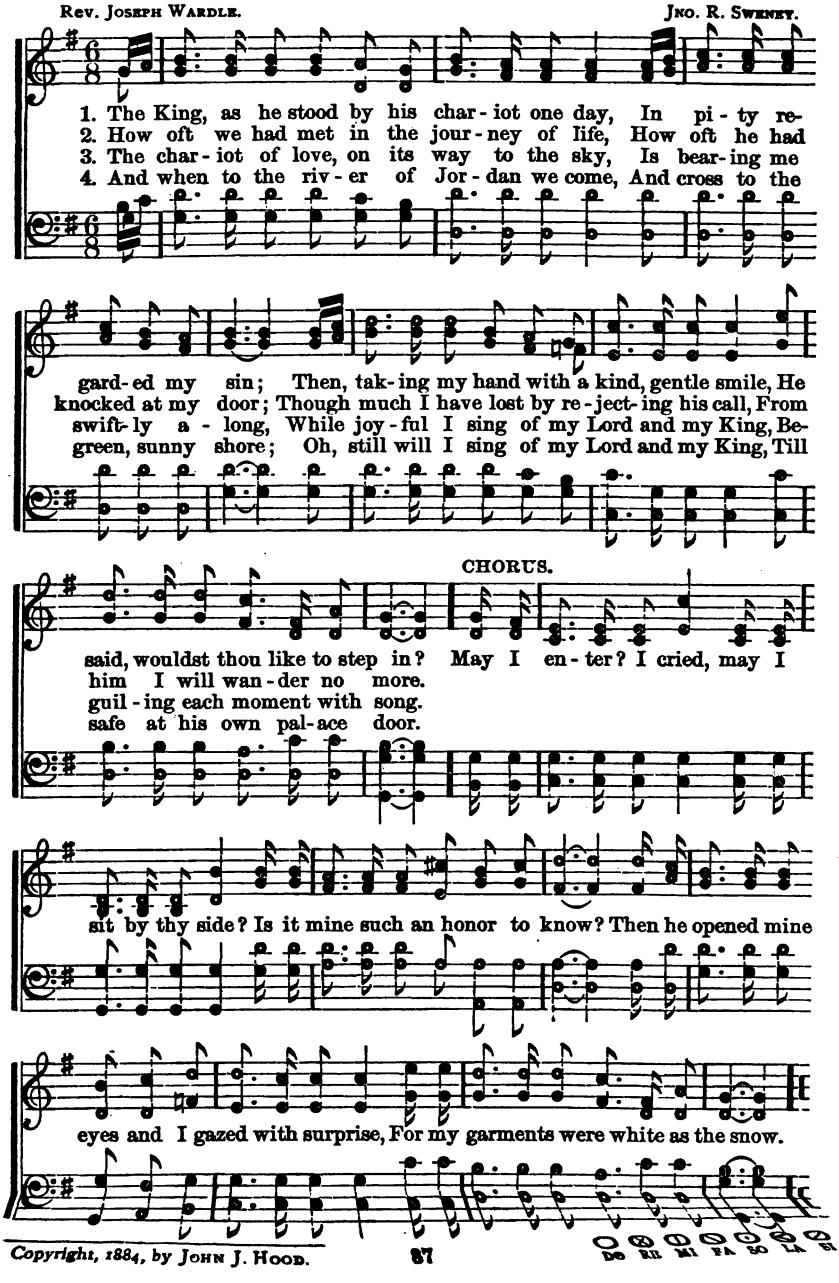
Chariot of Love.

Rev. Joseph Wardle. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. The King, as he stood by his char-iot one day, In pi-ty re-
2. How oft we had met in the jour-ney of life, How oft he had
3. The char-iot of love, on its way to the sky, Is bear-ing me
4. And when to the riv-er of Jor-dan we come, And cross to the
gard-ed my sin; Then, tak-ing my hand with a kind, gentle smile, He
knocked at my door; Though much I have lost by re-ject-ing his call, From
swift-ly a-long, While joy-ful I sing of my Lord and my King, Be-
green, sunny shore; Oh, still will I sing of my Lord and my King, Till
CHORUS.
said, wouldst thou like to step in? May I en-ter? I cried, may I
him I will wan-der no more.
guil-ing each moment with song.
safe at his own pal-ace door.
sit by thy side? Is it mine such an honor to know? Then he opened mine
eyes and I gazed with surprise, For my garments were white as the snow.

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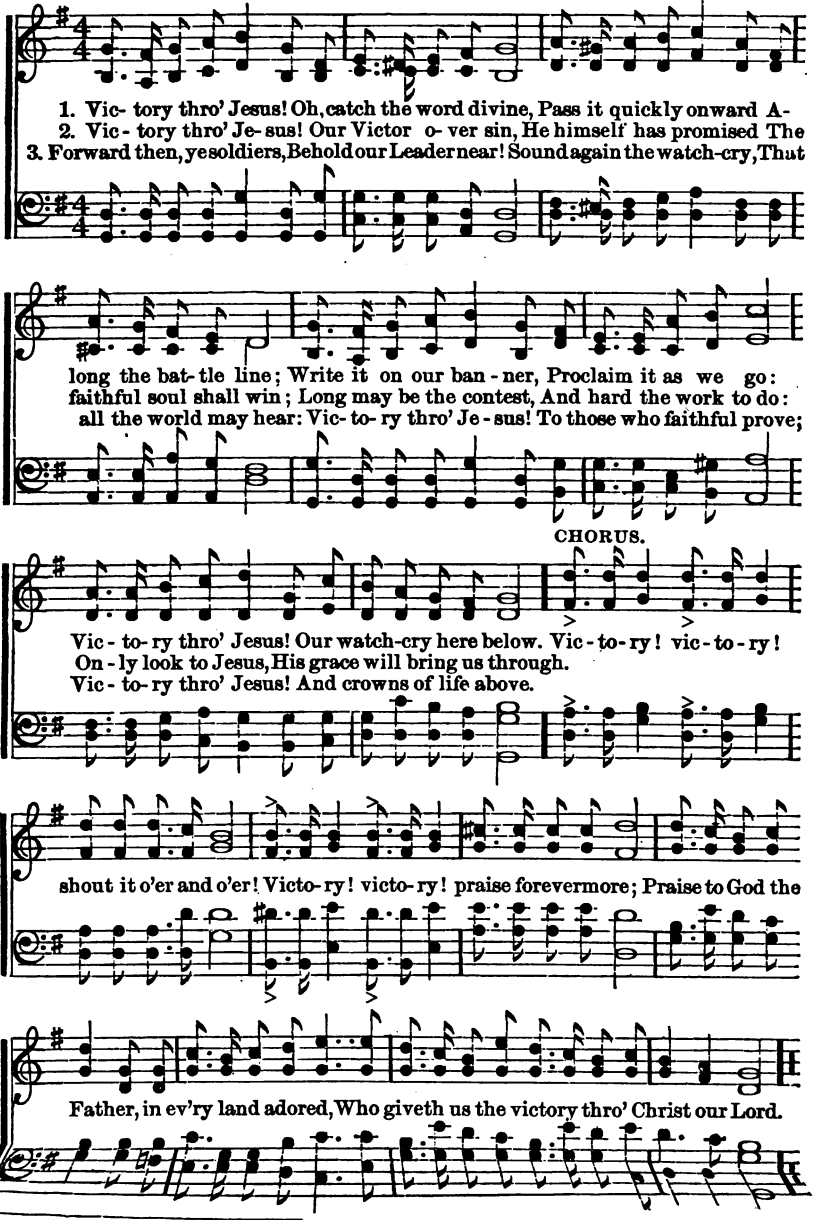
85 Victory Through Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Vic- tory thro' Jesus! Oh, catch the word divine, Pass it quickly onward A-
2. Vic- tory thro' Je- sus! Our Victor o- ver sin, He himself has promised The
3. Forward then, ye soldiers, Behold our Leader near! Sound again the watch-cry, That
long the bat- tle line; Write it on our ban- ner, Proclaim it as we go:
faithful soul shall win; Long may be the contest, And hard the work to do:
all the world may hear: Vic- to- ry thro' Je- sus! To those who faithful prove;
CHORUS.
Vic- to- ry thro' Jesus! Our watch-cry here below. Vic- to- ry! vic- to- ry!
On- ly look to Jesus, His grace will bring us through.
Vic- to- ry thro' Jesus! And crowns of life above.
shout it o'er and o'er! Victo- ry! victo- ry! praise forevermore; Praise to God the
Father, in ev'ry land adored, Who giveth us the victory thro' Christ our Lord.

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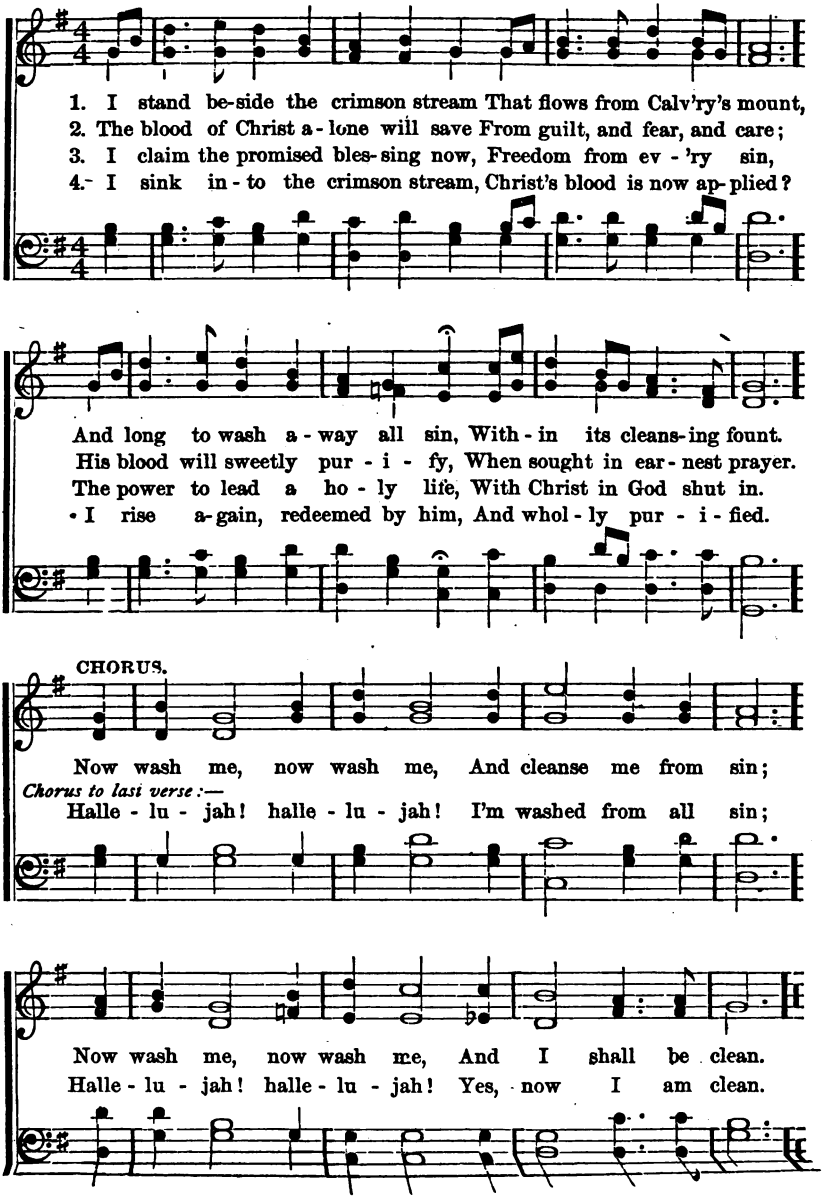
The Crimson Stream.

Rev. W. J Stevenson. S. B. Ellenberger.

1. I stand be-side the crimson stream That flows from Calv'ry's mount,
2. The blood of Christ a-lone will save From guilt, and fear, and care;
3. I claim the promised bles-sing now, Freedom from ev-'ry sin,
4. I sink in-to the crimson stream, Christ's blood is now ap-plied?
And long to wash a-way all sin, With-in its cleans-ing fount.
His blood will sweetly pur-i-fy, When sought in ear-nest prayer.
The power to lead a ho-ly life, With Christ in God shut in.
I rise a-gain, redeemed by him, And whol-ly pur-i-fied.
CHORUS.
Now wash me, now wash me, And cleanse me from sin;
Chorus to last verse:—
Halle-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! I'm washed from all sin;
Now wash me, now wash me, And I shall be clean.
Halle-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! Yes, now I am clean.

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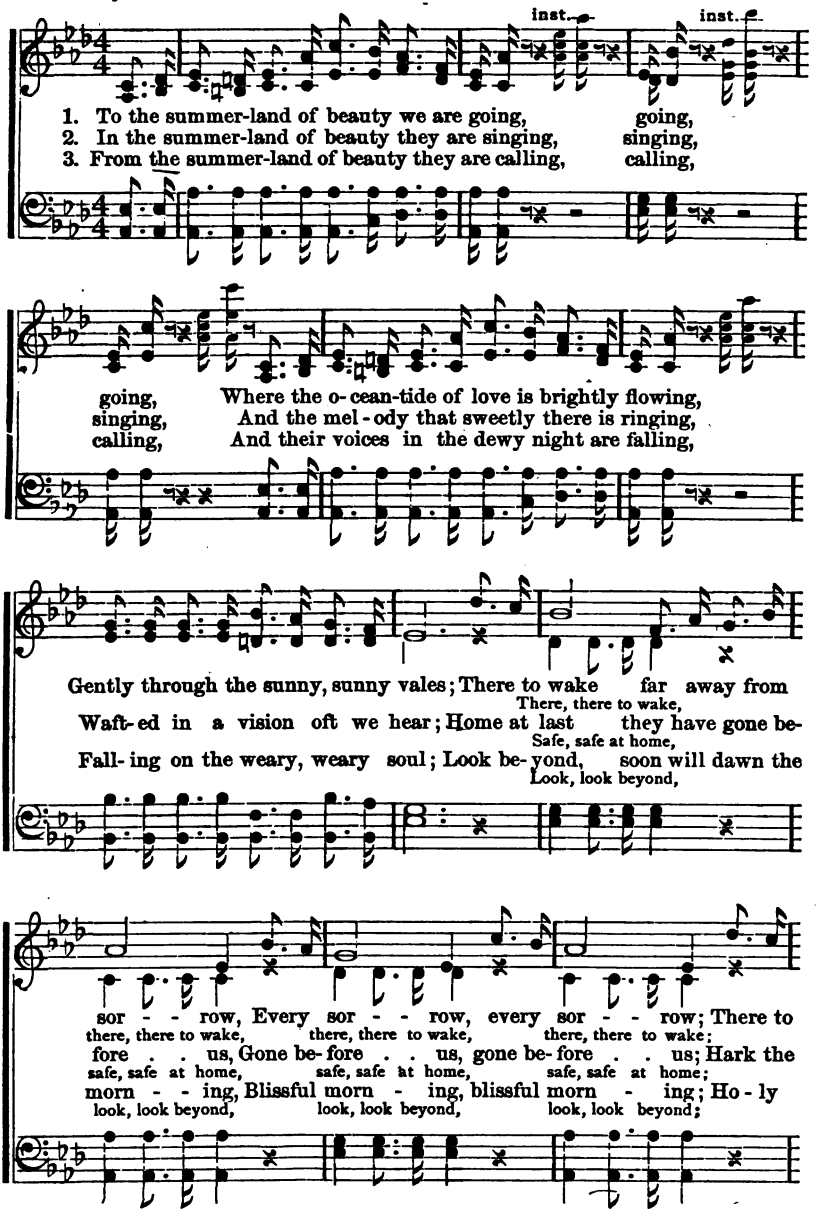
87

The Summer Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ADAM GEIBEL.

inst.
inst.
1. To the summer-land of beauty we are going, going,
2. In the summer-land of beauty they are singing, singing,
3. From the summer-land of beauty they are calling, calling,
going, Where the o-cean-tide of love is brightly flowing,
singing, And the mel-ody that sweetly there is ringing,
calling, And their voices in the dewy night are falling,
Gently through the sunny, sunny vales; There to wake far away from
There, there to wake,
Waft-ed in a vision oft we hear; Home at last they have gone be-
Safe, safe at home,
Fall-ing on the weary, weary soul; Look be-yond, soon will dawn the
Look, look beyond,
sor - - row, Every sor - - row, every sor - - row; There to
there, there to wake, there, there to wake, there, there to wake;
fore . . us, Gone be-fore . . us, gone be-fore . . us; Hark the
safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home;
morn - - ing, Blissful morn - ing, blissful morn - ing; Ho-ly
look, look beyond, look, look beyond, look, look beyond;

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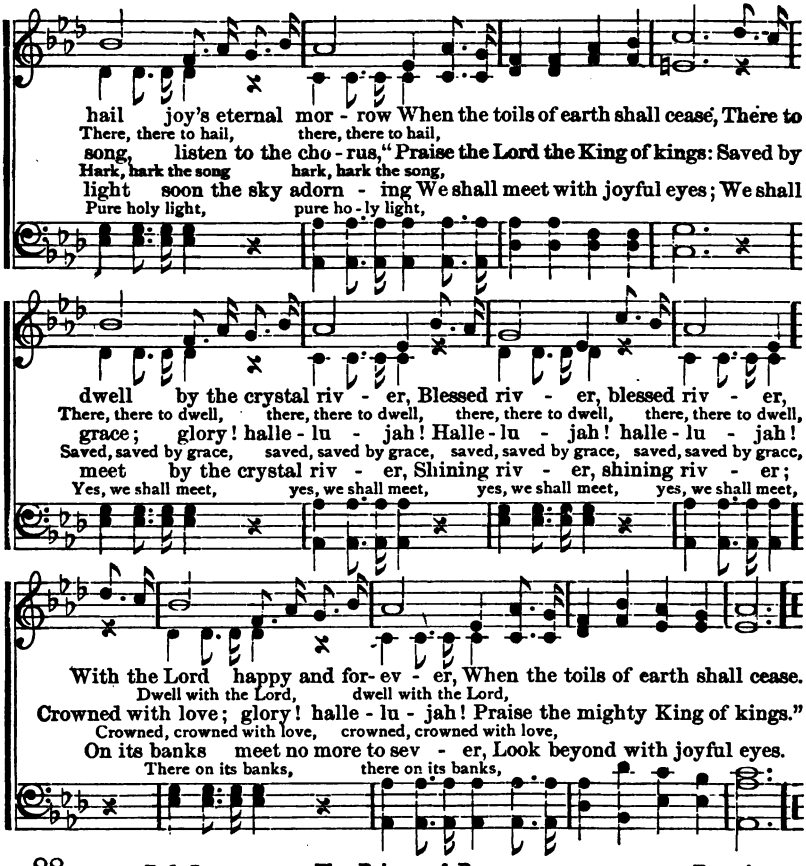
The Summer Land.—CONCLUDED.

hail joy's eternal mor - row When the toils of earth shall cease, There to
There, there to hail, there, there to hail,
song, listen to the cho - rus," Praise the Lord the King of kings: Saved by
Hark, hark the song hark, hark the song,
light soon the sky adorn - ing We shall meet with joyful eyes; We shall
Pure holy light, pure ho - ly light,
dwell by the crystal riv - er, Blessed riv - er, blessed riv - er,
There, there to dwell, there, there to dwell, there, there to dwell, there, there to dwell,
grace; glory! halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! halle - lu - jah!
Saved, saved by grace, saved, saved by grace, saved, saved by grace, saved, saved by grace,
meet by the crystal riv - er, Shining riv - er, shining riv - er;
Yes, we shall meet, yes, we shall meet, yes, we shall meet, yes, we shall meet,
With the Lord happy and for- ev - er, When the toils of earth shall cease.
Dwell with the Lord, dwell with the Lord,
Crowned with love; glory! halle - lu - jah! Praise the mighty King of kings."
Crowned, crowned with love, crowned, crowned with love,
On its banks meet no more to sev - er, Look beyond with joyful eyes.
There on its banks, there on its banks,

88 F. J. C. **The Prince of Peace.** Tune above.

1 'Twas a night of long ago when all were sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, [keeping,
When the lonely silent stars a watch were
Softly o'er the dreaming, dreaming earth;
Floods of light bursting forth in glory,
(Pure floods of light, pure floods of light, etc ,)
Brightest glory, brightest glory,
Harp and voice told the joyful story
(Sweet harp and voice, sweet harp and voice,)
Of his birth the Prince of Peace.

Cho.—He has come; hail the lovely stranger,
(Yes, he has come, yes, he has come, etc.,)
Lovely stranger, lovely stranger;
Lo, the babe cradled in a manger
(O blessed babe, O blessed babe,)
Is the King and Prince of Peace.

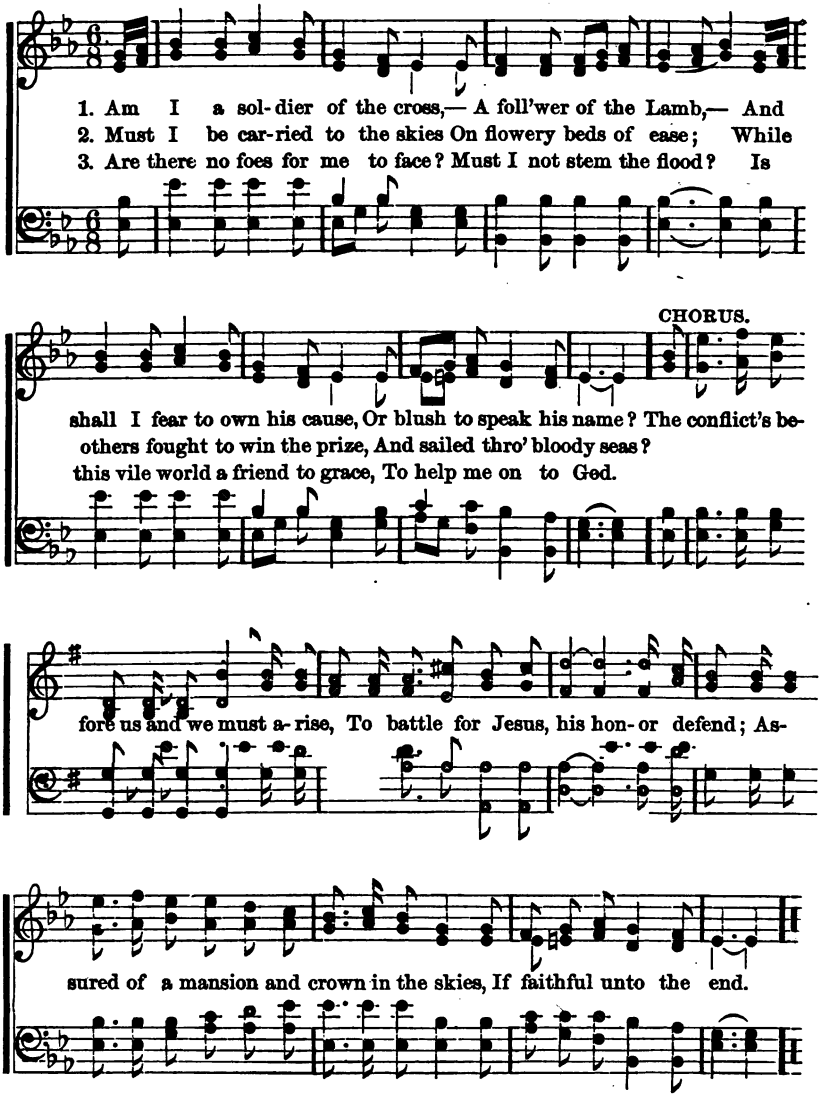
2 See the rosy blushing morn again is breaking, breaking, breaking,
And the melody of song again is waking
Music in the hearts of all to day;
Praise the Lord, come with happy voices,
(Praise, praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord,)
Happy voices, happy voices,
Praise the Lord, how the world rejoices,
(Praise, praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord,)
At his birth the Prince of Peace.

3 Hark the merry silver bells are sweetly ringing, ringing, ringing,
And the multitude of angels now are singing
Glory in the highest evermore;
Sing aloud, glory! hallelujah!
(Sing, sing aloud, sing. sing aloud, etc.,)
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Sing aloud, glory! hallelujah!
(Sing, sing aloud, sing, sing aloud,)
At his birth the Prince of Peace.

89

Soldiers of the Cross.

I. Watts. T. C. O'Kane.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross,— A foll'wer of the Lamb,— And
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease; While
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is
CHORUS.
shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? The conflict's be-
others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God.
fore us and we must a-rise, To battle for Jesus, his hon-or defend; As-
sured of a mansion and crown in the skies, If faithful unto the end.

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

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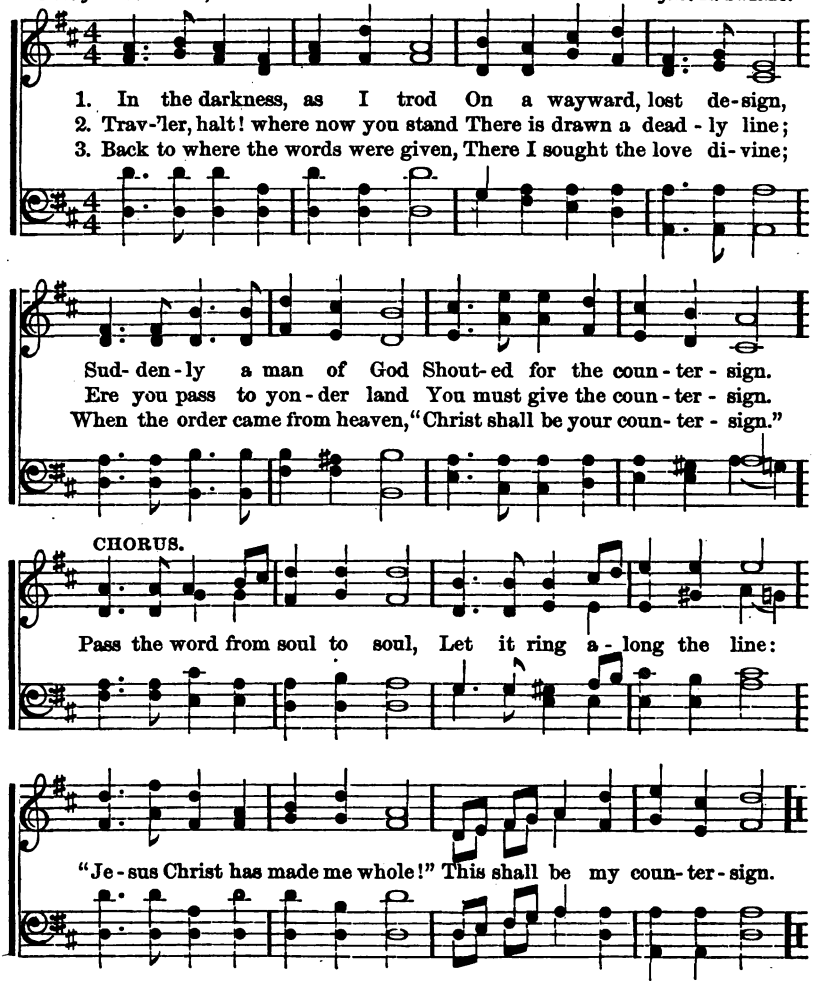
The Countersign.

NOTE.—George H. Stuart, Pres. U. S. Christian Commission, coming from a battle-field, was halted by a picket-guard and ordered to give the countersign. Giving the wrong word he was compelled to return to headquarters. Coming back, and giving the correct word, the guard shouted, "All right, pass on!" Mr. Stuart then asked, "Sentinel, have you *the* countersign?" "Yes." "What is it?" "The blood of Jesus."

REV. JNO. O. FOSTER, A. M. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the darkness, as I trod On a wayward, lost de-sign,
2. Trav-'ler, halt! where now you stand There is drawn a dead-ly line;
3. Back to where the words were given, There I sought the love di-vine;
Sud-den-ly a man of God Shout-ed for the coun-ter-sign.
Ere you pass to yon-der land You must give the coun-ter-sign.
When the order came from heaven, "Christ shall be your coun-ter-sign."
CHORUS.
Pass the word from soul to soul, Let it ring a-long the line:
"Je-sus Christ has made me whole!" This shall be my coun-ter-sign.

4 Sentinel, have you the word
Given from thy God to thee?
Yes, I know the blessed Lord,
"*Th'-blood of* Jesus" cleanseth me.

5 Guards will not arrest me now,
Nothing's wrong within the line;
Heaven's light is on my brow,—
Christ withing the countersign.

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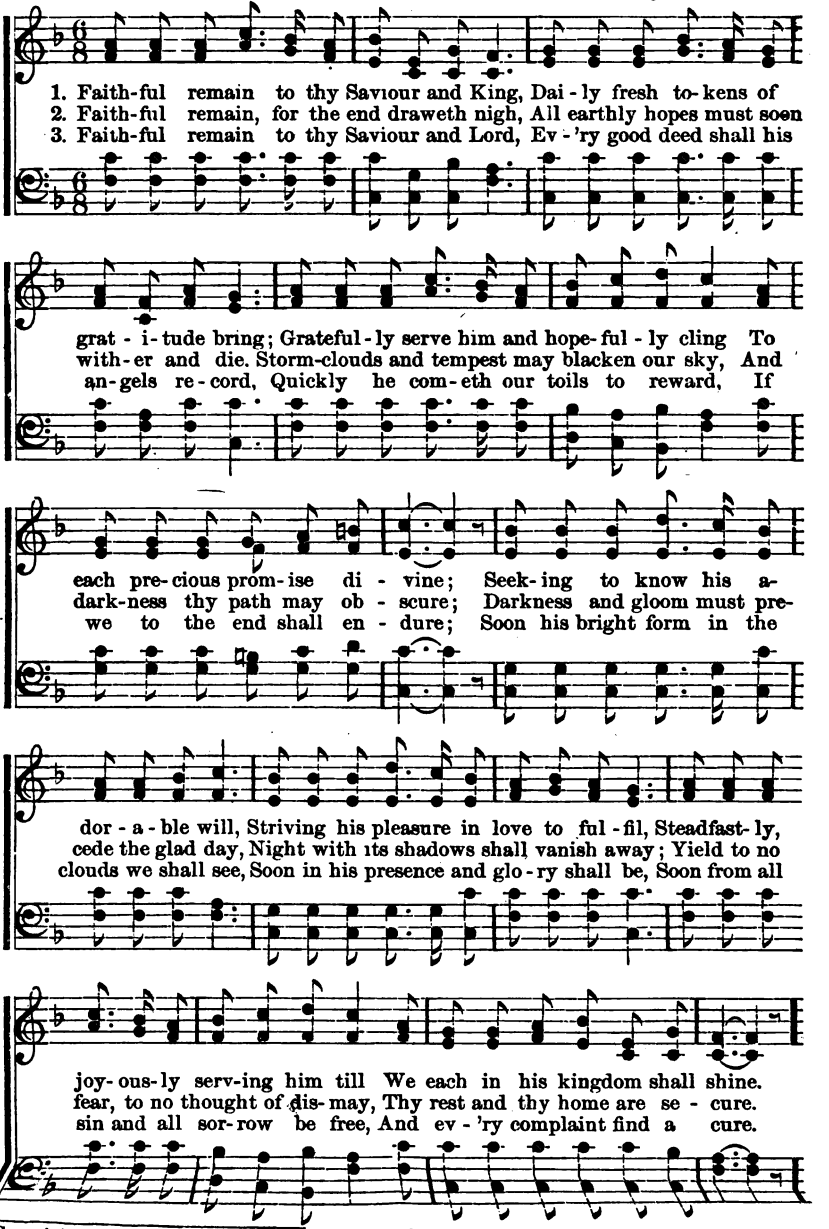
91

Faithful Remain.

Rev C W Ray, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Faith-ful remain to thy Saviour and King, Dai-ly fresh to-kens of
2. Faith-ful remain, for the end draweth nigh, All earthly hopes must soon
3. Faith-ful remain to thy Saviour and Lord, Ev-'ry good deed shall his
grat-i-tude bring; Grateful-ly serve him and hope-ful-ly cling To
with-er and die. Storm-clouds and tempest may blacken our sky, And
an-gels re-cord, Quickly he com-eth our toils to reward, If
each pre-cious prom-ise di-vine; Seek-ing to know his a-
dark-ness thy path may ob-scure; Darkness and gloom must pre-
we to the end shall en-dure; Soon his bright form in the
dor-a-ble will, Striving his pleasure in love to ful-fil, Steadfast-ly,
cede the glad day, Night with its shadows shall vanish away; Yield to no
clouds we shall see, Soon in his presence and glo-ry shall be, Soon from all
joy-ous-ly serv-ing him till We each in his kingdom shall shine.
fear, to no thought of dis-may, Thy rest and thy home are se-cure.
sin and all sor-row be free, And ev-'ry complaint find a cure.

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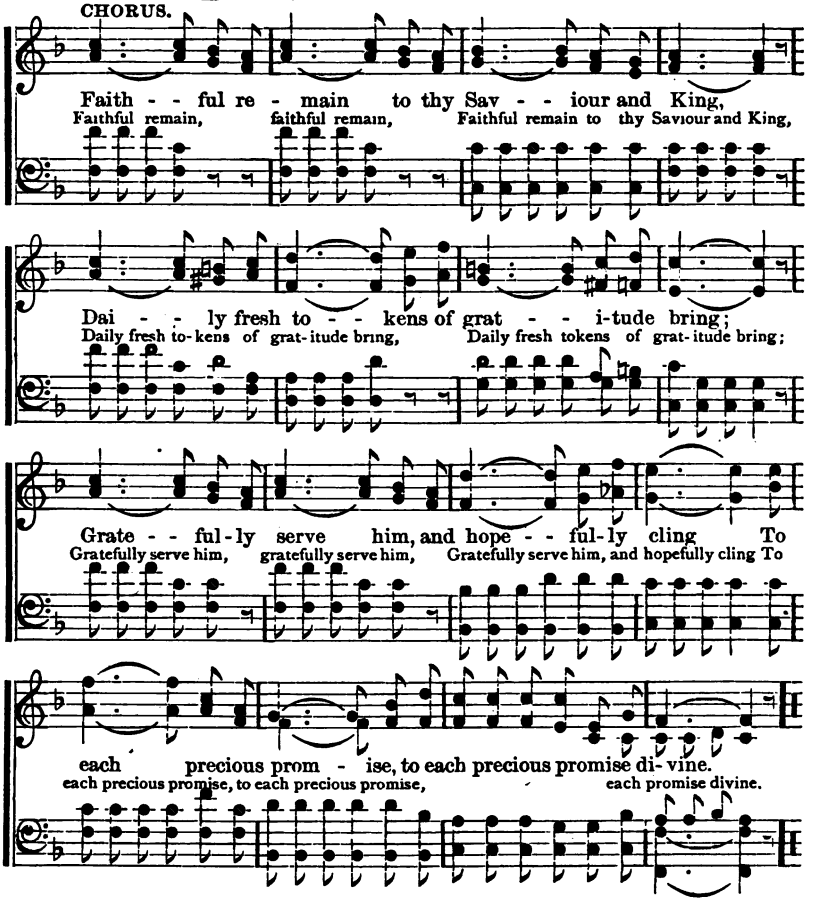
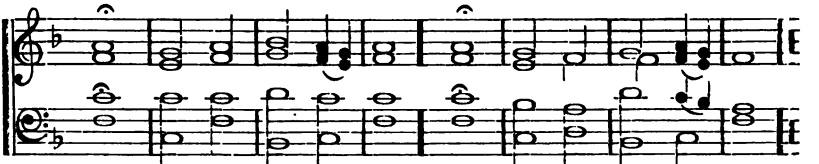
Faithful Remain.—CONCLUDED.

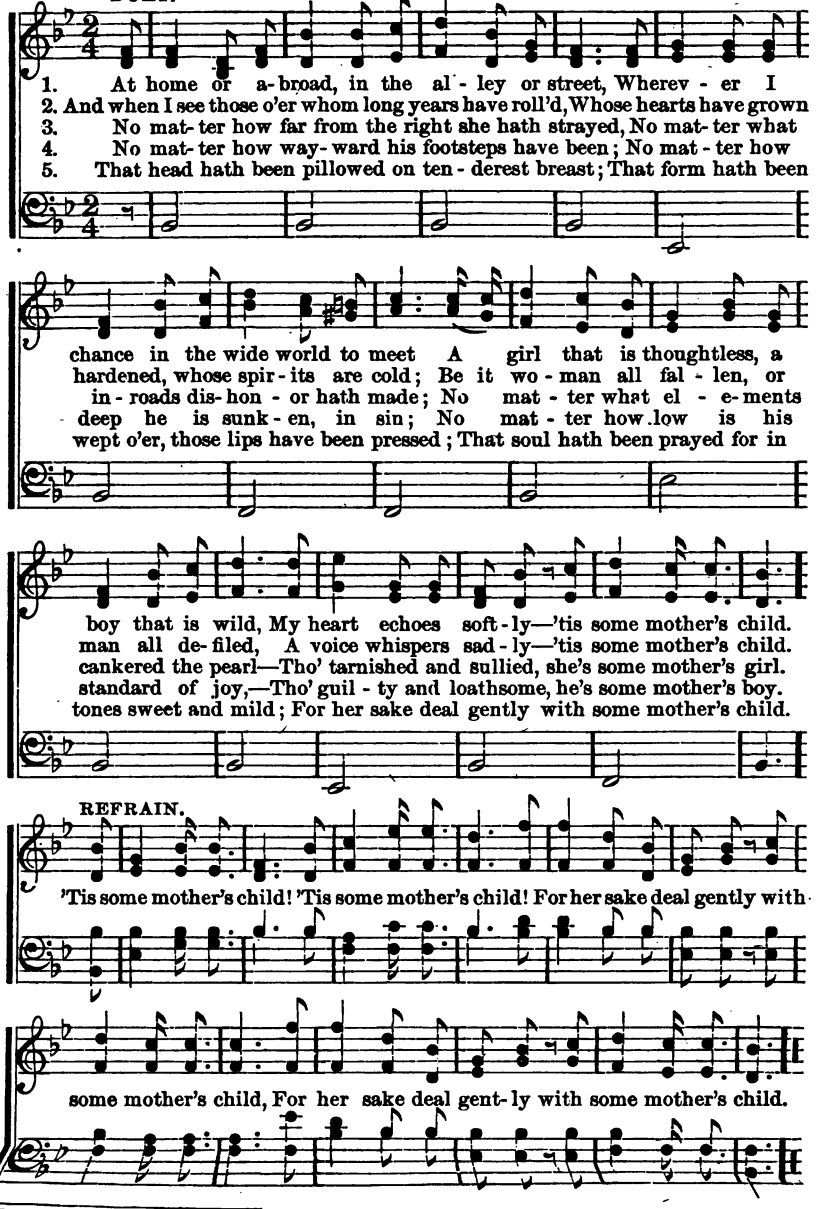
CHORUS.

Faith - - ful re - main to thy Sav - - iour and King,
Faithful remain, faithful remain, Faithful remain to thy Saviour and King,
Dai - - ly fresh to - - kens of grat - - i-tude bring;
Daily fresh to-kens of grat-itude bring, Daily fresh tokens of grat-itude bring;
Grate - - ful-ly serve him, and hope - - ful-ly cling To
Gratefully serve him, gratefully serve him, Gratefully serve him, and hopefully cling To
each precious prom - ise, to each precious promise di-vine.
each precious promise, to each precious promise, each promise divine.

92 Matt. vi. **The Lord's Prayer.** GREGORIAN.

Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; ‖ Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done on | earth, : as it | is in | heaven;
Give us this | day our | daily | bread; ‖ And forgive us our debts, as | we for- |
give our | debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but de- \ liver \ us from \ evil; ‖ For thine is
the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- \ ever. \ A- \ men.

93 'Tis Some Mother's Child.

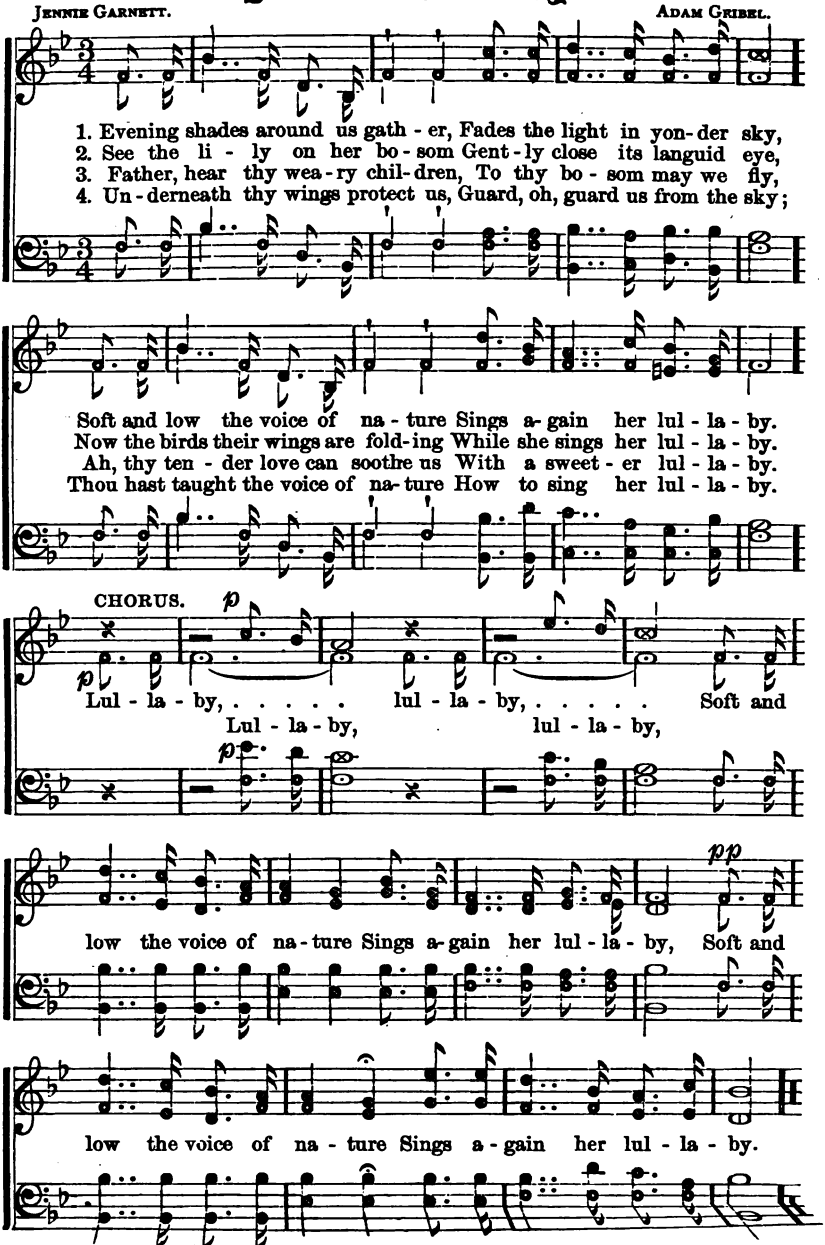
FRANCIS L. KEELER. I. BALTZELL.

DUET.


1. At home or a-broad, in the al - ley or street, Wherev - er I
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown
3. No mat- ter how far from the right she hath strayed, No mat- ter what
4. No mat- ter how way- ward his footsteps have been; No mat - ter how
5. That head hath been pillowed on ten - derest breast; That form hath been
chance in the wide world to meet A girl that is thoughtless, a
hardened, whose spir - its are cold; Be it wo - man all fal - len, or
in - roads dis- hon - or hath made; No mat - ter what el - e- ments
deep he is sunk - en, in sin; No mat - ter how low is his
wept o'er, those lips have been pressed; That soul hath been prayed for in
boy that is wild, My heart echoes soft - ly—'tis some mother's child.
man all de- filed, A voice whispers sad - ly—'tis some mother's child.
cankered the pearl—Tho' tarnished and sullied, she's some mother's girl.
standard of joy,—Tho' guil - ty and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.
tones sweet and mild; For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.
REFRAIN.
'Tis some mother's child! 'Tis some mother's child! For her sake deal gently with
some mother's child, For her sake deal gent- ly with some mother's child.

From "Holy Voices," by per.

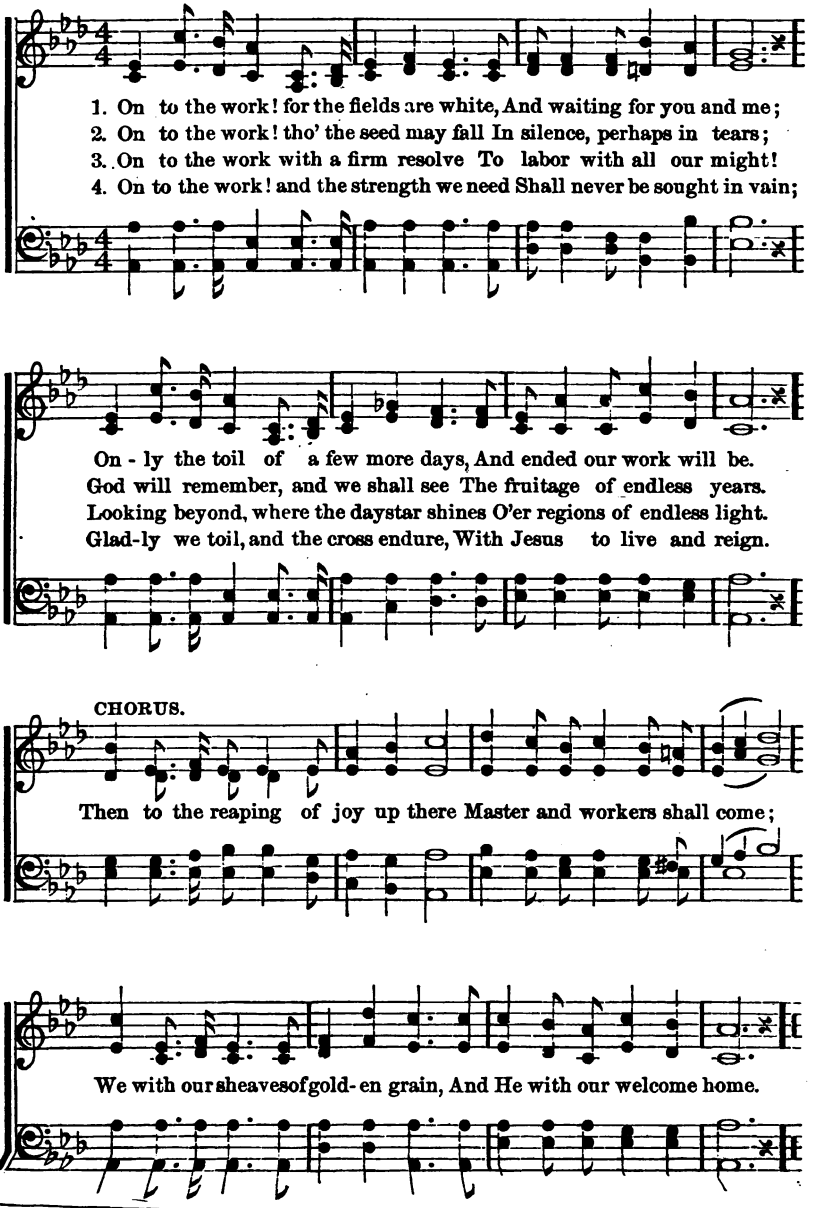
Nature's Lullaby.

JENNIE GARNETT. ADAM GRIBEL.

1. Evening shades around us gath - er, Fades the light in yon-der sky,
2. See the li - ly on her bo - som Gent - ly close its languid eye,
3. Father, hear thy wea - ry chil-dren, To thy bo - som may we fly,
4. Un - derneath thy wings protect us, Guard, oh, guard us from the sky;
Soft and low the voice of na - ture Sings a-gain her lul - la - by.
Now the birds their wings are fold-ing While she sings her lul - la - by.
Ah, thy ten - der love can soothe us With a sweet - er lul - la - by.
Thou hast taught the voice of na-ture How to sing her lul - la - by.
CHORUS.
Lul - la - by, ... lul - la - by, ... Soft and
Lul - la - by, lul - la - by,
low the voice of na - ture Sings a-gain her lul - la - by, Soft and
low the voice of na - ture Sings a - gain her lul - la - by.

From "The Pleasant Hour," by per. of JOHN J. HOOD, Publisher, Phila., Pa.

On to the Work.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. On to the work! for the fields are white, And waiting for you and me;
2. On to the work! tho' the seed may fall In silence, perhaps in tears;
3. On to the work with a firm resolve To labor with all our might!
4. On to the work! and the strength we need Shall never be sought in vain;
On - ly the toil of a few more days, And ended our work will be.
God will remember, and we shall see The fruitage of endless years.
Looking beyond, where the daystar shines O'er regions of endless light.
Glad-ly we toil, and the cross endure, With Jesus to live and reign.
CHORUS.
Then to the reaping of joy up there Master and workers shall come;
We with our sheaves of gold- en grain, And He with our welcome home.

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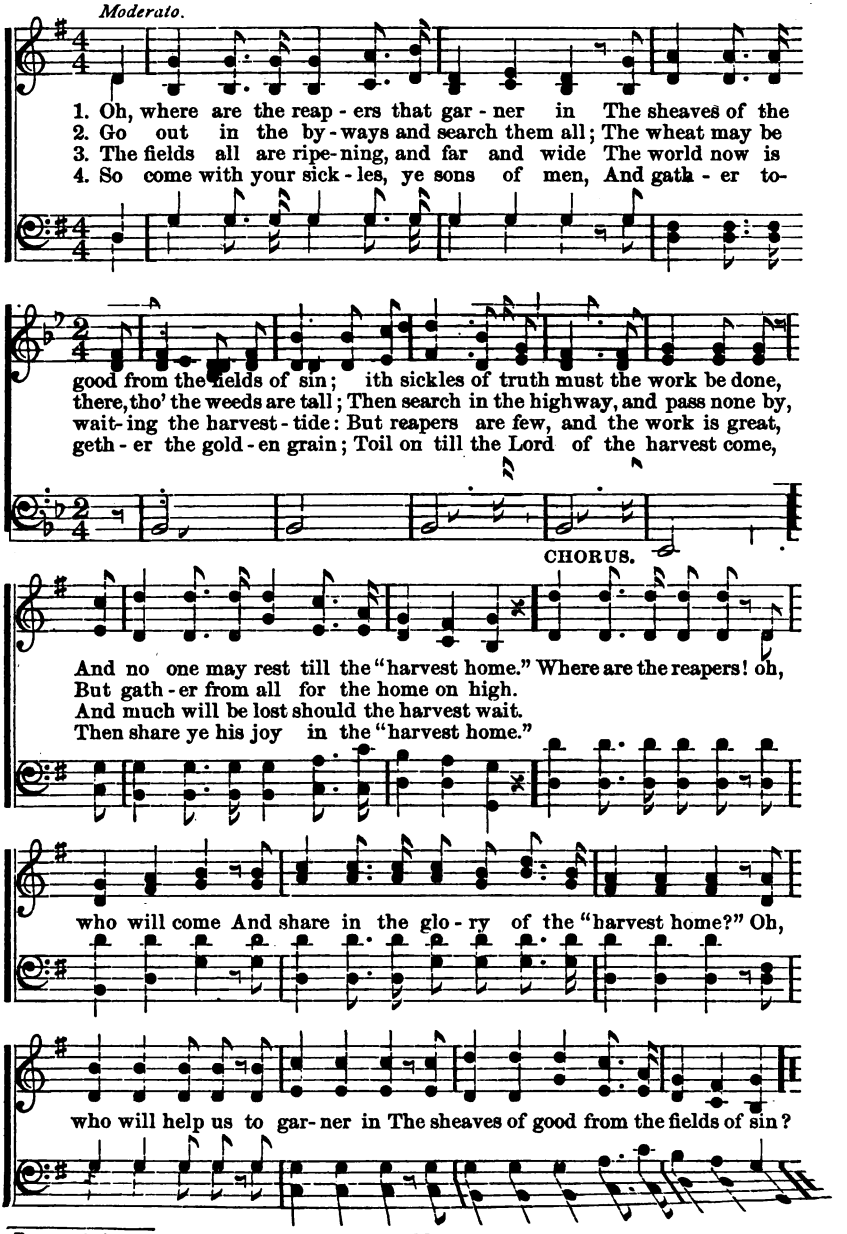
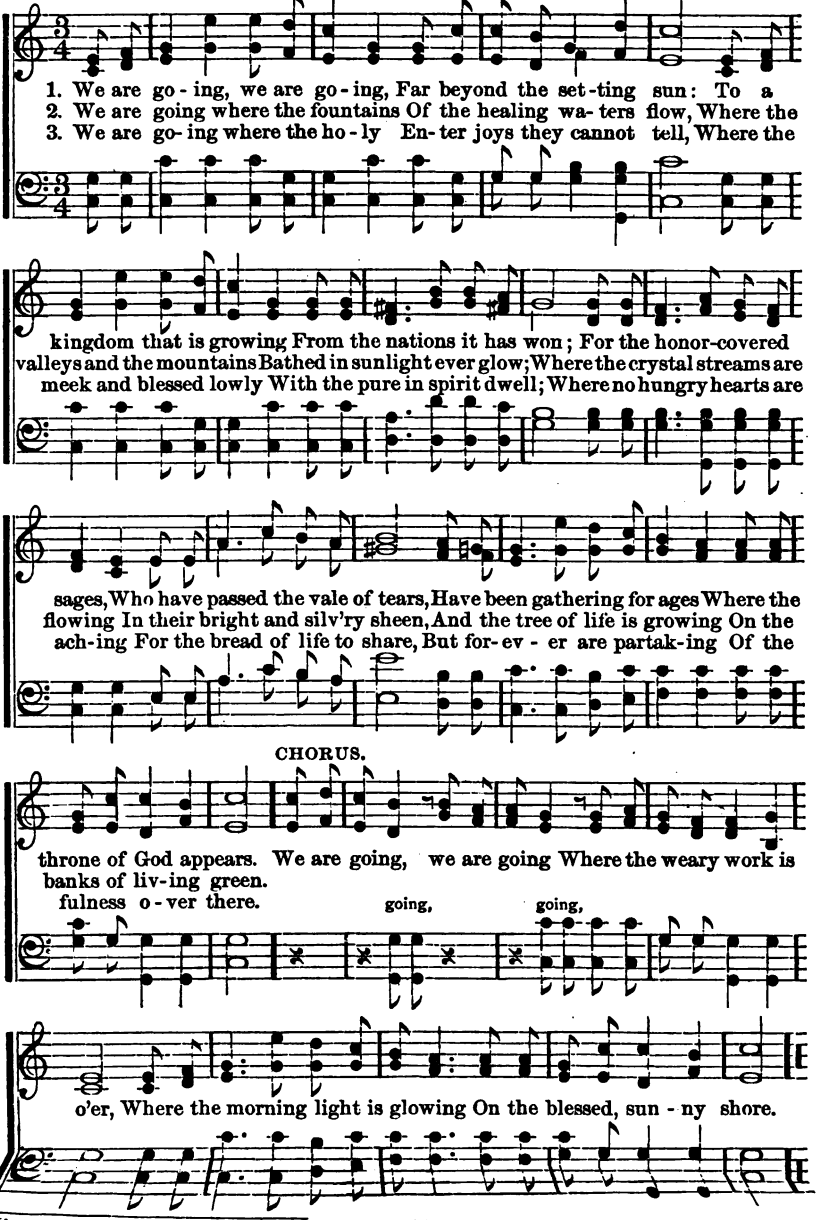
Oh, Where are the Reapers?

EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. Oh, where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the
2. Go out in the by - ways and search them all; The wheat may be
3. The fields all are ripe - ning, and far and wide The world now is
4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to-
good from the fields of sin; ith sickles of truth must the work be done,
there, tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
wait - ing the harvest - tide: But reapers are few, and the work is great,
geth - er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
CHORUS.
And no one may rest till the "harvest home." Where are the reapers! oh,
But gath - er from all for the home on high.
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Then share ye his joy in the "harvest home."
who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home?" Oh,
who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

By permission.

We are Going.

Rev. Jno. O. Foster, A. M. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. We are go - ing, we are go - ing, Far beyond the set-ting sun: To a
2. We are going where the fountains Of the healing wa- ters flow, Where the
3. We are go- ing where the ho - ly En- ter joys they cannot tell, Where the
kingdom that is growing From the nations it has won; For the honor-covered
valleys and the mountains Bathed in sunlight ever glow; Where the crystal streams are
meek and blessed lowly With the pure in spirit dwell; Where no hungry hearts are
sages, Who have passed the vale of tears, Have been gathering for ages Where the
flowing In their bright and silv'ry sheen, And the tree of life is growing On the
ach-ing For the bread of life to share, But for- ev - er are partak-ing Of the
CHORUS.
throne of God appears. We are going, we are going Where the weary work is
banks of liv-ing green.
fulness o - ver there.
going,
going,
o'er, Where the morning light is glowing On the blessed, sun - ny shore.

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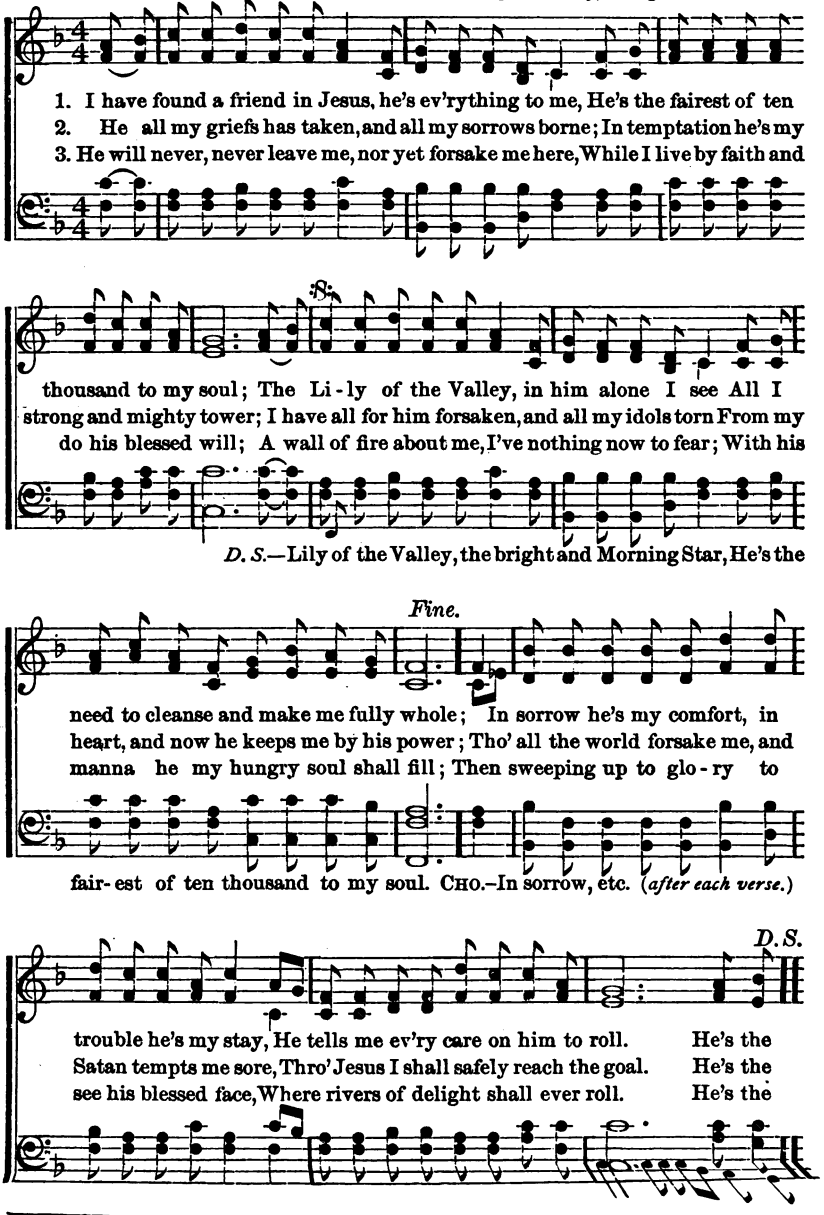
The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody, arranged for this work.


1. I have found a friend in Jesus, he's ev'rything to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my
3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and
thousand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Valley, in him alone I see All I
strong and mighty tower; I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn From my
do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With his
D. S.—Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the
Fine.
need to cleanse and make me fully whole; In sorrow he's my comfort, in
heart, and now he keeps me by his power; Tho' all the world forsake me, and
manna he my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry to
fair-est of ten thousand to my soul. CHO.–In sorrow, etc. (after each verse.)
D.S.
trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the
Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the
see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ever roll. He's the

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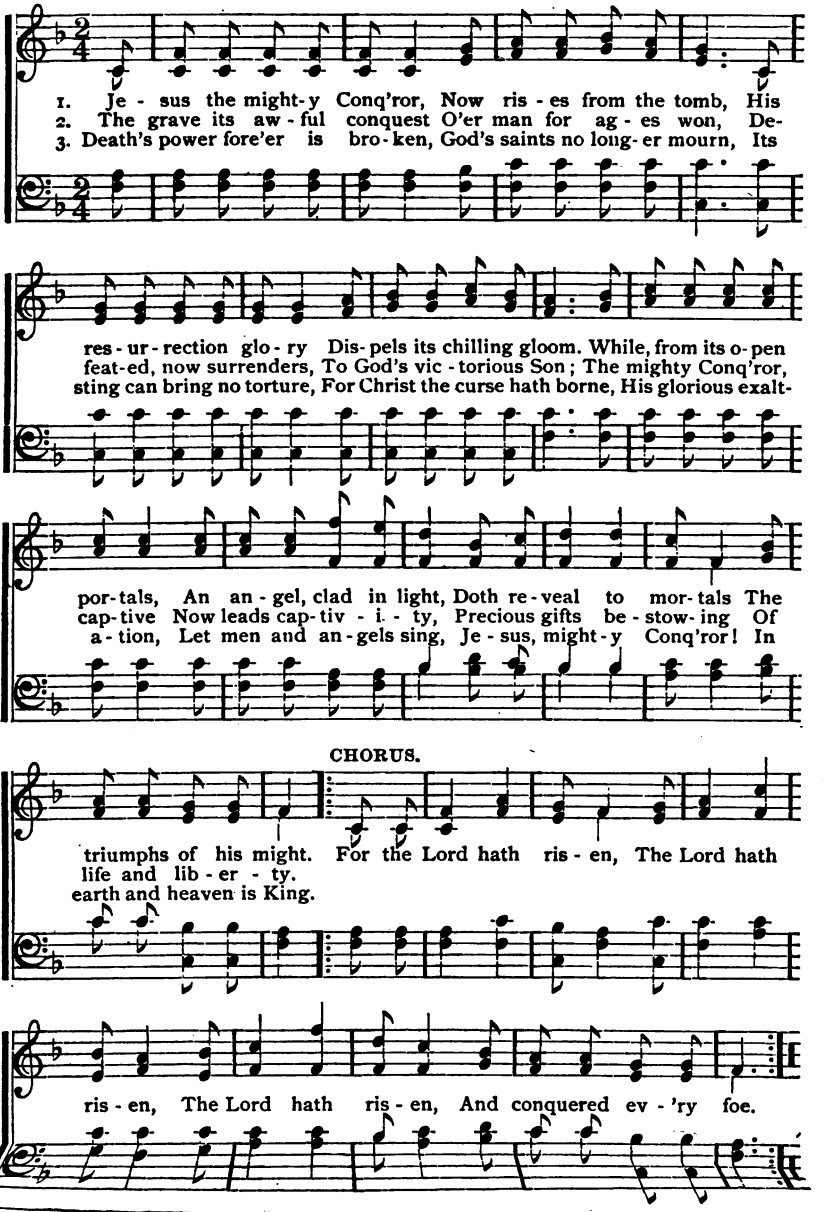
The Mighty Conqueror.

Rev. W. C. Wilbor. [EASTER CAROL.] Adam Geibel.


1. Je - sus the might-y Conq'ror, Now ris - es from the tomb, His
2. The grave its aw - ful conquest O'er man for ag - es won, De-
3. Death's power fore'er is bro - ken, God's saints no long-er mourn, Its
res - ur - rection glo - ry Dis-pels its chilling gloom. While, from its o-pen
feat-ed, now surrenders, To God's vic - torious Son; The mighty Conq'ror,
sting can bring no torture, For Christ the curse hath borne, His glorious exalt-
por-tals, An an - gel, clad in light, Doth re - veal to mor-tals The
cap-tive Now leads cap-tiv - i - ty, Precious gifts be - stow-ing Of
a - tion, Let men and an - gels sing, Je - sus, might-y Conq'ror! In
CHORUS.
triumphs of his might. For the Lord hath ris - en, The Lord hath
life and lib - er - ty.
earth and heaven is King.
ris - en, The Lord hath ris - en, And conquered ev - 'ry foe.

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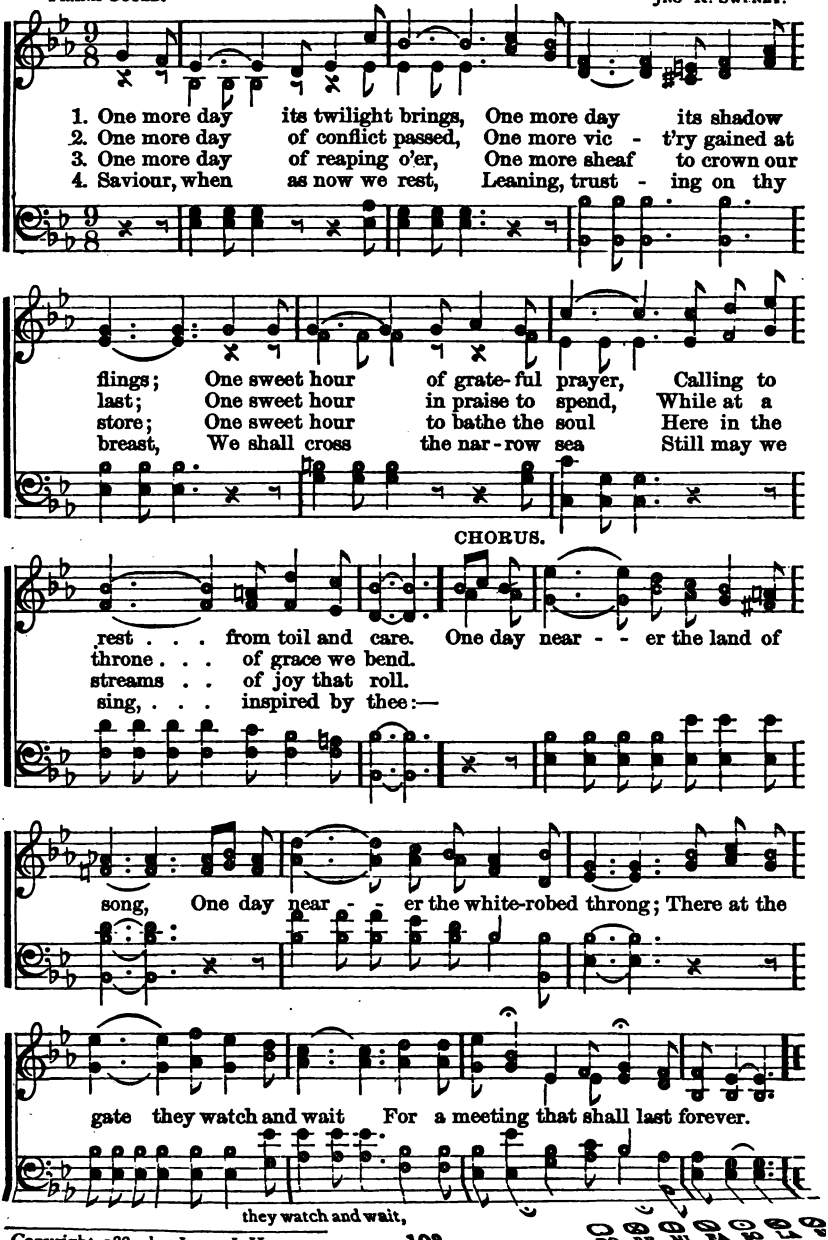
100

One more Day.

FRANK GOULD. JNO R. SWENEY.

1. One more day its twilight brings, One more day its shadow
2. One more day of conflict passed, One more vic - t'ry gained at
3. One more day of reaping o'er, One more sheaf to crown our
4. Saviour, when as now we rest, Leaning, trust - ing on thy
flings; One sweet hour of grate-ful prayer, Calling to
last; One sweet hour in praise to spend, While at a
store; One sweet hour to bathe the soul Here in the
breast, We shall cross the nar-row sea Still may we
CHORUS.
rest . . . from toil and care. One day near - - er the land of
throne . . . of grace we bend.
streams . . of joy that roll.
sing, . . . inspired by thee:—
song, One day near - - er the white-robed throng; There at the
gate they watch and wait For a meeting that shall last forever.
they watch and wait,

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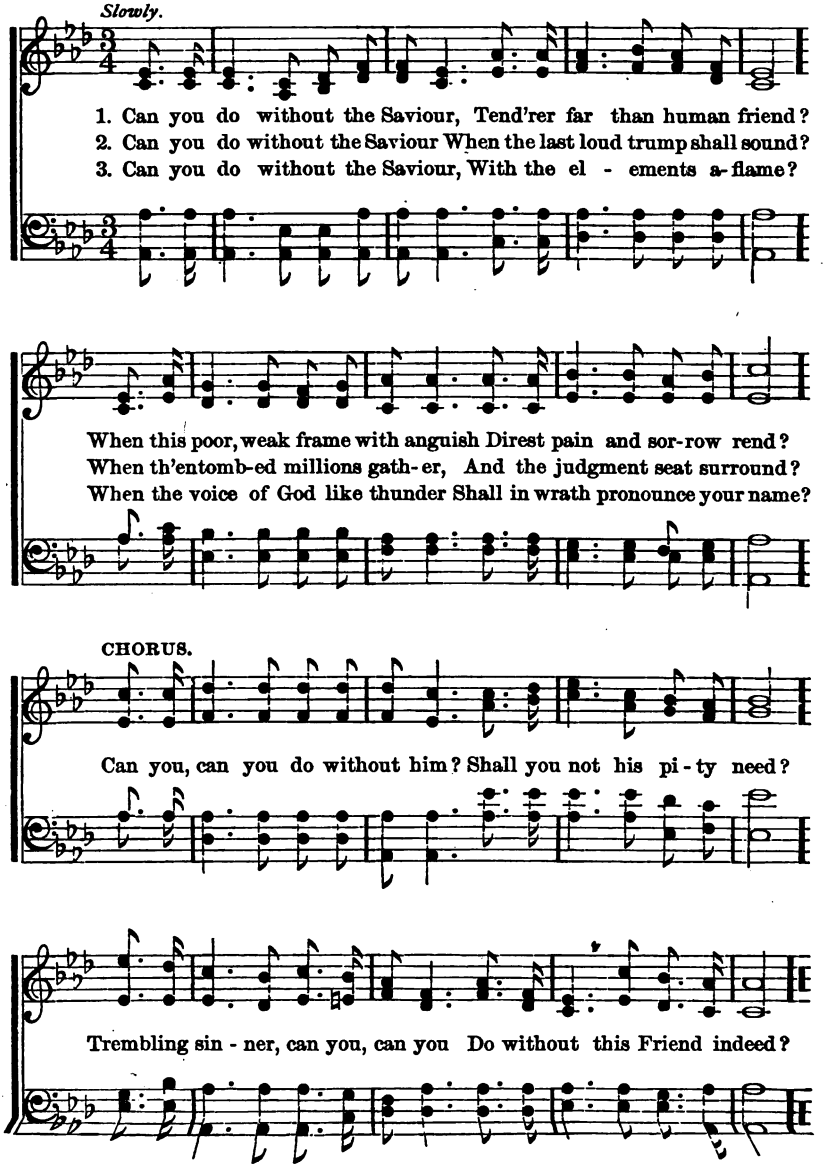
101 Can you do without Him?

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John xv. 5.

Mrs. E. W Chapman. Chas. Edw. Prior.

Slowly.


1. Can you do without the Saviour, Tend'rer far than human friend?
2. Can you do without the Saviour When the last loud trump shall sound?
3. Can you do without the Saviour, With the el - ements a-flame?
When this poor, weak frame with anguish Direst pain and sor-row rend?
When th'entomb-ed millions gath-er, And the judgment seat surround?
When the voice of God like thunder Shall in wrath pronounce your name?
CHORUS.
Can you, can you do without him? Shall you not his pi-ty need?
Trembling sin - ner, can you, can you Do without this Friend indeed?

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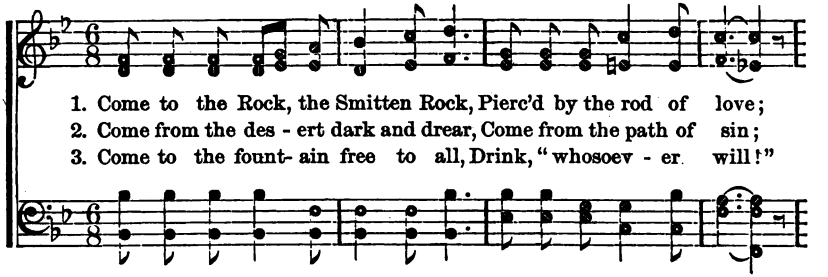
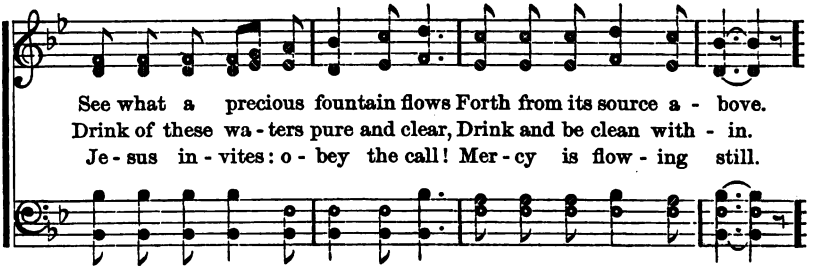
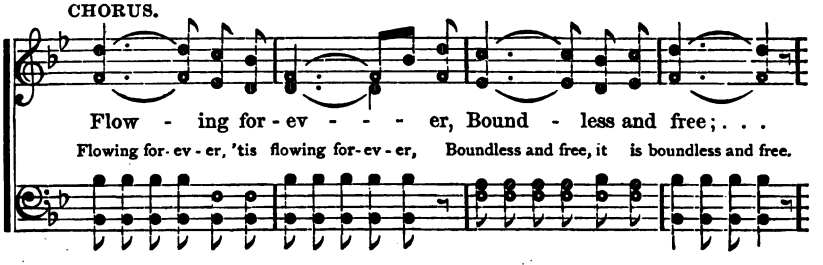
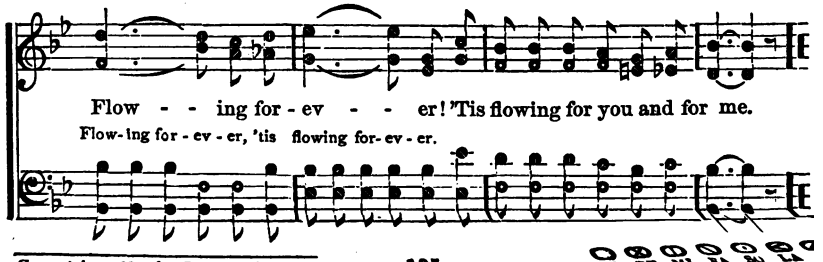
Come to the Rock.

Miss Alexcenah Thomas. "That Rock was Christ."—1 Cor. x. 4. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Come to the Rock, the Smitten Rock, Pierc'd by the rod of love;
2. Come from the des - ert dark and drear, Come from the path of sin;
3. Come to the fount- ain free to all, Drink, "whosoev - er will!"


See what a precious fountain flows Forth from its source a - bove.
Drink of these wa - ters pure and clear, Drink and be clean with - in.
Je - sus in - vites: o - bey the call! Mer - cy is flow - ing still.


CHORUS.
Flow - ing for - ev - - - er, Bound - less and free; . . .
Flowing for- ev - er, 'tis flowing for- ev - er, Boundless and free, it is boundless and free.



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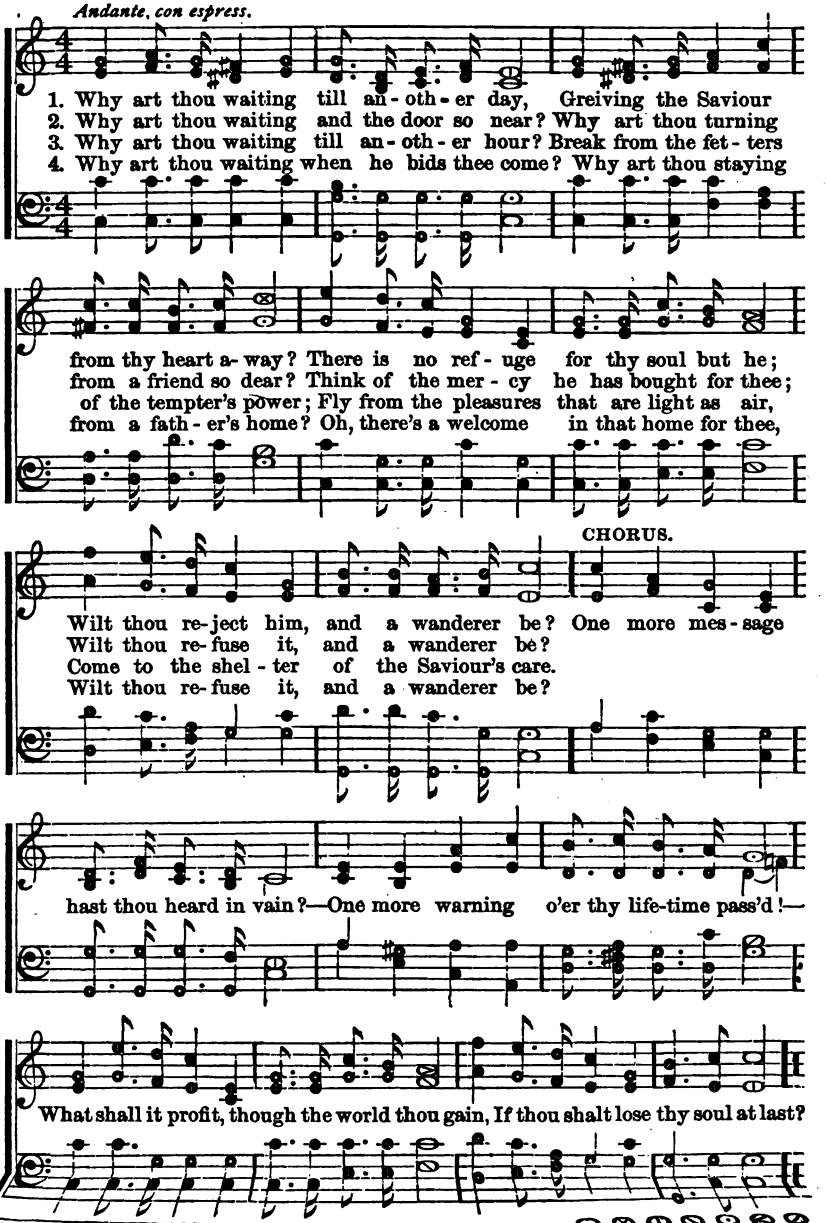
103 Why art thou Waiting?

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R SWENEY.

Andante, con espress.


1. Why art thou waiting till an-oth-er day, Greiving the Saviour
2. Why art thou waiting and the door so near? Why art thou turning
3. Why art thou waiting till an-oth-er hour? Break from the fet-ters
4. Why art thou waiting when he bids thee come? Why art thou staying
from thy heart a-way? There is no ref-uge for thy soul but he;
from a friend so dear? Think of the mer-cy he has bought for thee;
of the tempter's power; Fly from the pleasures that are light as air,
from a fath-er's home? Oh, there's a welcome in that home for thee,
CHORUS.
Wilt thou re-ject him, and a wanderer be? One more mes-sage
Wilt thou re-fuse it, and a wanderer be?
Come to the shel-ter of the Saviour's care.
Wilt thou re-fuse it, and a wanderer be?
hast thou heard in vain?—One more warning o'er thy life-time pass'd!—
What shall it profit, though the world thou gain, If thou shalt lose thy soul at last?

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

P. J. Owens.

Bear a Hand.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Andante.

1. Is that a cry from a storm-tossed bark, A voice from the an - gry waves? 'Tis a voice from the floods of ru - in dark, Where in-
2. Some mother's once - be - lov - ed child Now is pleading with ear - nest breath, A - drift in the tem - pest of er - ror wild, Sweeping
3. See care-less souls on the dreadful brink Of that gulf of unnumbered graves: Oh, hold them back, Lest they reel and sink 'Neath the
4. Our pitying Sav - iour walks the sea, Where no life-boat could dare the tide, And back at his voice will the bil - lows flee,— To the

temperance fierce - ly raves, Where intemperance fierce - ly raves.
out on that sea of death, Sweeping out on that sea of death.
mer - ciless, yawn-ing waves, 'Neath the mer-ciless, yawn-ing waves.
res - cue he will guide, To the res - cue he will guide.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Bear a hand, bear a hand, With courage ev'ry man, Where the breakers wildly roll;

ad lib.

By the grace of God we'll do all we can To res-cue that perishing soul.

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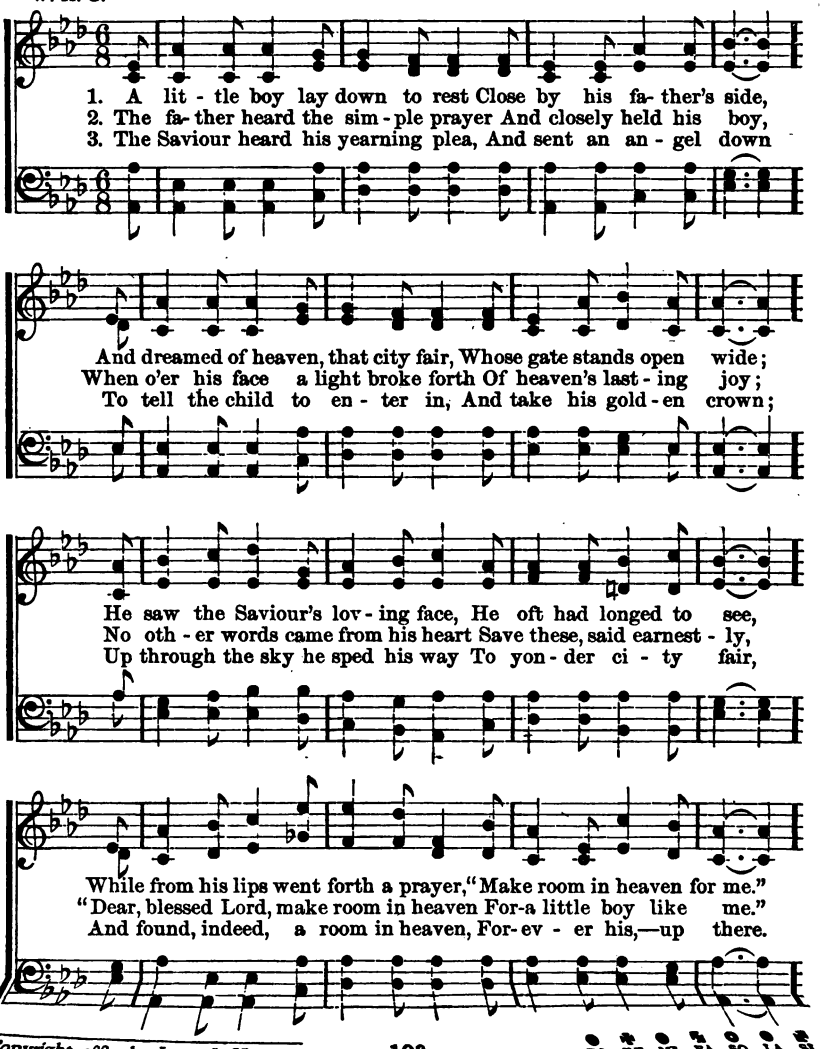
105

Make Room for Me.

Jamie S——, a most wonderful violinist at the age of eight, was withal a very frail child. One afternoon after playing at a matinee, he fainted, and was carried home in his father's arms. He was also engaged to play that night in another place, but was urged to remain at home, on account of his extreme weakness; but he pleaded with his father until he was again in the music hall. Returning he lay down to sleep, with his father by his side. Thinking his boy comfortable for the night the father, too, retired. Very soon he heard his boy saying, softly, "Lord Jesus, make room in heaven for a little boy like me," When morning came the father found that "room" had been made for his child, for Jamie had passed out, and up, and in!

W. H. G. W. H. Geistweit.

1. A lit - tle boy lay down to rest Close by his fa- ther's side,
2. The fa- ther heard the sim - ple prayer And closely held his boy,
3. The Saviour heard his yearning plea, And sent an an - gel down
And dreamed of heaven, that city fair, Whose gate stands open wide;
When o'er his face a light broke forth Of heaven's last - ing joy;
To tell the child to en - ter in, And take his gold - en crown;
He saw the Saviour's lov - ing face, He oft had longed to see,
No oth - er words came from his heart Save these, said earnest - ly,
Up through the sky he sped his way To yon - der ci - ty fair,
While from his lips went forth a prayer, "Make room in heaven for me."
"Dear, blessed Lord, make room in heaven For-a little boy like me."
And found, indeed, a room in heaven, For- ev - er his,—up there.

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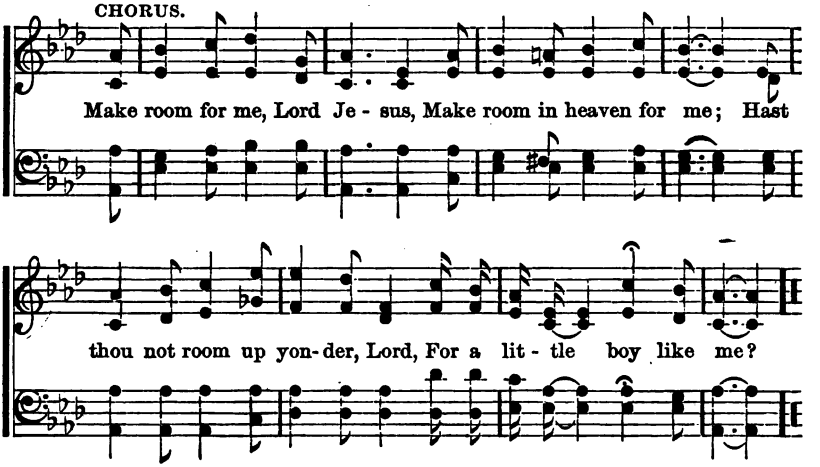
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

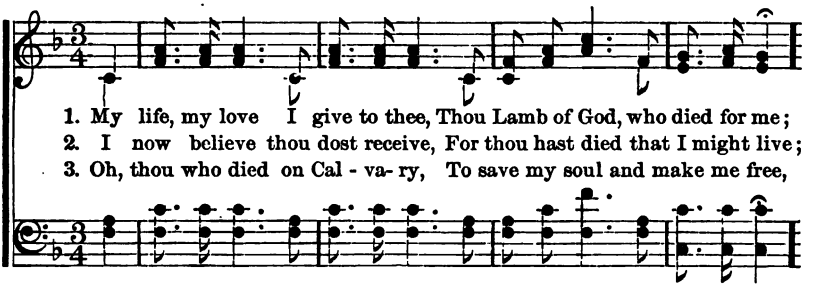
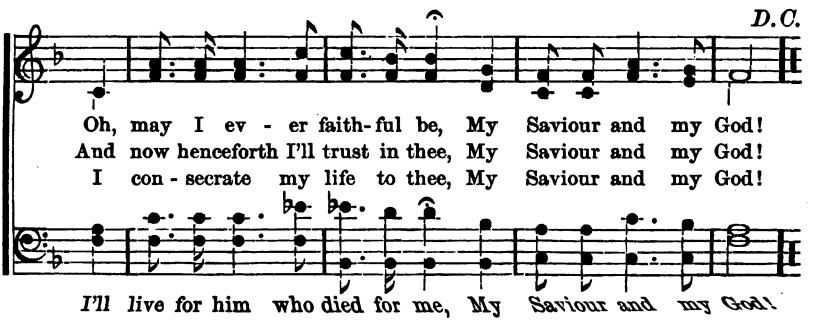
Make Room for Me.—CONCLUDED.



106

I'll Live for Him.

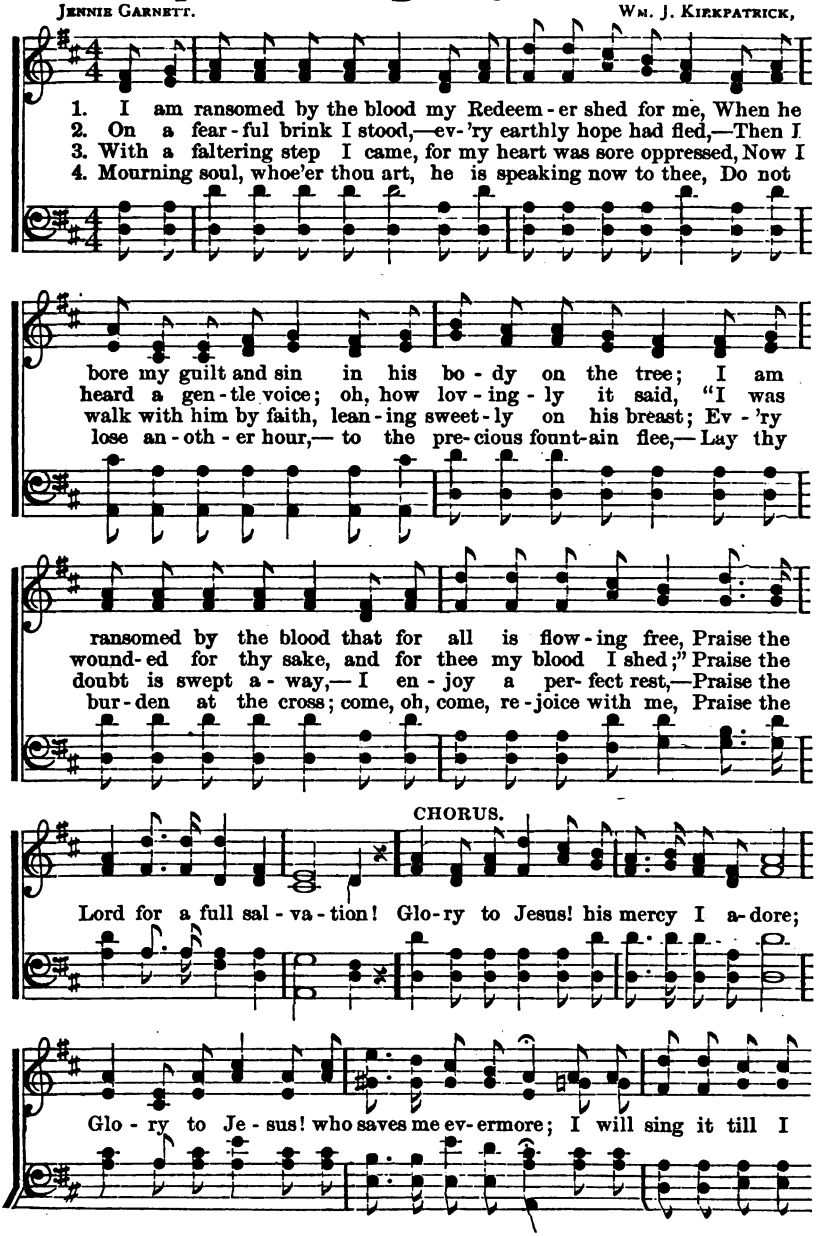
C. R. DUNBAR.


1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va- ry, To save my soul and make me free,
CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

D.C.
Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Saviour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Saviour and my God!
I con - secrate my life to thee, My Saviour and my God!
I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!

By permission.

107 Praise for a Full Salvation.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,


1. I am ransomed by the blood my Redeem-er shed for me, When he
2. On a fear-ful brink I stood,—ev-'ry earthly hope had fled,—Then I
3. With a faltering step I came, for my heart was sore oppressed, Now I
4. Mourning soul, whoe'er thou art, he is speaking now to thee, Do not
bore my guilt and sin in his bo-dy on the tree; I am
heard a gen-tle voice; oh, how lov-ing-ly it said, "I was
walk with him by faith, lean-ing sweet-ly on his breast; Ev-'ry
lose an-oth-er hour,— to the pre-cious fount-ain flee,— Lay thy
ransomed by the blood that for all is flow-ing free, Praise the
wound-ed for thy sake, and for thee my blood I shed;" Praise the
doubt is swept a-way,— I en-joy a per-fect rest,—Praise the
bur-den at the cross; come, oh, come, re-joice with me, Praise the
CHORUS.
Lord for a full sal-va-tion! Glo-ry to Jesus! his mercy I a-dore;
Glo-ry to Je-sus! who saves me ev-ermore; I will sing it till I

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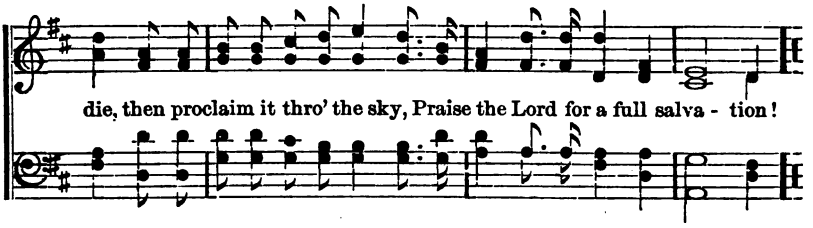
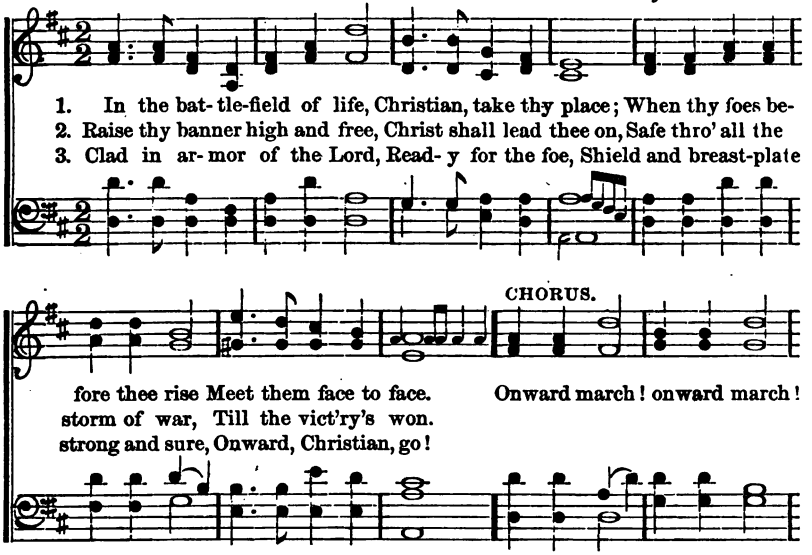
Praise for a Full Salvation.—CONCLUDED.



108 Onward March.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

Mrs R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. In the bat- tle-field of life, Christian, take thy place; When thy foes be-
2. Raise thy banner high and free, Christ shall lead thee on, Safe thro' all the
3. Clad in ar- mor of the Lord, Read- y for the foe, Shield and breast-plate
CHORUS.
fore thee rise Meet them face to face. Onward march! onward march!
storm of war, Till the vict'ry's won.
strong and sure, Onward, Christian, go!
Cross of Christ thy sign; Forward march! forward march! Vict'ry shall be thine!

4 See, thine enemies approach,
Armies of the world!
Meet them bravely, meet them well,
With thy flag unfurled!

5 Onward, Christian, for the war,
Join the noble fight;
Christ shall lead the army forth,—
Battle for the right!

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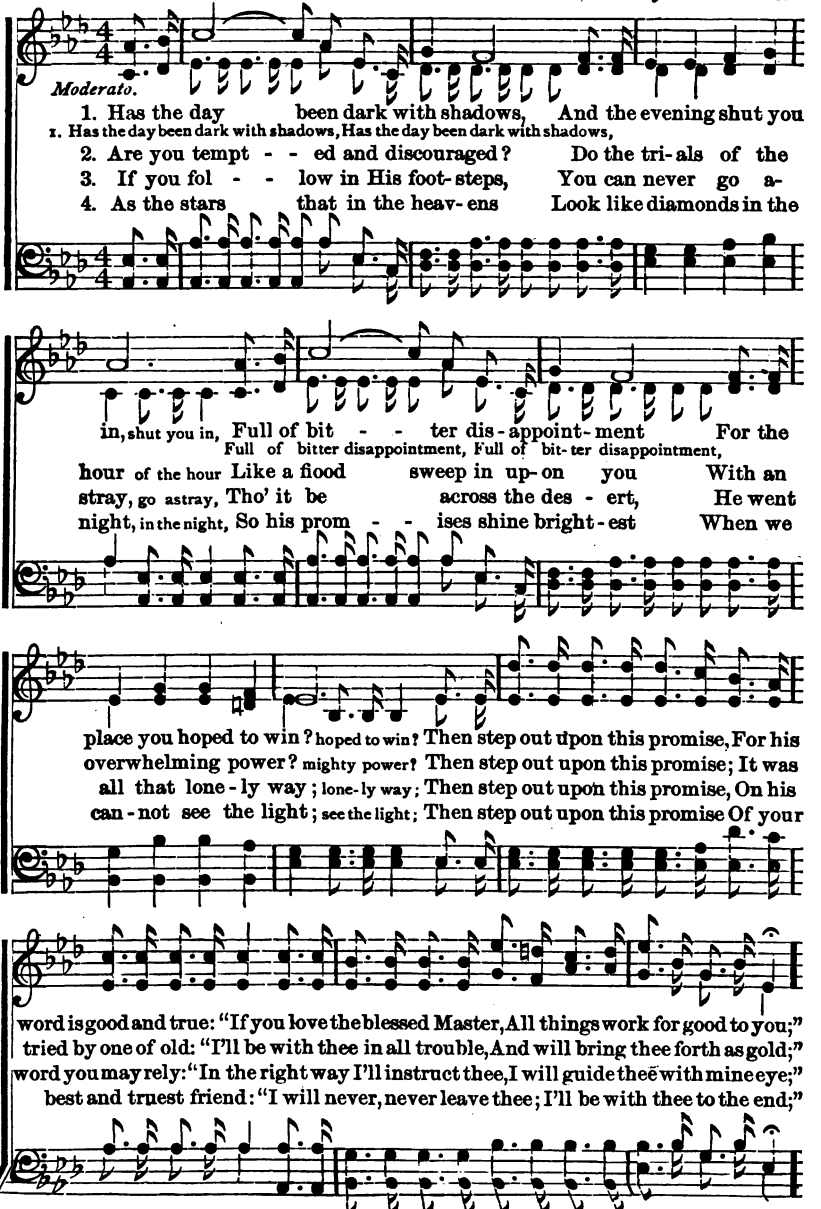
Step out upon the Promises.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. JNO. R. SWENEY.


Moderato.
1. Has the day been dark with shadows, And the evening shut you
1. Has the day been dark with shadows, Has the day been dark with shadows,
2. Are you tempt - - ed and discouraged? Do the tri-als of the
3. If you fol - - low in His foot-steps, You can never go a-
4. As the stars that in the heav-ens Look like diamonds in the
in, shut you in, Full of bit - - ter dis-appoint-ment For the
Full of bitter disappointment, Full of bit-ter disappointment,
hour of the hour Like a flood sweep in up-on you With an
stray, go astray, Tho' it be across the des - ert, He went
night, in the night, So his prom - - ises shine bright-est When we
place you hoped to win? hoped to win? Then step out upon this promise, For his
overwhelming power? mighty power? Then step out upon this promise; It was
all that lone-ly way; lone-ly way; Then step out upon this promise, On his
can-not see the light; see the light; Then step out upon this promise Of your
word is good and true: "If you love the blessed Master, All things work for good to you;"
tried by one of old: "I'll be with thee in all trouble, And will bring thee forth as gold;"
word you may rely: "In the right way I'll instruct thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;"
best and truest friend: "I will never, never leave thee; I'll be with thee to the end;"

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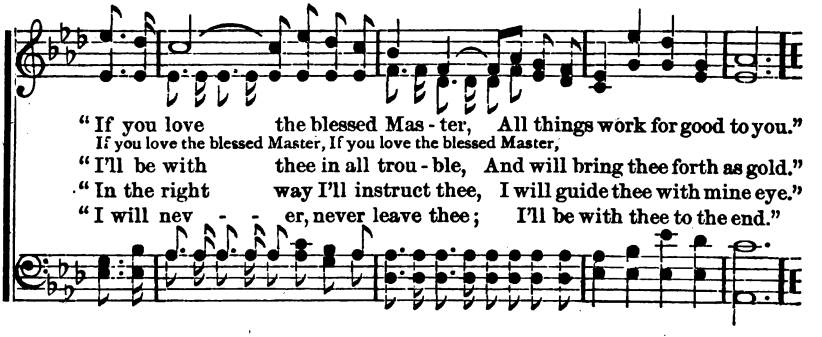
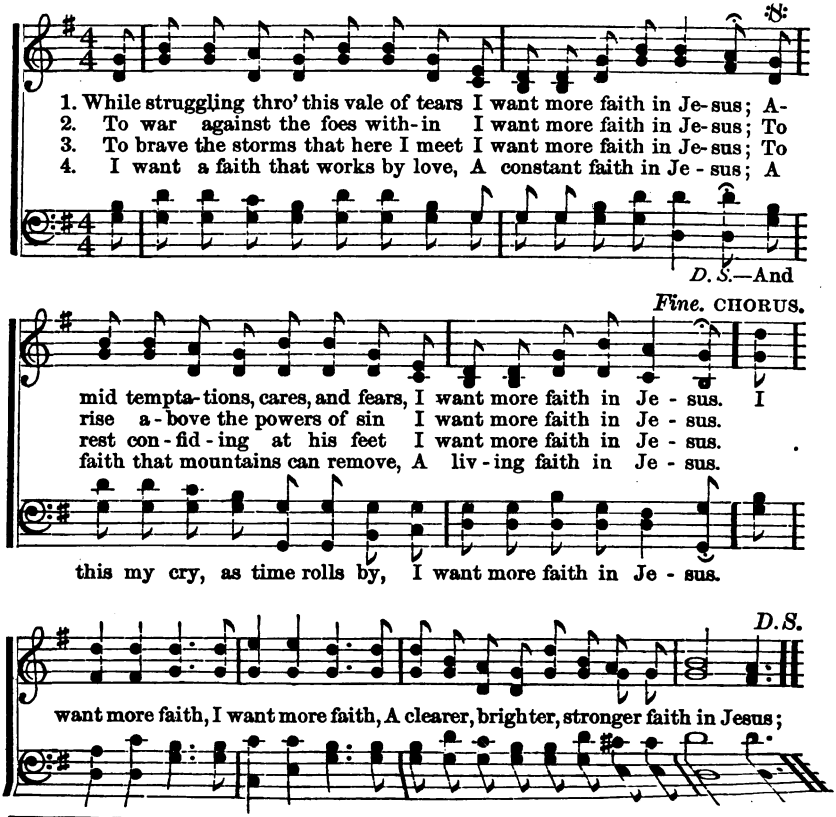
Step out upon the Promises.—CONCLUDED.

"If you love the blessed Mas - ter, All things work for good to you."
If you love the blessed Master, If you love the blessed Master,
"I'll be with thee in all trou - ble, And will bring thee forth as gold."
"In the right way I'll instruct thee, I will guide thee with mine eye."
"I will nev - - er, never leave thee; I'll be with thee to the end."

110

More Faith in Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. While struggling thro' this vale of tears I want more faith in Je-sus; A-
2. To war against the foes with-in I want more faith in Je-sus; To
3. To brave the storms that here I meet I want more faith in Je-sus; To
4. I want a faith that works by love, A constant faith in Je - sus; A
D. S.—And
Fine. CHORUS.
mid tempta-tions, cares, and fears, I want more faith in Je - sus. I
rise a-bove the powers of sin I want more faith in Je - sus.
rest con-fid-ing at his feet I want more faith in Je - sus.
faith that mountains can remove, A liv-ing faith in Je - sus.
this my cry, as time rolls by, I want more faith in Je - sus.
D. S.
want more faith, I want more faith, A clearer, brighter, stronger faith in Jesus;

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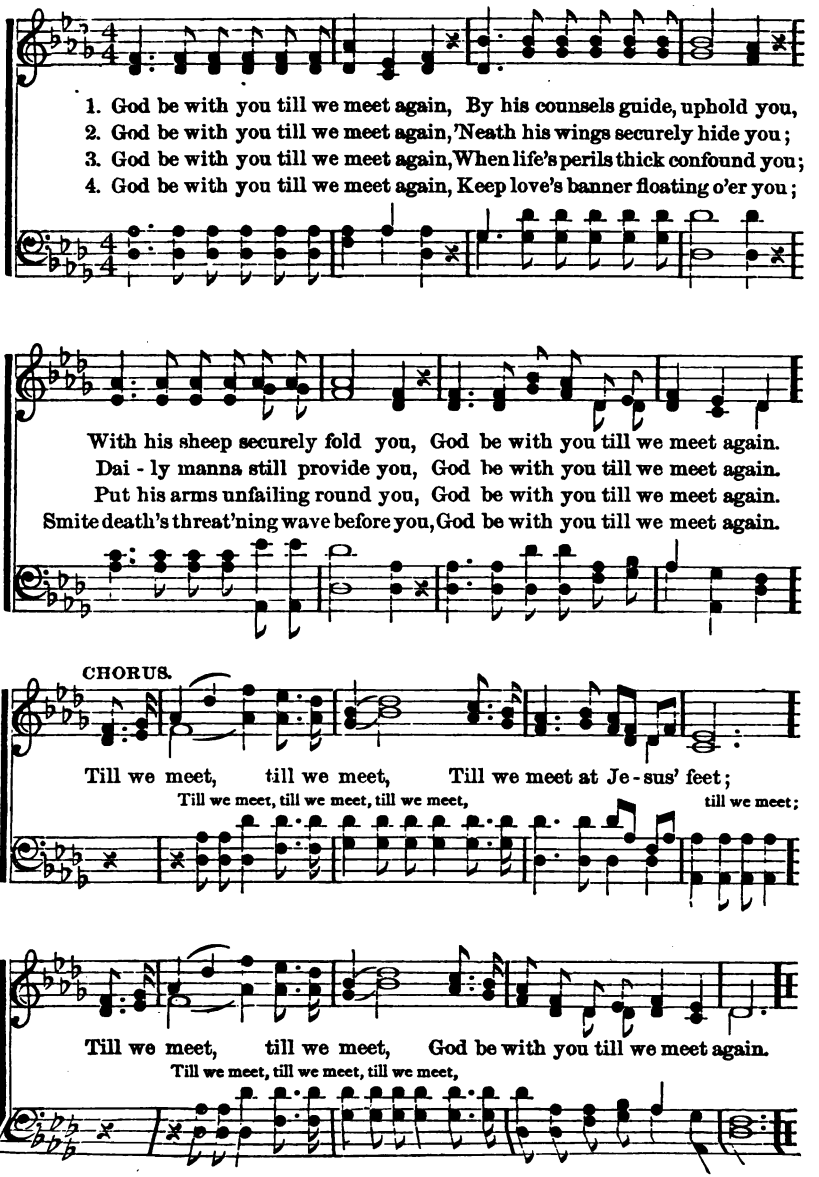
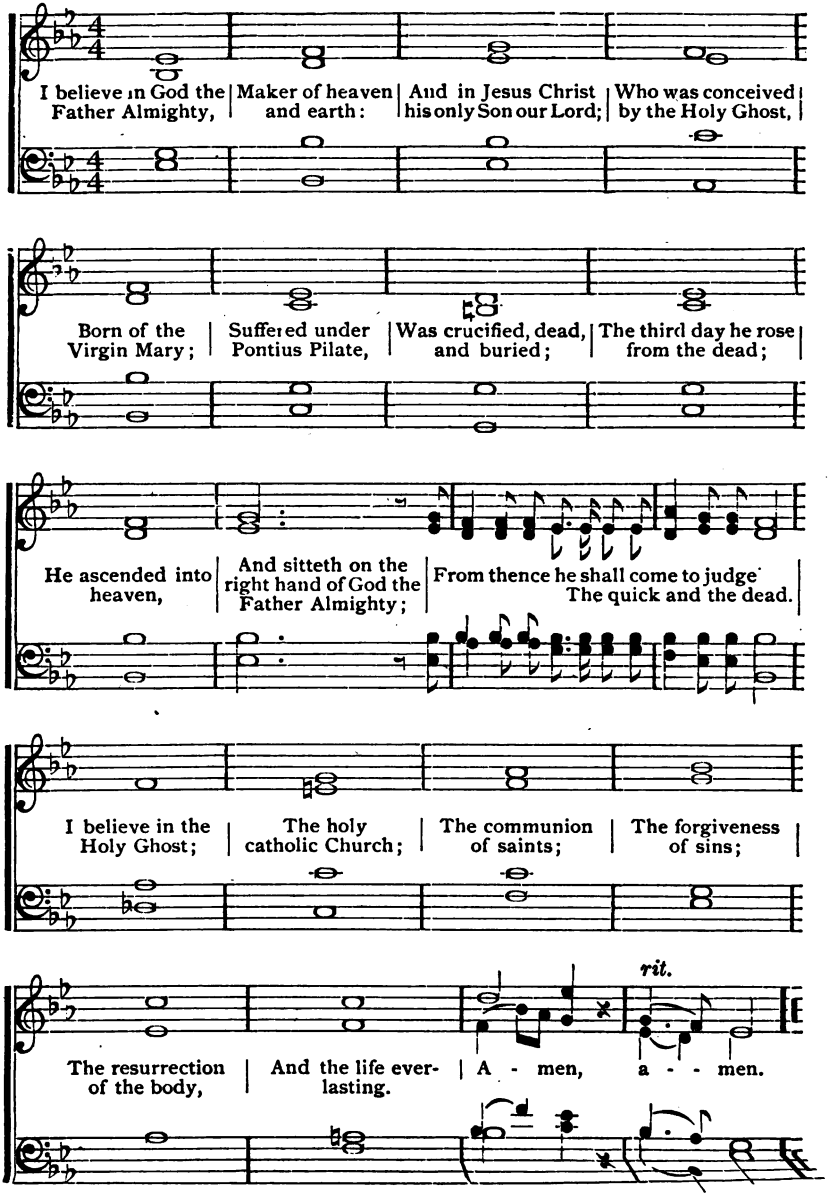
111 God be with You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."
Rom. xvi. 20.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you;
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.
CHORUS.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

From "Gospel Bells," by per.

The Apostles' Creed.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, | Maker of heaven and earth: | And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; | Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost,
Born of the Virgin Mary; | Suffered under Pontius Pilate, | Was crucified, dead, and buried; | The third day he rose from the dead;
He ascended into heaven, | And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; | From thence he shall come to judge The quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Ghost; | The holy catholic Church; | The communion of saints; | The forgiveness of sins;
The resurrection of the body, | And the life everlasting. | A - men, | rit. a - - men.

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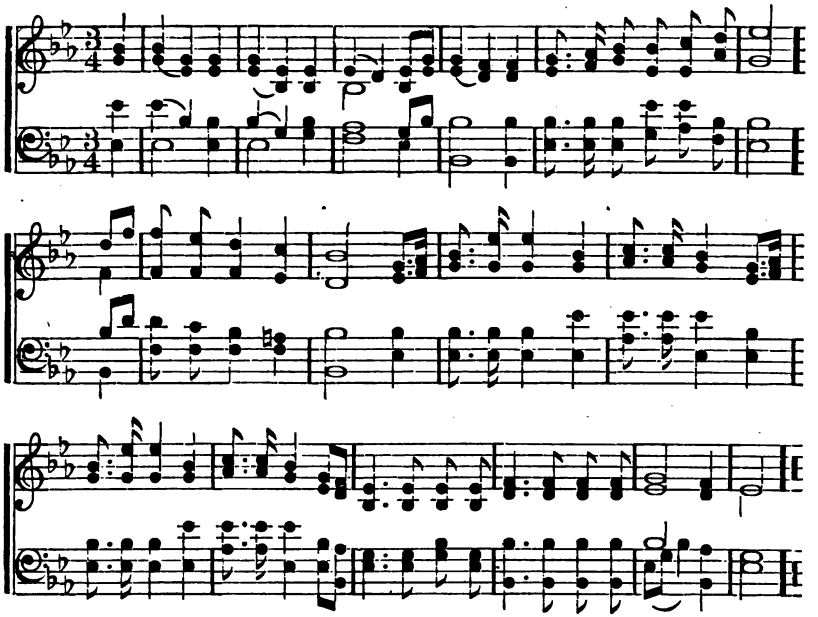
Ariel. C. P. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

113 O Love Divine.

1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 *O that I could, with* favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

114 O could I Speak.

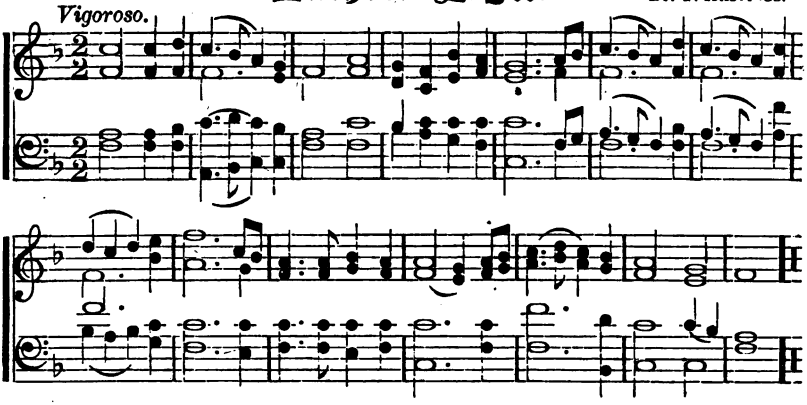
1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Luther. S. M.

Dr. T. Hastings.

115 I love Thy kingdom.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

116 Grace!

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

117 Stand up, and bless.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

118 Purity of heart.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

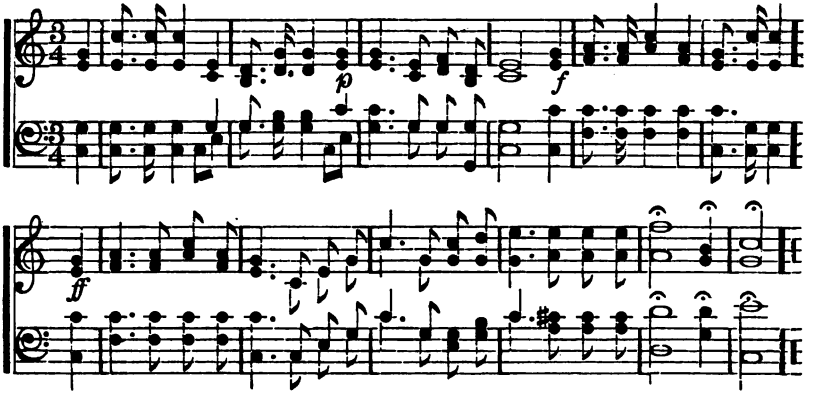
2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

Doxology. S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

Zerah. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

119 Come, ye that love.

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

120 What glory gilds.

1 What glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

121 The Prince of Peace.

1 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

122 The joyful sound.

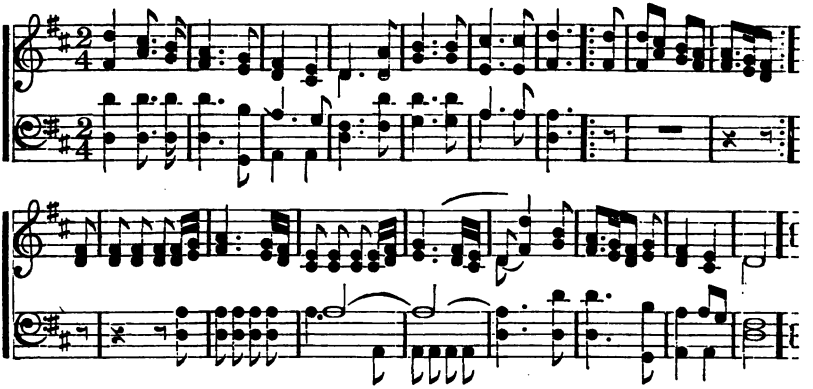
1 Salvation! O the joyful sound
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Doxology. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Antioch. C. M.

123 O for a thousand tongues.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

124 Joy to the world!

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

---

125 Evils of Intemperance. Tune, BOYLSTON.

1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

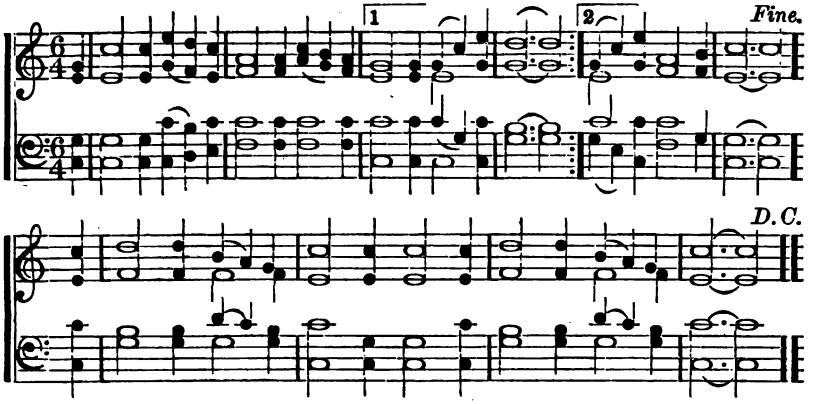
126 What Ruin! Tune, EVAN.

1 WHAT ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

2 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.

3 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.

4 The cause of temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.

Alida. C. M. Double. D. B. Thompson.

127 How happy every child.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

128 I heard the voice of Jesus.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

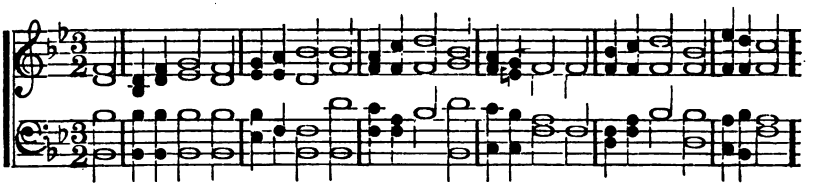
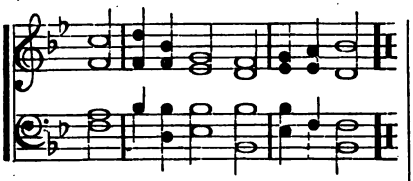
129 Work, for the night is coming.

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 *Work,* for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Hebron. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

130 Thus far the Lord hath led.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

131 O that my load.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed
The labor of thy dying love. [blood,

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

132 Lord, I am thine.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

133 The pilgrims' song.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

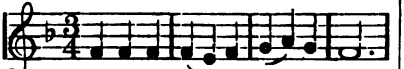
2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

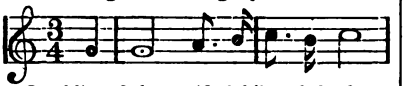
134 Sun of My Soul.

1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

135 Sing of His Mighty Love.



1 OH, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

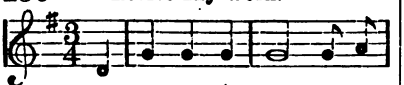
Cho.—Oh, sing of his mighty love,
‖: Sing of his mighty love, :‖
Mighty to save.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of his face.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure,
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure; [rest,
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified, thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

136 Revive Thy Work.



1 WE praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, hallelujah! *amen;*
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

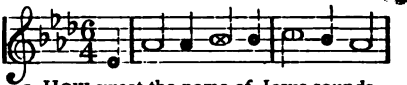
2 We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, [every stain.
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again, fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

137 How Sweet the Name.



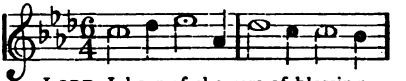
1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.

4 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

138 Even Me.



1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

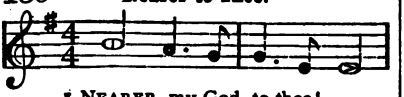
Cho.—Even me, even me,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

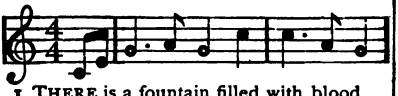
139 Nearer to Thee.



1 NEARER, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

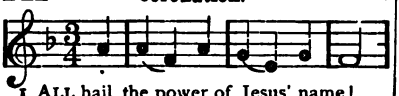
140 Fountain.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

141 Coronation.



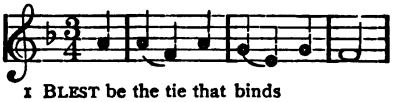
1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

142 Blest be the tie.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

143 How Gentle. Same tune.

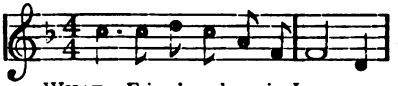
1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

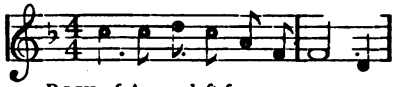
144 What a Friend.



1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a priveledge to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

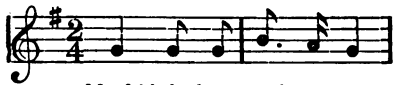
145 Rock of Ages.



1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know;
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

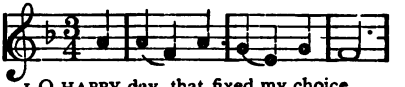
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

146 Before the Cross.

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

147 Happy Day.

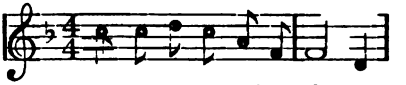


1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

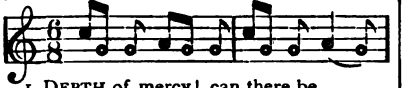
2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

148 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

149 Depth of Mercy.

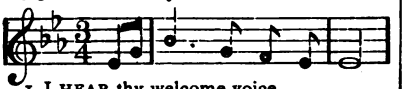


1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

Cho.—God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus lives, and loves me still;
Jesus lives,
He lives and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face:
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

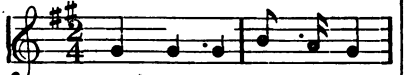
150 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

1 I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

151 The Home Over There.

1 OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

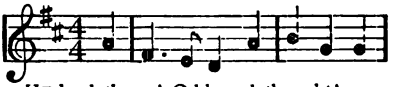
3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

152 He Leadeth Me!



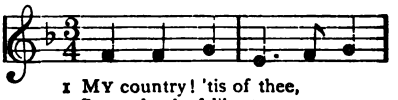
1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Cho.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

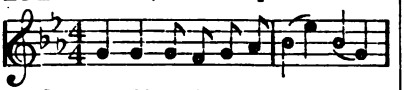
153 My Country! 'tis of Thee.



1 MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

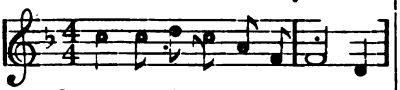
3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

154 Saviour, like a Shepherd.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care,
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are. :‖

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray. :‖

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee. :‖

155 I Love to Tell the Story.



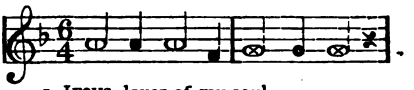
1 I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams;
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

156 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

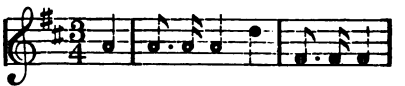


1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

157 There is a Land.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain;
There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-whith'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

INDEX.

First Lines in roman; Titles in capitals.

	HYMN.
A better day is coming, .	36
Alas! alas! a wayward .	55
A little boy lay down to	105
A little talk with Jesus, .	68
ALL-ATONING BLOOD, .	33
All hail the power of .	141
Am I a soldier of the .	89
Are you willing to wan-	42
A SHOUT IN THE CAMP,	53
A SONG OF TRUST, .	31
At home or abroad, in .	93
AT HOME WITH JESUS,	35
AT THE CROSS I'LL A-	6
At the gate that leads .	41
Awake, my soul, thy sa-	27
BEAR A HAND, . .	104
BEHOLD THE FIELDS .	71
BELIEVING AND RE-	43
Blest are the pure in .	118
Blest be the tie that binds	142
Brother for Christ's king-	63
CALLING YOU AND ME,	44
Can you do without the	101
CHARIOT OF LOVE, .	84
Children of the heaven-	133
Christ Jesus is my an- .	61
CLINGING TO THE .	62
Come to the Rock, the .	102
Come, ye that love the .	119
CONQUER BY AND BY, .	23
Depth of mercy! can .	149
Did Christ o'er sinners .	22
Do you know what .	72
EDEN SHORE, . .	17
Evening shades around .	94
Every day my soul is hap	80
Faith builds her founda-	38
Faithful remain to thy .	91
Far out on the desolate .	10
FLOW IN, . . .	15
FOLLOW JESUS, . .	49
GLORY TO JESUS FOR- .	78
God be with you till we	111
God has given me a song	31
Grace, 'tis a charming .	116
Grander then the billowy	66
Hail to the brightness of	48
Happy pilgrim, as you .	49
Has the day been dark .	109
Hear the earnest invi- .	34
He leadeth me! O bless-	152
HELP JUST A LITTLE, .	63
HE WEPT FOR ME, .	22
Ho! every one that .	54
How blest was the life .	60
How gentle God's com-	143
How happy every child .	127
How sweet the name of	137
I am happy in the Lord,	59
I am ransomed by the .	107
I am saved, yes, I'm .	43
I am trusting in the .	77
I am walking with the .	30
I believe in God the .	112
I'd rather get down at .	51
I have come just now .	11
I have found a friend in	98
I have surrendered to .	32
I heard the voice of Je-	128
I hear thy welcome voice	150
I hope to meet you all .	82
I KNOW THAT HE LIV-	60
I love thy kingdom, Lord	115
I love to tell the story .	155
I'm on my way to glory!	19
In the battlefield of life,	108
In the darkness, as I .	90
IN THE KING'S HIGH- .	39
IN THE MORNING, .	20
In vain in high and holy	3
I'LL LIVE FOR HIM, .	106
I sought for the blessing .	58
I stand beside the crim-	86
Is that a cry from a storm	104
I will look to the hills, .	4
JESUS DID IT, . .	83
Jesus, I come to thee, .	40
Jesus I love, for his heart	1
JESUS IS GOOD TO ME, .	1
JESUS KNOCKING, .	81
Jesus is waiting to save .	57
Jesus, lover of my soul, .	156
JESUS MY LORD, . .	51
JESUS OUR REDEEMER,	5
Jesus the mighty conq'.	99
Jesus wept! those tears .	67
Journeying homeward, .	52
JOY IN THE HEART, .	2
Joy to the world, . .	124
Justified by faith in thee	5
KEEP STEP EVER, .	73
LEAN ON HIM, . .	50
LITTLE FRIENDS OF JE	72
Living for Jesus, living .	37
LOOK TO JESUS NOW, .	7
Look unto me and be .	7
Look up! behold the .	71
Look upon the fields all	8
Lord, I am thine, entire-	132
Lord, I hear of showers .	138
MAKE ROOM FOR ME, .	105
MARCHING ON, . .	29
March steadily onward .	65
MORE FAITH IN JESUS,	110
Mourn for the thousands	125
My brother, we are trav	12
My country, 'tis of thee,	153
My faith looks up to .	148
MY HOPE AND MY GLO	30
My life, my love I give .	106
NATURE'S LULLABY, .	94
Nearer, my God, to thee	139
NEVER ALONE, . .	10
NO NIGHT THERE, .	18
O could I speak the .	114
O for a thousand tongues	123
O happy day, that fixed	147
Oh, bliss of the purified,	135
Oh, come, Holy Spirit, .	14
Oh, I often sit and pon-	21
Oh, name of names the .	46
Oh, take the lamp of .	64
Oh, think of the home .	151
Oh, where are the reap-	96
Oh, why are you slight- .	45
Oh, wondrous love that .	74
O Jesus, Saviour, I long	6
O life eternal, life divine	15
O love divine, how sweet	113
O, my heart is full of .	62
O my Saviour, thou hast	33
O, my song is ever new .	78
Once my eyes saw noth-	83
One more day its twi- .	100
Only a beam of sun- .	47
On the sweet Eden shore,	17
On to the work! for the .	95
ONWARD MARCH, .	108
Onward now! the trum-	16
Open the door that so .	81
O prodigal, don't stay a-	75
O that my load of sin .	131
O, turn not back in the .	76

Our Father who art in . 92
Our heavenly habitation 35

PRAISE FOR A FULL . 107
Praise the Lord with . 70
PRESS ONWARD, . . 26

REST, ... 69
Rock of ages, cleft for . 145
Rouse, ye saints, the . 13

SALVATION, ... 66
Salvation, O the joyful . 122
Saviour, like a shepherd 154
SINGING GLORY, . . 19
Sing of his mighty love, 135
SOLDIERS OF THE . 89
Stand up, and bless the . 117
STAY NOT, ... 57
STEP OUT UPON THE . 109
STRIVE TO ENTER IN, . 41
Sun of my soul, thou Sav 134
SURRENDERED, . . 32
Sweet hour of prayer, . 148

TAKE HOLD, HOLD ON, 76
THE ANCHOR HOLDS, . 61
THE APOSTLES' CREED, 112
THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS, 4
THE COUNTERSIGN, . 90
THE CRIMSON STREAM, 86
THE FOUNTAIN FULL . 54
THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE 11
THE FUTURE, . . 21
The King, as he stood . 84
THE LAMP OF FAITH, . 64
THE LILY OF THE VAL- 98
THE LORD'S PRAYER. . 92
THE MIGHTY CONQUER 99
THE OPEN ARMS, . . 45
THE PRINCE OF PEACE, 88
There is a fountain filled 140
There is a land of pure . 157
There is joy in the heart 2
There is no night there, 18
There's a shout in the . 53
THE WAITING GUEST, . 9
THE WAY OF SALVA- . 58
THE STORY OF CLEANS 79
THE SUMMER-LAND, . 87
THIS GOD IS OUR GOD, 38
Thus far the Lord hath . 130
'Tis a story oft repeated, 79
'TIS SOME MOTHER'S . 93
'Tis the Shepherd's . 44
To Father, Son, and Ho- 122
To God, the Father, Son, 118
To the summer-land of . 87
Touch my spirit with . 69
To us a child of hope is . 121
Troubled heart, thy fear, 50
TRUE AND FAITHFUL, . 80
TRUSTING IN HIS WORD 77
Trusting in Jesus, my . 28
Trustingly, trustingly, . 56
'Twas a night of long a- 88

Until his kingdom come, 24
UNTIL YE FIND, . . 55

Victory through Jesus! . 85

We are going, we are . 97
We are looking away . 26
We are pilgrims look- . 20
We are traveling on thro' 39
We have taken up the . 23
We praise thee, O God, 136
What a Friend we have 144
WHAT ARE YOU WILL- 42
What glory gilds the . 120
What ruin hath intem- . 126
When shall I look on . 25
WHEN SHALL I SEE . 25
While struggling thro' . 110
Who is this that wait- . 9
Why art thou waiting? . 103
WILL YOU COME? . 34
WILL YOU GO? . . 12
With our colors waving 29
WONDERFUL LOVE OF . 3
Work, for the night is . 129
Would you gain the best 73

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